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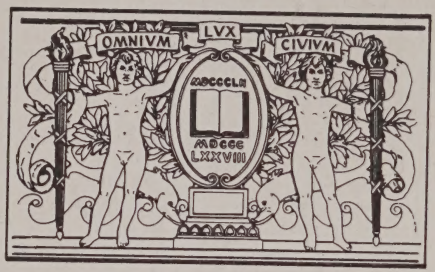

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. CIV.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXIV.

JANUARY, 1867.

ART. I. — 1. *A Discourse of Virginia.* By EDWARD MARIA WINGFIELD, the First President of the Colony. Edited by CHARLES DEANE, Member of the American Antiquarian Society, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Boston: Privately printed. 1860.

2. *A True Relation of Virginia.* By CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. With an Introduction and Notes, by CHARLES DEANE. Boston. 1866.

THE ordinary reader will see in the small book lately published by Mr. Deane a simple reprint of a black-letter pamphlet which is one of the most precious jewels of American biblio-poles. There is not a word in the title-page to suggest that the Introduction and notes, which are the work of the editor, serve any other purpose than to explain and illustrate the text. The volume is in appearance as innocent and free from revolutionary taint as the reprint of the New England Primer. Yet any one familiar with the course of Mr. Deane's previous inquiries knows quite well, in taking up the book, that he is about to find some very original views in regard to some extremely interesting questions of colonial history; and if Mr. Deane has chosen to adopt this modest form of publication, it is by no means because what he has to say would not warrant an original and independent work bearing his own name alone on the title-page. If the views advanced by Mr. Deane, which it will be our aim to explain, are correct, a very serious change in the received opinions concerning the early history of Virginia will

be necessary, and one to which the American people will find it difficult to reconcile themselves.

Stated in its widest bearings, the question raised in this publication is upon the veracity of Captain John Smith; and since the account of the colonization of Virginia has hitherto been almost exclusively drawn from Smith's Generall Historie, it is evident that, if the authority of that work is overthrown, it will become necessary to reconsider, not only the statements of fact which rest only on his assertions, but the whole range of opinions which through him have been grafted upon history. These statements and opinions have been received with absolute, unhesitating confidence for more than two hundred years. There are powerful social interests, to say nothing of popular prejudices, greatly concerned in maintaining their credit even at the present day. No object whatever can be gained by their discredit, except the establishment of bald historical truth. It will therefore require that a very strong case indeed should be made out on the part of Mr. Deane and of the party which follows him, before the American public can be induced to listen with attention to an argument which aims at nothing less than the entire erasure of one of the most attractive portions of American history.

Captain John Smith belonged to that extraordinary school of adventurers who gave so much lustre to the reign of Elizabeth, and whose most brilliant leader it was one of King James's exploits to bring to the Tower and the block. Like Raleigh, though on a much lower standard, Smith sustained many different characters; he was a soldier or a sailor indifferently, a statesman when circumstances gave him power, and an author when the occasion required. He was born in Lincolnshire in 1579, of what is supposed to have been a good Lancashire family. At a very early age he became a soldier of fortune in the Low Countries, and seems to have drifted into the Austrian service, where, in the year 1600, he took part in the campaign against the Turks. Afterwards he reappears as a soldier of the Prince of Transylvania, who gave him a coat of arms, which was registered at the Herald's College in London. The extraordinary adventures which he met with during the three or four years of his life in Eastern Europe, are related in his

Autobiography, or "True Travels," a work published in London in 1630, near the close of his life. There is an interesting note in Dr. Palfrey's History of New England (Vol. I. pp. 89–92) which contains an examination for the first time of this portion of Smith's story from an historical and geographical point of view, with a result not on the whole unfavorable to Smith, although with reservations which admit a considerable degree of doubt as to particulars. In the absence of other authorities, however, the credit of the Autobiography must be left to stand or fall with that of the Generall Historie.

In 1604 Smith was again in England, where he soon began to interest himself in the enterprise of colonizing America.

On the 10th of April 1606, King James conferred a charter upon certain persons in England, who took the title of the Virginia Company, and who proceeded to fit out an expedition of three small vessels, containing, in addition to their crews, one hundred and five colonists, headed by a Council, of which Edward Maria Wingfield was chosen President, and Captains Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall were the other members. After various delays this expedition dropped down the Thames on the 20th of December of the same year, but was still kept six weeks in sight of England by unfavorable winds. After a long and difficult voyage, and a further delay of three weeks among the West India Islands, the headlands of Chesapeake Bay were passed on the 26th of April, 1607. On the 14th of May following, the colonists formally founded Jamestown.

But in the mean while a difficulty, the true causes of which are not well understood, had created trouble between Smith and his colleagues. Smith's own story is told in the Generall Historie as follows: "Now Captain Smith, who all this time from their departure from the Canaries was restrained as a prisoner upon the scandalous suggestions of some of the chiefe (envying his repute) who fained he intended to usurpe the Government, murther the Councell, and make himselfe King, that his confederats were dispersed in all the three ships, and that divers of his confederats that revealed it would affirm it, for this he was committed as a prisoner: thirteen weeks he remained thus suspected, and by that time the ships should

returne, they pretended out of their commisserations to refer him to the Councell in England to receive a check, rather then by particulating his designes make him so odious to the world, as to touch his life, or utterly overthrow his reputation."

The fact was, that Captain Newport, who was about to return to England, exerted his influence so strongly in favor of harmony, that Smith was allowed to resume his seat among the Council. But we are left entirely in ignorance of the real motives of Smith's colleagues, and the evidence, if any, on which they acted. One fact, however, is quite clear: Smith was not liked by the persons in control of the expedition, and it is possible that some little light on the causes of this dislike or suspicion may be found in a passage of Wingfield's "Discourse," a work the authority of which we shall hereafter have occasion to remark upon at length. Wingfield, who was one of Smith's opponents, says that "it was proved to his face that he begged in Ireland, like a rogue without a lycence." And he adds, "To such I would not my name should be a companyon." One may imagine that, if Smith were really accused of conspiring to obtain power, the dark events and questionable expedients of his varied and troubled career might well be flung in his face, and produce a considerable influence on the minds of his judges.

Harmony, however, was a blessing which was little known among the unhappy colonists, and it is worth noticing that, before the close of the year, Captain George Kendall, another of the members of the Council, was accused of the same crime with which Smith had been charged, and was tried, convicted, and actually executed. Newport, who seems to have had great influence over the colonists, returned to England on the 22d of June, leaving three months' supplies behind him, and promising to return in seven months with a new company of settlers. His departure was followed by a series of disasters and troubles of every description. The mortality was frightful. More than forty deaths took place before September, some of which were caused by fevers and sickness, some by the Indians, but the larger number by mere famine. The kindness of the Indians alone preserved the remaining colonists from the fate of the lost Roanoke settlement of 1585, if we can believe the express statement of Percy, who was among the survivors.

Even this terrible condition of the colony, when, during five months together there were not five able-bodied men to man the defences, did not have any effect in quieting the jealousies and dissensions of the leaders. Captain Gosnold died, leaving only Wingfield, Ratcliffe, Smith, and Martin in the Council. The last three combined to depose Wingfield; and this revolution took place on the 10th of September, without resistance. Ratcliffe, as the next in order, was chosen President, although as between the two there is strong reason to believe that Wingfield was the better man.

It became absolutely necessary to obtain supplies in order to preserve the lives of the few remaining colonists. "As at this time," says Smith, "were most of our chiefest men either sicke or discontented, the rest being in such despaire as they would rather starve and rot with idlenes, then be persuaded to do anything for their owne reliefe without constraint: our victualles being now within eighteene dayes spent, and the Indians trade decreasing, I was sent to the mouth of y^e^ river to trade for Corne, and try the River for Fish, but our fishing we could not effect by reason of the stormy weather." Fortunately the Indians were found willing to trade for corn, and by means of these supplies the lives of the settlers were saved. On the 9th of November, Smith made a longer excursion, partially exploring the Chickahominy, and was received with much kindness by the Indians, who supplied him with corn enough to have "laded a ship." Elated by his success and the friendly attitude of the savages, or, according to his own account, urged by a desire "to discharge the imputation of malicious tungs, that halfe suspected I durst not, for so long delaying," he determined to carry out his exploration of the Chickahominy to its source. On the 10th of December he set out in the pinnace, but this he left behind him at a place which he calls Apocant, forty miles from the mouth of the Chickahominy, and went on on a barge. Finally, rather than endanger the barge, he hired a canoe and two Indians to row it, and with two of his own company, whose names were Robinson and Emry, he went twenty miles higher. "Though some wise men may condemn this too bould attempt of too much indiscretion, yet if they well consider the friendship of the Indians, in conducting me, the desolatenes of the

country, the probability of [discovering] some lake, and the malicious judges of my actions at home, as also to have some matters of worth to incourage our adventurers in England, might well have caused any honest minde to have done the like, as wel for his own discharge, as for the publike good."

At length they went on shore to prepare their dinner, and Smith with one Indian walked on along the course of the river, leaving Robinson and Emry with the other Indian to guard the canoe. Within a quarter of an hour he heard a hallooing of Indians and a loud cry, and, fearing treachery, he seized his guide, whose arm he bound fast to his own hand, while he prepared his pistol for immediate use. As they "went discoursing," an arrow struck him on the right thigh, but without harm. He soon found himself attacked by some two hundred savages, against whose arrows he used his guide as a shield, discharging his pistol three or four times. The Indian chief, who was called Opechankanough, then called upon him to surrender, and the savages laid their bows on the ground, ceasing to shoot. "My hinde treated betwixt them and me of conditions of peace, he discovered me to be the Captaine, my request was to retire to y^{e} boate, they demanded my armes, the rest they saide were slaine, only me they would reserve: the Indian importuned me not to shoot. In retiring being in the midst of a low quagmire, and minding them more then my steps, I stept fast into the quagmire, and also the Indian in drawing me forth: thus surprised, I resolved to trie their mercies, my armes I caste from me, till which none durst approch me: being ceazed on me they drew me out and led me to the King."

Thus far, to avoid confusion, we have followed the account given in the True Relation, written by Smith, and published in London in 1608, the year following the events described. But in 1624 Smith published in London another work, called the Generall Historie, which contains a version of his story varying essentially from that of the True Relation. In continuing, therefore, the account of his captivity, the two narratives may be placed side by side, for convenience of comparison, and the principal variations printed in Italics. After describing the circumstances of his capture, which took place far up on the Chickahominy River, Smith proceeds in his two narratives as follows: —

A TRUE RELATION.

1608.

"They drew me out and led me to the King, I presented him with a compasse diall .... with kinde speeches and bread he requited me, conducting me where the Canow lay and John Robinson slaine, with 20 or 30 arrowes in him. Emry I saw not, I perceived by the aboundance of fires all over the woods, *at each place I expected when they would execute me, yet they used me with what kindnes they could:* approaching their Towne, which was within 6 miles where I was taken .... the Captaine conducting me to his lodging, a quarter of venison and some ten pound of bread I had for supper, what I left was reserved for me, and sent with me to my lodging: each morning 3 women presented me three great platters of fine bread, *more venison than ten men could devour I had*, my gowne, points and garters, my compas and a tablet they gave me again, though 8 ordinarily guarded me, I wanted not what they could devise to content me: and still our longer acquaintance increased our better affection. .... I desired he [the King] would send a messenger to Paspahegh [Jamestown] with a letter I would write, by which they shold understand, how kindly they used me, and that I was well, least they should revenge my death: this he granted and sent three men, in such weather as in reason were unpossible, by any naked to be endured. .... The next day after my letter came a salvage to my lodging with his sword to have slaine me. .... this was the father of him I had slayne, whose fury to prevent, the King presently conducted me to another Kingdome, upon the top of the next northerly river, called Youghta-

THE GENERALL HISTORIE.

1624.

"Then according to their composition they drew him forth and led him to the fire where his men were slaine. Diligently they chafed his benummed limbs. He demanding for their Captaine they showed him Opechankanough king of Pamaunkee, to whom he gave a round ivory double compass Dyall. Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and Needle. .... *Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tied him to a tree and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him*, but the King holding up the Compass in his hand, they all laid down their bowes and arrowes and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks where he was after their manner kindly feasted and well used. .... Smith they conducted to a long house where *thirtie or fortie tall fellowes did guard him*, and ere long *more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twentie men.* I think his stomach at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tyed over his head. About midnight they set the meat again before him, all this time not one of them would eat a bit with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more, and then did they eate all the olde, and reserved the newe as they had done the other, which made him think they would fat him to eate him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gowne in requitall of some beads and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrival in Virginia.

"Two dayes after a man would have slaine him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his sonne to whom they conducted him to re-

nan, having feasted me, he further led me to another branch of the river called Mattapament, to two other hunting townes they led me, and to each of these countries a house of the great Emperor of Pewhakan, whom as yet I supposed to bee at the Fals, *to him I told him I must goe, and so returne to Paspahegh*, after this foure or five dayes march, we returned to Rasawrack, the first towne they brought me too, where binding the Mats in bundles, they marched two dayes journey and crossed the river of Youghtanan where it was as broad as Thames; so conducting me to a place called Menapacute in Pamaunke, where y^e^ King inhabited. . . . .

"From hence this kind King conducted mee to a place called Topahanocke, a kingdome upon another River northward: the cause of this was, that the yeare before, a shippe had beene in the River of Pamaunke, who having been kindly entertained by Powhatan their Emperour, they returned thence, and discovered the River of Topahanocke, where being received with like kindnesse, yet he slue the King and tooke of his people, and they supposed I were hee, but the people reported him a great man that was Captaine, and using mee kindly, the next day we departed. . . . .

"The next night I lodged at a hunting town of Powhatams, and the next day arrived at Waranacomoco upon the river of Pamauncke, where the great king is resident. . . . .

"Arriving at Weramocomoco their Emperour . . . . kindly welcomed me with good wordes, and great Platters of sundrie Victuals, *assuring mee his friendship, and my libertie within foure dayes*. . . . . hee desired mee to forsake Paspahegh, and to live with him upon his River, a Countrie called Capa cover the poore man then breathing his last. . . . . In part of a Table booke he writ his minde to them at the Fort, and . . . . the messengers . . . . according to his request went to Jamestowne in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three dayes returned with an answer.

"Then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattaponients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Omawmanients upon the rivers of Rapahannock and *Patawomeck, over all those rivers* and back againe by divers other severall nations to the King's habitation at Pamaunkee where they entertained him with most strange and fearfull Conjurations. . . . .

"At last they brought him to Meronocomoco where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. . . . . At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: *having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads and copper*. . . . .

Howasicke: hee promised to give me Corne, Venison, or what I wanted to feede us, Hatchets and Copper wee should make him, and none should disturbe us. This request I promised to performe: and thus having with all the kindnes hee could devise, sought to content me: hee sent me home *with* 4 *men*, one that usually carried my Gowne and Knapsacke after me, two other loded with bread, and one to accompanie me. . . . .

"From Weramocomoco is but 12 miles, yet the Indians trifled away that day, and would not goe to our Forte by any perswasions: but in certaine olde hunting houses of Paspahegh we lodged all night. The next morning ere Sunne rise, we set forward for our Fort, where we arrived within an houre, where each man with truest signes of joy they could expresse welcomed mee, except M. Archer, and some 2 or 3 of his, who was then in my absence, sworne Counsellour, though not with the consent of Captaine Martin: great blame and imputation was laide upon mee by them, for the losse of our two men which the Indians slew: insomuch that they purposed to depose me, but *in the midst of my miseries, it pleased God to send Captaine Nuport, who arriving there the same night, so tripled our joy, as for a while these plots against me were deferred* though with much malice against me, which captain Newport in short time did plainly see."

"Two dayes after, Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could . . . . more like a devil then a man with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to Jamestowne, to send him two great gunnes and a gryndstone, for which he would give him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud. So to Jamestowne *with* 12 *guides* Powhatan sent him, *he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting.* But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne Barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort. . . . .

"*Now in Jamestowne they were all in combustion the strongest preparing once more to run away with the Pinnace; which with the hazzard of his life, with Sabre falcon and musket shot, Smith forced now the third time to stay or sinke.* Some no better then they should be, had plotted with the President, the next day to have put him to death by the Leviticall law, for the lives of Robinson and Emry, pretending the fault was his that had led them to their ends: but *he quickly tooke such order with such lawyers, that he layd them by the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for England.* . . . .

"Newport got in and arrived at James Towne not long after the redemption of Captaine Smith. . . . .

"Written [by Thomas Studley, the first Cape Merchant in Virginia, Robert Fenton, Edward Harrington, and J. S."

The first idea that occurs to the mind, in comparing the two narratives thus for the first time placed side by side, is that the later one is remarkable for a curious air of exaggeration. Eight guards, which had been sufficient in 1608, are multiplied into thirty or forty tall fellows in 1624. What was enough for ten men at the earlier time would feed twenty according to the later version. Four guides were surely an ample escort to conduct Smith to Jamestown, but they are reinforced to the number of twelve sixteen years afterwards. With the best disposition towards Smith, one cannot but remember that this was just the period when Falstaff and his misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green appeared upon the stage. The execution wrought upon the wretched lawyers who wished to try Smith for his life on his return to Jamestown is most prompt and decisive, according to the story of 1624, but in 1608 Smith is happy to accept the aid of Captain Newport to disembarrass him of his too-powerful enemies. With sabre, falcon, and musket-shot he forced the mutinous crew of the pinnace to stay or sink, if we are to believe the Generall Historie, while the True Relation is quite silent as to any such feat of arms, but simply observes that Captain Newport arrived the same evening.

The same character of exaggeration marks the whole account of the treatment he received among the savages. According to the story written a few months after the event, a people is described, savage it is true, but neither cruel nor bloodthirsty; reckless, perhaps, of life in battle, but kind and even magnanimous towards their captive. It is expressly stated that no such demonstration was made against Smith as that which, in 1624, is affirmed to have taken place within an hour after his capture. Only a few days after he was taken prisoner, he represents himself as giving orders to Opechankanough to take him to Powhatan, and even at this time he knew that he was to be allowed to return to Jamestown. "To him I told him I must go, and so return to Paspahegh." Powhatan received him with the greatest cordiality, and, having sought to content him with all the kindness he could devise, did actually send him with a guard of honor back to his friends. If the True Relation is really true, the behavior of these naked barbarians towards Smith was far more humane than that which he would have

received at the hands of any civilized nation on the face of the earth. There is not a trace of his having felt any immediate fear for his life, except from a savage whose son he had killed, and from whom Opechankanough protected him. There does indeed occur one line to the effect that they fed him so fat as to make him much doubt they meant to sacrifice him; and this paragraph furnishes the most striking evidence of the kindness of the Indians, and of the fact that he believed himself to have been mistaken in having entertained the suspicion. Yet in 1624 we learn that all this long time of his imprisonment he was still expecting every hour to be put to one death or another.

These variations would be of little consequence to the ordinary reader of the colonial history, if they stopped at trifling inconsistencies. They would merely prove, what is almost self-evident, that the earlier narrative is the safer authority for historians to follow, and that the confidence which has hitherto been felt in the exactness of the Generall Historie cannot be altogether maintained. But there is one particular portion of the story where every American who has heretofore had satisfaction in one of the most favorite stories in the early annals of his country will stop with a feeling of surprise and a desire to doubt the evidence of his own senses. When he comes to the paragraph in which the Generall Historie relates the touching story of Pocahontas, and her intercession at the moment when no chance appeared to exist that Smith's life could be preserved, and when he casts his eye upon the opposite column of the True Relation to find its version of the incident, he will surely be amazed to see that not only does it fail to furnish the remotest allusion to this act, or even by a single word to indicate that Pocahontas so much as existed, but that it expressly states that Powhatan treated his captive throughout with the greatest kindness, assuring him at once of his early liberation.

No American needs to be told that this tale of Pocahontas is probably the most romantic episode in the whole history of his country. Her name and story are familiar to every school-boy, and there are even many families whose greatest pride is that they trace their descent from the Emperor's daughter that saved the life of Captain John Smith. It is to

be hoped that this feeling is based more on their admiration of the heroism and rare qualities of the Indian child, than on her character as a princess of blood royal. In the enthusiasm which her act has called out, language, and perhaps common sense, have been a little strained to cover her with attributes of perfection. Her beauty and wild grace, her compassion and disinterestedness, her Christian life and pure character, have been dwelt upon with warm affection, which is the more natural as the childhood of the nation has furnished little latitude to the imagination. One after another, all American historians have contented themselves with repeating the words of the Generall Historie, vying with each other in heaping praises which no critics were cynical enough to gainsay, now on the virtues of Pocahontas, and now on the courage and constancy of Smith.

The extent to which this strict adherence to a received form of narrative has been carried can only be understood by actual quotation, for which purpose one may take, by way of example, the work which ranks as the standard authority for American history. In the early editions of Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States," we read the following version of Smith's adventure:—

"The gentle feelings of humanity are the same in every race, and in every period of life; they bloom, though unconsciously, even in the bosom of a child. Smith had easily won the confiding fondness of the Indian maiden; and now, the impulse of mercy awakened within her breast, she clung firmly to his neck, as his head was bowed to receive the strokes of the tomahawk. Did the childlike superstition of her kindred reverence her interference as a token from a superior power? Her fearlessness and her entreaties persuaded the council to spare the agreeable stranger, who might make hatchets for her father, and rattles and strings of beads for herself, the favorite child. The barbarians, whose decision had long been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him a partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands, and lend assistance in an attack upon the white men at Jamestown; and when his decision of character succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts, they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence."

And in a note appended to these paragraphs the author quotes: —

"Smith, I. 158–162, and II. 29–33. The account is fully contained in the oldest book printed on Virginia, in our Cambridge library. It is a thin quarto, in black-letter, by John Smith, printed in 1608, — A True Relation, &c."

The most careless reader will see at a glance that the story, in passing through the medium of Mr. Bancroft's mind, has gained something which did not belong to the original, or belonged to it only in a modified degree. The spirit of Smith has infused itself into the modern historian, as it had already infused itself into the works of his predecessors in the same path. The lights are intensified; the shadows are deepened; the gradations between are softened; the copy surpasses its model. This tendency is carried so far that the author actually quotes the True Relation as the full authority for what is only to be found in the Generall Historie, if indeed it is to be wholly found even there. When Mr. Bancroft made the careful collation of his own version of the story with the black-letter pamphlet in the Cambridge library, the brilliant popular reputation of Smith had already created a degree of illusion in his mind which resembles precisely the optical effect of refracted light. He saw something which was not there, the exaggerated image of a figure beyond.

No one, however, has now any right to triumph over the microscopic error. The time has gone by when the mistake contained in this note could be made use of to point any attack upon the merits of Mr. Bancroft's work, or upon the soundness of his study; for he has himself been among the earliest to discover and to correct his own blunder, and in his last editions, since 1860, another note has been substituted in the place of the one already quoted. It stands at present as follows: —

"The rescue of Smith by Pocahontas was told with authority in 1617, in Smith's 'Relation to Queen Anne'; Historie, 127. It is confirmed in his New England's Trials, printed in 1622; and the full narrative is to be found in the Historie, printed in 1624. In 1625, Purchas, who had many manuscripts on Virginia, gives the narrative a place in his Pilgrims, as unquestionably authentic. Compare Deane's note on Wingfield, 31, 32."

Perhaps, from a critical point of view, this statement of the case may be open to the same or a similar comment with the other. If it is meant to be understood as a defence of Smith, strict critical justice would require that the existence of some accusation should be mentioned, its nature noticed, and its authority given. If it is not intended as a defence, but merely indicates a doubt in the author's own mind, which he wishes to place with its corrective before his readers, without laying too much stress upon it, exact accuracy demands a softening in the assertion of facts. It is unfortunate, too, that, as the note now stands, the ordinary reader, who is not directed to the Archæologia Americana, may be led to suppose that Mr. Deane, whose edition of Wingfield seems to have caused the alteration, is referred to in support of Smith and of Mr. Bancroft. But it is not any part of our purpose to dwell upon these small and of course accidental mistakes, which would not have been worth mentioning at all except to illustrate the tyrannical sway still exercised by Smith over the intelligence of the country.

The quiet investigations of Mr. Deane have, however, now made it absolutely necessary that every historian should hereafter take one side or the other in regard to this serious question. He must either rely upon the testimony of Smith concerning matters of his own personal experience, and upon the prescription of two centuries in favor of his story, or he must reject the authority hitherto considered unquestionable, and must undertake the reconstruction of the history of this whole period out of original material hitherto considered as merely auxiliary to Smith's narrative. Unfortunately, there is no possibility of compromise in the dispute. Cautious as the expressions of Mr. Deane are, and unwilling as he evidently is to treat the reputation of Smith with harshness, it is still perfectly clear that the statements of the Generall Historie, if proved to be untrue, are falsehoods of an effrontery seldom equalled in modern times.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the argument against the Generall Historie rests merely upon the text of the True Relation. Properly speaking, this is only the cause of a discussion which has rapidly spread itself over the whole field of contemporaneous history. Even Mr. Deane's publications do

not yet quite cover all the disputed ground, and probably future students will be able to bring fresh rays of light to bear upon the question from sources now unknown.

The original formation of the Virginia Colony was so incongruous, its sufferings were so severe, and its disasters so frequent, that in the course of a very few years several entirely different classes of men came upon the scene, and each almost effaced the memory of its predecessor. Of these, many of the leaders besides Smith have left records of more or less interest, though we must regret the entire loss of the most important of all, the papers of the Company itself. It is even a considerable undertaking to go through the mass of these documents, and to cull out the isolated passages which bear upon the point now in dispute; but here we have fortunately the assistance of Mr. Deane's notes, which leave little to be desired.

It has already been noticed that the first President of the Colony was Edward Maria Wingfield, who was deprived of his office and placed in confinement by Smith and the other members of the Council in September, 1607, after holding the position a few months only. When Newport — who, with a new company of settlers, arrived at Jamestown on the 8th of January, 1608, immediately after Smith's release — set out on his second return voyage to London, he took the deposed President Wingfield with him, and they arrived safely at Blackwall on the 21st of May. Wingfield appears to have kept a sort of a diary during his stay in Virginia, and after his return he wrote with its assistance a defence of himself and his administration, which was privately circulated in manuscript, and was used by Purchas at a later period, but which was afterwards forgotten, and hidden in the dust of the Lambeth Library. From this obscurity it was at length drawn by Mr. Deane, who procured a copy of it, which was published with notes in the fourth volume of the Archæologia Americana, in 1860. Excepting a few papers of little consequence, this is the earliest work known to have been written in regard to the Colony, since the manuscript of Smith's True Relation, which is its only possible rival, could not have reached England before the month of July, while the Discourse appears to have been intended for immediate circulation in May or June. Wingfield's work, which is called

"A Discourse of Virginia," is a new authority on the early history of the Colony, and is particularly valuable as a means of testing the correctness of the True Relation, and of furnishing some idea of what was thought and said by the party which was jealous of Smith's influence. Its account of Smith's captivity could only have been gained from his own mouth, or from those to whom he told the story, and the more accurate it was, the closer it ought to coincide with the True Relation.

There are a number of passages in this short pamphlet which would be very well worth the trouble of extracting; but the question as to Smith's veracity had for the present best be narrowed to the evidence for the tale in regard to Pocahontas, and we will only quote the passage from Wingfield which tells of Smith's adventures among the Indians.

"Dec. The 10th of December, Mr. Smith went up the ryver of the Chechohomynies to trade for corne. He was desirous to see the heade of that river; and when it was not passible with the shallop, he hired a cannow and an Indian to carry him up further. The river the higher grew worse and worse. Then he went on shoare with his guide and left Robinson and Emmery, twoe of our men in the cannow; which were presently slaine by the Indians, Pamaonke's men, and he himself taken prysoner; and by the means of his guide his lief was saved; and Pamaonché haveing him prisoner, carryed him to his neybors wyroances to see if any of them knewe him for one of those which had bene, some two or three yeres before us, in a river amongst them Northward, and taken awaie some Indians from them by force. At last he brought him to the great Powaton (of whome before wee had no knowledg) who sent him home to our towne the viii$^{th.}$ of January. . . . .

"Mr. Archer sought how to call Mr. Smith's lief in question and had indited him upon a chapter in Leviticus for the death of his twoe men. He had had his tryall the same daie of his retorne, and I believe his hanging the same or the next daie, so speedie is our law there. But it pleased God to send Captn. Newport unto us the same evening to our unspeakable comfort, whose arrivall saved Mr. Smyth's life and mine."

Mr. Deane, in editing this work of Wingfield's, in 1860, furnished a note upon this passage, in which for the first time, so far as we are aware, an opinion was publicly expressed against the story of Pocahontas's intervention. Yet the discovery of Wingfield's narrative adds little to the evidence contained in

the True Relation, which has always been a well-known work. From the Discourse we learn few new facts. It supplies precise dates, fixing Smith's departure on the 10th of December, and his return on the 8th of January, so that we now know the length of his absence to have been exactly four weeks. It says that Smith's guide saved his life, which may or may not be a variation from the story of the True Relation. It states rather more strongly the danger which Smith ran for his life from the enmity of Archer, which may perhaps have been only the result of Wingfield's own dislike of that person. But, in general, this new piece of evidence, though clearly independent of the True Relation, confirms it in all essential points, and especially in the entire omission of any reference to Pocahontas. It is highly improbable that so remarkable an incident as her protection of Smith, if known to Wingfield, should not have been mentioned in this narrative, which, it may fairly be assumed, contained the current version of Smith's adventures, as told among the colonists after his return to Jamestown.

These two works are the only actually contemporaneous authority for the events of the first year of the colonial history. There is a wide gap between them and the next work from which we can quote; and indeed the strength of Mr. Deane's case rests so largely on the negative evidence offered by the True Relation and the Discourse, that for his purpose it is scarcely necessary to go further. Every one, whether believing or disbelieving the Generall Historie, must agree to the fact that Pocahontas was not mentioned, either by name or by implication, in the account given of Smith's captivity, either in the True Relation or in Wingfield's Discourse. If the matter in dispute were of little consequence, the inquiry might stop here, and each reader might be left to form his own opinion as to the truth, or the relative value as authority, of the conflicting narratives. But the interest of the question requires a statement which shall be as exhaustive as possible. We shall therefore return to the history of Smith and of the Colony, which has been interrupted for the purpose of explaining the difficulty which the publications of Mr. Deane have raised.

Newport returned to England on the 10th of April, 1608,

carrying Wingfield with him, and leaving Ratcliffe President of the Colony, with Martin, Smith, and Archer as the members of the Council, together with a new member, Matthew Scrivener, who had arrived with Newport. Smith in June explored successfully a part of Chesapeake Bay, and, returning on the 21st of July, found, according to the Generall Historie, the colonists in a miserable condition, unable to do anything but complain of Ratcliffe, whose principal offence appears to have been his obliging the colonists to build him "an unnecessary building for his pleasure in the woods." Ratcliffe, whose real name was Sicklemore, was really a poor creature, if the evidence in regard to him can be believed. He was now deposed, and Scrivener, Smith's "deare friend," though then exceedingly ill, was substituted as President. This revolution was rapidly effected; for three days later, on the 24th of July, Smith again set out, with twelve men, to finish his discovery, and made a complete tour round the bay, which furnished him the means of drawing the map afterwards published at Oxford in 1612. He did not return to Jamestown till the 7th of September, and on the 10th assumed the Presidency, "by the Election of the Councell, and request of the Company." Scrivener appears merely to have held the office during Smith's pleasure, and voluntarily resigned it into his hands.

The history of Smith's administration of the Colony from the 10th of September, 1608, till the end of September, 1609, is given in the Generall Historie, and may be studied with great advantage as an example of Smith's style. It is filled with excuses and praise of the President, combined with vigorous attacks and abuse of every one else, from the authorities in England down to the laborers at Jamestown. We will not even try to draw a line between truth and fiction in this part of his story. Whatever may have been the merits of his government, it is certain that he had no better success than his predecessors, and that he not only failed to command obedience, but that he was left almost or quite without a friend. He was ultimately deposed and sent home to England under articles of complaint. Beyond a doubt, the difficulties of the situation were very great, and the men he had to control were originally poor material, and were made desperate by their

trials; but it is equally certain that his career in Virginia terminated disastrously, both for himself and for the settlement. The Virginia Company, notwithstanding his applications, never consented to employ him again.

The Colony went on from bad to worse. George Percy, a brother of the Duke of Northumberland, succeeded Smith in the Presidency. It is difficult to believe the account of the terrible state of the colonists between Smith's departure in October, 1609, and the arrival of Sir Thomas Gates, in May, 1610. Percy "was so sicke hee could neither goe nor stand." Ratcliffe, with a number of others, was killed by Indians. The remainder fed on roots, acorns, fish, and actually on the savages whom they killed, and on each other, one man murdering his wife and eating her. Out of the whole number, five hundred it is said, not more than sixty were living when Gates arrived; and that the situation was beyond hope is proved by the fact that Gates immediately took them on board ship, and, abandoning Jamestown, set sail for England. It was only an accident that they fell in with a new expedition under Lord Delaware at the mouth of the river, who brought with him a year's provisions, and restored the fortunes of the settlement. In spite of the discouragement produced in England by the news of these disasters, the Company renewed their efforts, and again sent out Sir Thomas Gates with six vessels and three hundred men, who arrived in August, 1611. The government now was in the hands of Sir Thomas Dale, who had assumed it in May, 1611, and retained it till 1616. If the ultimate success of the Colony was due to any single man, the merit appears to belong rather to Dale than to any other; for his severe and despotic rule crushed the insubordination that had been the curse of the state, compelled the idle to work, and maintained order between the colonists and the Indians. But whatever the merits or the faults of the government were subsequent to the abandonment of Jamestown and the practical destruction of the first colony in May, 1610, it is not to be disputed that previous to that time nothing could have been worse than the management of the affairs of the settlement; and it is evident that the horrors of the winter of 1609–10 must have had their causes in the misfortunes or the mistakes or the

incompetency of Wingfield, Ratcliffe, and Smith. That the colonists, after so long a trial, were still dependent for their bread on the Indians and the supplies from England, could scarcely have been the fault of any one but themselves, and could not be excused by throwing the blame of their improvidence upon the folly of the distant board of directors in London.

In the mean while Smith, who had taken his final leave of the Colony, appears to have led a quiet life in London during several years. But he was not a man to be crushed by any disaster. The point in Smith's character which really commands an indisputable admiration is the spirit of adventure which nothing could quench, and which habitually caused him to neglect his nearer duties at Jamestown, and the energy in action which often overtasked his resources and led him into trouble. Although we lose sight of him during the years 1610 and 1611, we again find him in 1612 busied in the same direction as before. In this year he published at Oxford a short work called "A Map of Virginia. With a Description of the countrey, the Commodities, People, Government, and Religion. Written by Captaine Smith, sometimes Governour of the Countrey. Whereunto is annexed the proceedings of those Colonies &c. by W. S." This latter part of the publication, which purports to be drawn from the writings of a number of colonists, was afterwards reprinted, with alterations, as the Third Book of the Generall Historie, from the title of which it appears that W. S. stood for the initials of one William Simons, Doctor of Divinity.

There is in the text which accompanies the Map only one passage that bears upon the point now principally in dispute. Among the customs which he describes as peculiar to the Indians was the form of execution practised against criminals. Their heads, he says, were placed upon an altar, or sacrificing-stone, while "one with clubbes beates out their braines." During his captivity, he adds, not indeed that he had actually seen this mode of execution, but that an Indian had been beaten in his presence till he fell senseless, without a cry or complaint. Here we have, therefore, the whole idea of the story which he afterwards made public. It may be left to practised lawyers to decide whether, under the ordinary rules of evidence, this pas-

sage does not amount to a practical assertion that he had himself not been placed in the position described, and it may perhaps be possible for future students to explain why Smith should have suppressed his own story, supposing it to have been true. The inference is very strong that, if anything of the sort had ever occurred, it would certainly have been mentioned here, and this argument is considerably strengthened by a short narration of the facts of his imprisonment, which is given in the second part of the pamphlet, and for which Dr. Simons is the nominal authority. This version is as follows: —

"A month those barbarians kept him prisoner, many strange triumphs and conjurations they made of him, yet he so demeened himself amongst them as he not only diverted them from surprising the fort, but procured his own liberty, and got himself and his company such estimation among them that those savages admired him as a Demi God. So returning safe to the Fort, once more stayed the pinnace her flight for England."

This work was, as above stated, afterwards reprinted, under the author's name, as the Third Book of the Generall Historie. The passage just quoted is there reproduced with the evidently intentional substitution of "six or seven weekes" for "a month," as in the original. In the Generall Historie the concluding paragraph is omitted, and in its place stands, — "The manner how they used and delivered him, is as followeth." And then, breaking abruptly into the middle of the old narrative, the story which has been quoted at such length was interpolated.

The narrative in the second part of the Map of Virginia, of which the above extract forms a part, is signed by the name of Thomas Studley alone, while in the Generall Historie the enlarged account bears also the signatures of Edward Harrington, Robert Fenton, and Smith himself. A question may arise as to the extent to which these persons should be considered as dividing with Smith the responsibility for the story. Thomas Studley, however, died on the 28th of August, 1607. Both he and Edward Harrington had lain four months in their graves before Smith ever had heard of Powhatan or Pocahontas. The date of Robert Fenton's death is not so clear, but there is no reason to suppose that he had any share in the narration of events which Smith alone witnessed.

This Oxford tract of 1612 may be considered as decisive of the fact that, down to that date, the story of Pocahontas had not been made public. We are obliged to confess that no explanation whatever, consistent with an assumption of the truth of the later narrative, occurs to the mind to account for Smith's continued silence so long after his connection with the Colony had ceased.

Here we take leave of Smith, as an authority, for a period of some ten years, during which he was otherwise engaged, and published but one work, not relating to the present subject. But an entirely new class of colonists had, in 1610 and 1611, taken the place of the first settlers, almost exterminated by the disasters of 1609–10. Among the new-comers there arrived in the train of Lord Delaware, in 1610, a certain William Strachey, who held the office of Secretary of the Colony. Little is known of Strachey, except that, after his return to England, he compiled a work called the "Historie of Travaile into Virginia," never completed in its original plan, but still extant in two neatly written manuscripts, and printed by the Hakluyt Society in 1849. The date of its composition was probably about the year 1615. It consists largely of extracts from Smith's previous works, though without acknowledgment of their origin; but it also contains original matter, and especially some curious references to Pocahontas. (See Deane's edition of the True Relation, p. 72.) There is, however, no reference, direct or indirect, to her agency in saving Smith's life, and no trace of the high esteem which such an act would have won for her.

Next in order after Strachey's manuscript, we have a work which is quite original, and which gives, perhaps, the best account ever made public by an eyewitness of the condition of affairs in Virginia. This is a small volume in quarto, printed in London in 1615, and called "A True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia . . . . till the 18th of June, 1614, together with . . . . the Christening of Powhatan's daughter and her Marriage with an Englishman. Written by Raphe Hamor, late Secretarie in the Colonie." In it we find a minute and graphic account of the manner in which "Pocahuntas, King Powhatan's daughter, whose fame has spread even to England under the name of Non Parella," was taken prisoner

while staying with some tribe, subject to her father, on the Potomac, by Captain Argol, who was on a trading expedition up that river. Her imprisonment as a hostage at Jamestown, her visit to her father's residence with Sir Thomas Dale and a strong force of English, Powhatan's failure to redeem her, and her subsequent marriage to John Rolfe, on the 5th of April, 1613, are all circumstantially narrated; and finally an extremely interesting account is given of a visit which Hamor made to Powhatan, and of the conversation he had with that extraordinary savage. Besides this work of Hamor, the volume also contains several letters from persons in Virginia, one of which is by John Rolfe himself, written with the single object of justifying his marriage. Afterwards, when the arrival of Pocahontas in England had excited an interest throughout Europe in her story, Hamor's book was translated and published in Germany.

Although there are repeated allusions to Pocahontas in the works already mentioned, it is in Hamor that she makes, for the first time, her appearance as a person of political importance. In the True Relation, Smith represented her as a pretty and clever child of ten years old, who was once sent with a trusted messenger by Powhatan to the fort to entreat the liberation of some Indians whom Smith had seized. Strachey gives a curious account of her intimate relations with the Colony during his residence there. "Pocahuntas, a well featured but wanton yong girle, Powhatan's daughter, sometymes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, would get the boyes forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on their hands, turning up their heeles upwards, whome she would followe and wheele so her self, naked as she was, all the fort over." All this seems to indicate that she was considered merely as a child, whose age made her a general favorite. But from the time when Argol treacherously seized her, she occupied a position of much importance, in the first place as the guaranty of a peace which Powhatan promised, and seems to have faithfully preserved during the remainder of her life and of his own; in the second place, as a person well calculated to excite interest in England in behalf of the Colony; and, finally, as an eminent convert to the English Church, through whom a powerful religious influence might, it

was believed, be exercised among her father's subjects. Hamor's book is filled with her history, and Rolfe's letter shows much anxiety to prove the propriety of his course in marrying her. Both writers were interested in exciting as much sympathy for her as could be roused. Yet neither the one nor the other alludes in any form to the act which has since become her greatest claim to praise, and in the light of which the rest of her story has been almost thrown out of sight. There is no room to doubt, then, that in Virginia at this time the persons best informed were still ignorant that Pocahontas had ever saved Smith's life.

In the month of June, 1616, Sir Thomas Dale arrived at Plymouth, on his return home, bringing with him, among his suite, the baptized Pocahontas, now called Rebecca Rolfe, who, with her husband and child, came at the charge of the Company to visit England, and to prove to the world the success of the Colony. She became at once the object of extraordinary attention, and in the following winter she was the most distinguished person in society. Her portrait, taken at this time, still exists, and shows a somewhat hard-featured figure, with a tall hat and ruff, ill at ease under the stiff and ungraceful fashions of the day. Gentlemen of the court sent the engraving in their letters to correspondents abroad, as the curiosity of the season. The Church received her with great honor, and the Bishop of London gave her an entertainment, celebrated in enthusiastic terms by Purchas. At the court masque, in January, 1617, she was among the most conspicuous guests. The king and queen actually received her in special audiences; and to crown all, tradition reports, with reasonable probability, that King James, in his zeal for the high principles of divine right and the sacred character of royalty, expressed openly his serious displeasure that Rolfe, who was at best a simple gentleman, should have ventured so far beyond his position as to ally himself with one who was of imperial blood.

It was just at this time, when the influence of London society had set its only too decisive stamp of fashion on the name of the Indian girl, and when King James had adopted her as rightfully belonging within the pale of the divinity that hedges a king,—it was just at this moment that Samuel Purchas, "Par-

son of St. Martin's by Ludgate," published the third edition of his "Pilgrimage." The excellent Purchas, although not himself an explorer, was an enthusiast on the subject of travels and adventures, and in compiling the collection which is now so eagerly sought and so highly valued by collectors of books he had, so far as related to Virginia, the direct assistance of personal witnesses, and also of manuscripts now unhappily lost except for his extracts. He was well acquainted with Smith, who had "gently communicated" his notes to him, and who was now in London, and visited Pocahontas at Brentford. Purchas himself saw Pocahontas. He was present when "my Hon^ble. and Rev^d. Patron the Lord Bishop of London, D^r. King, entertained her with festivall state and pompe beyond what I have seen in his great hospitalitie afforded to other ladies," in his "hopefull zeale by her to advance Christianitie." He knew Tomocomo, an Indian of Powhatan's tribe, who came with her to England. "With this savage I have often conversed at my good friend's Master Doctor Goldstone, where he was a frequent guest; and where I have both seen him sing and dance his diabolicall measures and heard him discourse of his countrey and religion, Sir Thomas Dale's man being the interpretour." He knew Rolfe also, who lent him his manuscript discourse on Virginia. His edition of 1617 reflects the interest which was then so generally felt in the history of Rebecca Rolfe; and we may expect, with almost absolute certainty, to find in it all the new information that could be collected in regard to her life. Yet here, again, no allusion can be found to her heroic intervention on behalf of Smith, the story of whose captivity is simply copied from Simons's quarto of 1612; and the diffuse comments on men and manners in Virginia contain no trace of what would have been correctly regarded as the most extraordinary incident in the colonial history.

Silence in a single instance, as in Wingfield or in Strachey, might be accounted for, or, at all events, might be overlooked. But in the course of this examination we have found silence absolute during a long period of years and under the most improbable circumstances. Wingfield, Smith himself, Simons, Strachey, Hamor, Rolfe, and Purchas, all the authorities, without exception, that are known to exist, are equally dumb when

questioned as to a circumstance which, since 1624, has become the most famous part of the history of the Virginia Colony. The field is literally exhausted. There remain no sources from which to draw authentic information. Nothing remains but to return to Smith, and to inquire when it was that this extraordinary story first made its appearance, and how it happened ever to gain credence.

The blaze of fashionable success that surrounded Pocahontas in London lights up the closing scene of her life. It is said that she was obliged, against her will, to set out on her return to Virginia, but she never actually left the shores of England. Detained in the Thames by several weeks of contrary winds, her failing strength altogether gave way; and in March, 1617, in the poor word-play of Purchas, "she came at Gravesend to her end and grave." Her father, Powhatan, survived her less than a year.

Smith, in the mean while, was busied with projects in regard to New England and the fisheries. His efforts to form a colony there and to create a regular system of trade, which are detailed by Dr. Palfrey in his History, had very little success; but to spread a knowledge of the new country among the people of England, he had printed, in 1616, a small quarto, called "A Description of New England," and in 1620 he published another pamphlet, entitled "New England's Trials," a second and enlarged edition of which appeared in 1622. Here at last, in 1622, we find the long-sought allusion to his captivity, in the following words: —

"For wronging a soldier but the value of a penny I have caused Powhatan send his own men to Jamestowne to receive their punishment at my discretion. It is true in our greatest extremitie they shot me, slue three of my men, and by the folly of them that fled, took me prisoner; yet God made Pocahontas the King's daughter the means to deliver me; and thereby taught me to know their treacheries to preserve the rest."

This in the order of time is the third version given by Smith of his own adventure, the account in the Generall Historie being the fourth. Each one of these four stories is more or less inconsistent with all the others; but this one of 1622 is, we

are sorry to say it, more certainly mendacious than any of the rest. Read it in whatever light we please, it is creditable neither to Smith's veracity nor to his sense of honor. "By the folly of them that fled," he now states that the Indians succeeded in capturing him. All the other versions agree in this, that at the time Smith was attacked and his two men slain he was quite alone, except for his Indian guide, whom he used as a shield. To throw upon the invented cowardice of companions who were far away, out of sight and out of hearing of the contest, the blame for a disaster which was solely due to his own over-boldness, was not an honorable way of dealing with his command. Perhaps it would be better to leave this point unnoticed, in deference to Smith's real merits, but unfortunately this is not the only passage in his works in which the same tendency is apparent.

Nevertheless, the fact remains, that here for the first time the story of Pocahontas appears in print. "God made Pocahontas the means to deliver me." There is a devout form in this statement which is characteristic of the age, and the piety of a man like Smith, if his autobiography gives a true idea of his course of life, must have been a curious subject for study. But to any one who assumes, with Mr. Deane, that this introduction of Pocahontas is a pure invention, this paragraph becomes doubly interesting, as showing to what a degree of quaint dignity the men of this time could rise, even in falsehood.

The date of the first appearance of this famous story can therefore be fixed with sufficient certainty on the five years between 1617 and 1622, although the published account in all its completeness is only to be found in the Generall Historie, which was printed in 1624, from which such copious extracts have already been quoted as to make any further allusion unnecessary. There remains only one point of difficulty which requires attention to this work.

It is there stated (pp. 121–123) that, when Pocahontas came to England, Smith wrote for her a sort of letter of introduction to the Queen, or, in his own words, "a little booke to this effect to the Queen, an abstract whereof followeth."

"Some ten yeeres agoe, being in Virginia and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan their chiefe King .... I cannot say I felt the

least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortall foes to prevent, notwithstanding al their threats. After some six weeks fatting amongst those Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine, and not onely that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestowne."

It is unquestionable that, if Smith really did write this statement to the Queen, and the Queen received the letter, the case becomes even more complicated than ever. But the fact is, that the letter itself rests on the authority of the Generall Historie, and has neither more nor less weight than the other statements in that work. It is by no means necessary to believe that this "abstract of the effect" of the little book contains no interpolations such as those with which the text of the Generall Historie overflows. At the time when it was published, in 1624, not only had Pocahontas long been dead, but Queen Anne herself had, in 1619, followed her to the grave, and Smith remained alone to tell his own story. The Virginia Company certainly had no interest in denying what was a powerful means of drawing popular sympathy towards the Colony. But even if it be granted that Smith's letter as it stands was really sent to the Queen, the argument against its truth, so far as it is based on the silence of all previous authorities, is left quite untouched; and if it be allowed that there is no conclusive evidence to prove that the story was unknown in 1617, it is at least equally difficult to prove that, if known, it was believed. Smith's character was certainly a matter of warm dispute in his own day, and his enemies seem to have been too numerous and strong for even his energy and perseverance to overcome.

The essential evidence on each side of this curious question has now been exhausted, although it would be easy to argue the matter as regards Smith's general character at an indefinite length. This must indeed be done by the first historian who attempts again to deal with the history of the Virginia Colony. But although the argument has been stated fairly, and may now be left for future and final judgment, some reasonably clear theory for the existence of the story now assumed to be

false is still required. It would have been satisfactory if Mr. Deane had departed a little farther than he has done from his sphere of work as an editor, and had given the result of his studies in a more general form, which his deep acquaintance with the subject would have made particularly valuable. As it is, he only hints, as Dr. Palfrey also has done, that Smith, in the latter part of his life, had fallen into the hands of hack-writers, who adapted his story for popular effect. Perhaps, if we may venture to guess at his real opinion, the view he would be inclined to take might be somewhat as follows.

The examination of Smith's works has shown that his final narrative was the result of gradual additions. The influence exercised by Pocahontas on the affairs of the Colony, according to the account given in 1608, was very slight. Her capture and her marriage to Rolfe first gave her importance. Her visit to England, however, made her beyond question the most conspicuous figure in Virginia to the public mind, and it became inevitable that romantic incidents in her life would be created, if they did not already exist, by the mere exercise of the popular imagination, attracted by a wild and vivid picture of savage life.

The history of the emperor's daughter became, as we are led by Smith to suppose, a subject for the stage. Nothing was more natural or more probable. It is not even necessary to suppose that Smith himself invented the additions to his original story. He may have merely accepted them after they had obtained a strong and general hold on the minds of his contemporaries.

In the mean while Smith's own career had turned out a failure, and his ventures ended disastrously, while in most cases he failed to obtain the employment which he continued to seek with unrelaxed energy. In 1622, however, a great disaster occurred in Virginia, which woke the greatest interest and sympathy in England for the colonists, and gave occasion for renewed efforts in their behalf. The Indians rose against the English, and in the month of May a terrible massacre took place around Jamestown. The opportunity was not one to be lost by a man who, like Smith, with endless will to act, was still smarting under what he considered undeserved neglect, and he

at once hastened to offer his services to the Company, with a plan for restoring peace; but his plan and his offer of services were again declined. Still, he had the resource left of which he had already made such frequent use, and by publishing the Generall Historie he made a direct appeal to the public more ambitious than any he had yet attempted. In this work he embodied everything that could tend to the increase of his own reputation, and drew material from every source which could illustrate the history of English colonization. Pocahontas was made to appear in it as a kind of stage deity on every possible occasion, and his own share in the affairs of the Colony is magnified at the expense of all his companions. None of those whose reputations he treated with so much harshness appeared to vindicate their own characters, far less to assert the facts in regard to Pocahontas. The effort indeed failed of its object, for he remained unemployed and without mark of distinction, and died quietly in his bed, in London, in June, 1631; but in the absence of criticism, due perhaps to the political excitement of the times, his book survived to become the standard authority on Virginian history. The readiness with which it was received is scarcely so remarkable as the credulity which has left it unquestioned almost to the present day.

Art. II. — Languages and Dialects.

In a former article in this journal,* when discussing the question whether the study of language is a physical science, we were led to inquire at some length what is the force which makes and preserves language, which determines its form and brings about its changes. Our conclusion was, that this force is simply the will of men, acting in individuals and in communities, governed in its workings by all the various influences which are wont to guide human action; — influences external, consisting in the circumstances by which men are surrounded,

* See No. CCIX., October, 1865, Vol. CI. p. 434 seq.

the historical exigencies in which they are placed, the necessities of their communication; influences internal, consisting in the wants and aspirations, the native endowments, the unconscious tendencies, the habits, the idiosyncrasies, the whims even, of those who speak. Language, in either its material substance or its formal structure, can only be reached and affected through the minds of those who employ it for the purposes of their expression. Every modifying cause of any other kind has to be transmuted into a mental one, — into a motive, an inclination, a capacity, an insight, before it can act on speech, and work itself out in linguistic change. Upon a recognition of this truth must be founded the true understanding and interpretation of all the phenomena of linguistic life, — the events, as they are more literally to be styled, of linguistic history. To leave out of account, or to put into a subordinate place, the element of free human action, and to refer those events directly to influences which have nothing to do with them otherwise than mediately, or to ascribe them to energies inherent in speech itself, is an error so serious that it gives a false aspect to the whole study of language. Linguistic science, not less than some of the physical sciences, has had its triple course of development, as formulated in the philosophy of Comte, and each of the three stages is more or less distinctly recognizable in the views of some of its present votaries. The "theological" stage is represented by the once prevailing opinion that language is a divine creation, elaborated in all its parts by the Deity, and miraculously placed in men's possession; parallel with which, moreover, though so unlike it in many aspects, is the doctrine, seriously put forward by some physical scientists, that speech is a direct product of the physical constitution of its speakers, a kind of secretion of organs provided for that purpose, and that its varieties represent differences of animal organization. Both these alike cut off all possibility of a real science of language. The "metaphysical" stage is seen in a personification of language itself as an independent existence, an organism, and of its laws and processes as actual powers, literally working themselves out, governing the material in which they are exhibited, and producing effects after the manner of gravity, cohesion, chemical affinity, and the other

forces which are active in the changes of matter. The final or "positive" stage is entered upon when linguistic scholars are minded to keep themselves strictly upon the basis of observed fact and legitimate induction, to avoid the acceptance of figures as realities, to see clearly and describe definitely, and not to cover up ignorance and obscurity of thought with sounding and philosophical phraseology. A true scientific method, as was before attempted to be shown, brings us to look upon language as an institution, and the race that speaks each tongue as its maker and modifier, as well as preserver and perpetuator. A process of linguistic growth is nothing more than the collective effect, in a given direction, of the acts of a number of separate individuals, guided by the preferences and controlled by the assent of the community whereof they form a part. In order now to bring the truth of the principles formerly laid down, and established chiefly by appeal to general principles and facts within the immediate cognizance of every one, to the further test of the historical facts of language as they exhibit themselves upon a grander scale, we propose to discuss here the phenomena of dialects, their rise and their overthrow, — the diversification and assimilation of languages.

The almost infinite variety of human tongues is one of the most obvious facts connected with our possession and exercise of the gift of speech. Whether the human race be one species or more, their dialects are as numerous and as unlike one another, almost, as the species of the whole animal kingdom. The earth is full of discordant languages, — discordant in the sense that he who has acquired one is unable to understand and use the others; dialectic diversity seems to be the inseparable condition of linguistic life. Yet this diversity has its degrees: as there are local differences of phrase and construction in the speech of those who yet must be accounted as on the whole speaking the same tongue, so there are gradations of ever-increasing difference and ever-decreasing correspondence, until we find idioms so unlike that the most careful search fails to bring to light any traits, of material or structure, in which they agree. Where there are traceable resemblances, we are accustomed to regard them as signs of common descent; the tongues in which they are found, we say, are related with one another;

they are later divergent forms of a single original. In what sense, now, is this to be understood? and what are the forces which cause one language to divide, with the lapse of time, into many, while another preserves its homogeneousness within, or beyond, its ancient bounds? The explanation is not hard to find: it lies wholly in the respective action upon language of the individual and of the community.

All language, as we have seen, is in a state of constant flux and change, never maintaining continuously its limits of vocabulary, its phonetic form, its grammar, or the meaning of its words. The necessity and convenience of its speakers evoke the change; as their means of expression and communication, it must reflect what they have in their minds, and represent their changing knowledge, thoughts, and manners. Now the infinite diversity of character and of circumstances in the individuals who have language under their control tends to infinite diversity in their action and its products. There is no inner power, no organic growth, in speech, which determines its manifestations, subjecting or constraining the action of men upon it; it is and becomes just what they choose to make it. But many men, many minds; and each independent mind, working unrestrainedly according to its own impulses, would impress upon the development of speech a somewhat different history. No two men speak precisely the same tongue; of course, then, they would not propagate the same. Each has his own limited vocabulary, and, within that, his peculiar usages; he has his own pet words and phrases, his deviations from the normal standard of pronunciation, of construction, of grammar; he attaches to many words a meaning tinged with the hue of his individual character; his needs are in some degree unlike those of others; his mind is somewhat differently impressed and guided by feelings and experiences, differently swayed by the weight of existing analogies. Such tendency to variation, of course, exerts its influence within comparatively narrow bounds; individual speakers of English would not, if left to their own devices, rush madly off toward a Choctaw or a Kamchatkan model of speech: yet its effects are by no means insignificant. It is like the variation of the separate individuals of a species of plants or animals in respect to traits of structure and disposition, which,

however slow its progress, would finally, if encouraged to accumulate its effects, break up the species into well-marked varieties. But the change of language is almost infinitely more rapid and thorough than any that takes place in the animal creation; under favoring circumstances, it takes but a few generations to make out of a given tongue one so different that the speakers of the earlier and of the later would be wholly unable to understand one another: and, since every item of this change is finally traceable to individual action, the magnitude of the effect produced is a true measure of the intensity of the individual varying causes.

Linguistic development is thus made up, as we may fairly express it, of an infinity of divergent or centrifugal forces. But there is not wanting also an effective centripetal force, which holds all the others in check, which combines and resolves them all, giving value to that part of each which makes in a certain direction, and annulling the rest. This centripetal force is the necessity of communication. Man is no soliloquist: he does not talk for his own diversion and edification, but for converse with his fellows; and only that can be language, in the use of which there is mutual intelligence between speaker and hearer. What one individual alone should understand might be something very ingenious, and valuable for his private ends, but it would have no title to be called language. Every person is engaged, in his own way and measure, in modifying his native tongue, by corruptions of utterance, by peculiarities of phrase, by impressing old words with the stamp of his own private apprehension,—even by additions now and then to the vocabulary; but no one's action affects the general speech, unless it be accepted by others, and ratified in their use. What remains individual perishes, and is heard of no more; what becomes the property of all keeps alive, and is handed down from generation to generation. There is no other power to restrain me from making the most fantastic and arbitrary alterations in the words I use, or from introducing what seem to me and my next friends the most obvious and desirable improvements in our common speech, save only my knowledge that it is futile to attempt what the non-concurrence of the community will frustrate. I can change my speech just so far as I can persuade those about me to

follow my example, and no further. If they who form one community together do not talk alike, and cannot understand one another, the fundamental and essential office of speech is not fulfilled. Hence, whatever changes a language may undergo, they must all be shared in by the whole body to which it belongs. The idiosyncrasies, the sharp angles and jutting corners, of each single person's idiom, must be worn down by attrition against those with which it comes in contact in the ordinary intercourse of life, that a rounded unit, a common tongue, may be the product.

This unification of the language of a community does not imply an absolute identity of dialect among its members, down to the smallest details. Within certain limits — which, though not strictly definable, are sufficiently distinct and coercive to answer their purpose perfectly well — every one may be as original as he pleases. He may push his oddity and obscurity to the very verge of the whimsical and the incomprehensible; or even beyond it, if he do not mind being misunderstood and laughed at, — if his sense of his own individuality be so exaggerated that he is a whole community, a world, to himself. The word *community*, moreover, as used with reference to language, must not be taken in a too restricted or definite sense. It has various degrees of extension, and bounds within bounds. The same person may belong to more than one community, using in each a somewhat different idiom. For instance: I have, as we may suppose, a kind of home dialect, containing a certain proportion of baby-talk, and a larger of familiar modes of speech, of favorite colloquialisms, which I should be shy of using with any one outside of my family circle. Again, as an artisan, pursuing a special branch of manufacture or trade, or as one engaged in a particular profession, or study, or department of art, I am a member of another community, speaking a language to some extent peculiar, and which would be understood neither by my wife and children, nor by the majority of speakers of English. Thus, I may have dived deep into the mysteries of some scheme of transcendental philosophy, or searched and pondered the ultimate physical constitution of atoms; and if I should discourse before a general audience touching that which to me is full of profoundest significance,

while one out of twenty, perhaps, would follow me with admiring appreciation, to the other nineteen I should seem an incomprehensible ranter. But even as a general speaker of English, qualified to meet and converse intelligently with others who claim the same title, upon matters of import to us all, I may have my speech marked more or less strongly with local and personal peculiarities; it may exhibit unusual tones of utterance, or unusual turns of phrase, which, if I would be readily and thoroughly understood, I must endeavor to avoid. Now all these differences, limited as their range may be, are in their essential nature dialectic; the distinction between such idioms, as we may properly call them, and well-marked dialects, or related but independent languages, is one of degree only, not of kind. For I also possess a considerable portion of my speech in common with the Netherlander, the German, and the Swede, to say nothing of my remoter relations, the Russian, the Persian, and the Hindu; and if, in talking with any one of them, I could only manage to leave out of my conversation such words as belong to my dialect alone, and, moreover, not to pronounce the rest with such a local peculiarity of tone, nor give them such idiomatic shades of meaning, he and I might get along together famously, each of us understanding all the other said. I can, indeed, make calculations and compose mathematical formulas with him all day long; if we are chemists, we can compare our views as to the constitution of all substances, organic and inorganic, to our mutual edification; if musicians, we can convey intelligibly to one another our highest inspirations, our deepest thoughts; since, as regards their mathematical, chemical, and musical language, their systems of notation and nomenclature, all who share European civilization form together but a single community.

There is no lack of room, then, for all that diversity which was shown in our former article to belong to the speech of different individuals and different classes in the same community, along with that general correspondence which makes them speakers of one language and members of one community. The influence of community works in various degrees and within various limits, according to the nature and extent of the tie through which it is exercised. The whim of a child and the assent of

its parents may make a change in the family idiom; the consent of all the artisans in a certain branch of mechanical labor is enough to give a new term the right to stand in their technical vocabulary; the collective voice of good writers and speakers of English is the only authority which can make a word good English in the part of our tongue that we all alike use and value; while all cultivated Europe must join together, in order to alter the notation of a tone or a number, or the symbol of a chemical element. But the principle is everywhere the same: as mutual intelligibility is the bond which makes the unity of a language, so the necessity of mutual intelligibility is the power which preserves and perpetuates that unity.

After this exposition, it cannot be difficult to see what are the influences which govern the growth of dialects, producing or effacing them, favoring or retarding their development. If communication is the assimilating force which averages and harmonizes the effect of discordant individual action on language, keeping it, notwithstanding its incessant changes, the same to all the members of the same community, then it is clear that everything which narrows communication and tends to the breaking up of communities promotes the separation of their single tongue into discordant tongues; while all that extends communication and strengthens the ties which bind together the parts of a community tends to preserve the homogeneity of speech. Suppose a race, occupying a certain tract of country, to possess one common idiom, which all understand and use alike: then, so long as the race is confined within narrow limits, however rapidly that idiom may yield to the effect of the irresistible forces which produce linguistic growth, all will learn from each, and each from all; and, from generation to generation, every man will understand his neighbor, whatever difficulty he might find in conversing with the spirit of his great-grandfather, or of some yet remoter ancestor. But if the race grows in numbers, spreading itself over region after region, sending out colonies to distant lands, its uniformity of speech is exposed to serious danger, and can only be saved by specially favoring circumstances and conditions. And these conditions, while in part identical with those which determine the rate and mode of linguistic change in general, are, nevertheless, much

more exclusively of an external nature ; they derive their origin neither from the peculiarities of individual nor of national character ; they are historical, social, political ; they depend in no small measure on the kind and degree of culture enjoyed, and the influences which this naturally exerts. In a low state of civilization, the maintenance of community over a wide extent of country is altogether impracticable ; the tendency to segregation is the most powerful ; local and clannish feelings prevail, stifling the growth of any wider and nobler sense of national unity and common interests ; each little tribe or section is jealous of and dreads the rest ; the struggle for existence arrays them in hostility against each other ; or, at the best, the means of constant and thorough communication among the individuals inhabiting different parts of the country is wanting, along with the feelings which should impel to it. Thus all the diversifying tendencies are left to run their course unchecked ; varieties of circumstance and experience, the subtler and more indirect influences of climate and mode of life, the yet more undefinable agencies which have their root in individual and national caprice, gradually accumulate their discordant effects about separate centres, and local varieties of speech arise, which grow into dialects, and these into distinct, and, finally, widely dissimilar languages. The rate at which this differentiation will go on depends, of course, in no small degree, upon the general rate of change of the common speech ; as the dialects can only become different by growing apart, a sluggishness of growth will keep them longer together, — and that, not by its direct operation alone, but also by giving the weak forces of an imperfect and scanty communication an opportunity to work in counteraction of the others. Now it has been shown that linguistic change, so far as it concerns the grammatical structure and phonetic form of language, is chiefly a result of defective tradition ; by carelessness in the acquisition of words, or by inaccuracy in their reproduction, men alter, from generation to generation, the idiom which they transmit. It is evident, then, that everything which assists the accuracy of linguistic tradition tends to preserve language unchanged. Where speech is most unconsciously employed, with most exclusive attention to the needs and conveniences of the moment, with least regard to

its inherited usages, there its changes are rifest. Any introduction of the element of reflection is conservative in its effect. A people that think of their speech, talk about it, observe and deduce its rules and usages, will alter it but slowly. A tendency to do this sometimes forms a part of a nation's peculiar character, being the result of qualities, habits, and associations which it is wellnigh or quite impossible to trace out and explain ; but often it is called out, or promoted and strengthened, by very obvious conditions, — by admiring imitation of the ways and words of them of old time ; by the possession of a traditional literature ; but most of all by a recorded literature, the habit of writing, and a system of instruction. Of all the forces which oppose linguistic change, culture and education are the most powerful. The smallest possible alterative influence will emanate from one who has been trained to speak correctly by a conscious effort, and who is accustomed to write what he says almost as frequently and naturally as he speaks it. Words in their true form and independent entity are too distinctly present to his mind for him to take part either in their fusion or mutilation. Hence the effect of literary culture is to fix a language in the condition in which it happens to be found, to assure to it the continued possession of the formative processes which are then active in its development, but to check or prevent its acquisition of any others ; to turn its prevailing habits into unalterable laws, and to maintain its phonetic character against anything but the most gradual and insidious change. Under such influences, as we know, have come into being the many classical and sacred dialects which the world's history has shown, subsisting alongside of popular idioms, deviating more and more widely from the latter, and usually in the end overthrown and supplanted by them, — such as the ancient Egyptian, the Zend, the Sanskrit, the Latin. The culture which sustained them has been limited to a class, who have become by degrees their exclusive possessors, while the speech of the masses has run its course of growth unchecked : make this culture universal, and you will have fixed the speech of all.

All those cultural forces, then, which restrict the variation of a language from generation to generation, are, as such, equally effective in checking its variation from portion to portion of a

people. And they also contribute to the same result in another way, by directly strengthening and extending the bonds of community. Civilization and enlightenment give a wonderful cohesive force; they alone render possible a wide political unity, maintenance of the same institutions, government under the same laws; they facilitate the common possession of memories and traditions, and foster national feeling; they create the tastes and needs which lead the people of different regions to mix with and aid one another; and they furnish the means of ready and frequent intercourse, — all of which makes not less powerfully for linguistic than for social unity.

But, further, that same necessity of mutual comprehension which occasions and preserves the identity of language throughout a community has power also to bring forth identity out of diversity. No natural and indissoluble tie binds any human being to his own personal and local peculiarities of idiom, or even to his mother-tongue; they are made his only by habit and convenience; he is ever ready to give them up for others, when circumstances make it worth his while to do so. The once broad-mouthed rustic, whom the force of inborn character and talent advances to a position among cultivated men, wears off the rudeness of his native dialect, and learns to speak, perhaps, not less correctly and elegantly than those who have been trained from birth after the best models. Those who come up from among the dialects of every part of Britain to seek their fortune in the metropolis acquire some one of the styles of English speech which flourish there; and, even if they are unable ever to rid themselves wholly of provincialisms, there is nothing to hinder their children, at least, from growing up as thorough cockneys as if their families had never lived out of sound of Bow bells. Any one of us who migrates to a foreign land and settles there, identifying himself with a community of strange speech, learns to talk with them, as well as his previously formed habits will let him; and between his descendants and theirs there will be no difference of speech, however unlike they may be in hue and feature. If adventurers of various race and tongue combine themselves together to form a colony, and take up their abode in some new country, their speech at once begins to undergo a process of assimilation, which sooner or later makes it

one and homogeneous. How rapidly this end shall be attained, and whether some one element shall absorb the rest, or all shall contribute equally to the resulting dialect, must be determined by the special circumstances of the case. Of the multitudes of Germans whom emigration brings to our shores, some settle down together in considerable numbers: they cover with their colonies a tract in the West, or fill a quarter in some of our large towns and cities. They form, then, a kind of community of their own, inside the greater community in the midst of which they are placed, having numerous points of contact with the latter, but not absorbed into its structure; there are enough speakers of English among them to furnish all the means of communication with the world about which they absolutely need; they are proud of their German nationality, and cling to it; they have their own schools, papers, books, preachers; and their language, though sure to yield finally to the assimilating influences which surround it, may be kept in existence and use, possibly, for generations. So also with a crowd of Irish, clustered together in a village or suburb, breeding in and in, deriving their scanty instruction from special schools under priestly care: their characteristic brogue and other peculiarities of word and phrase may have an indefinite lease of life. But, on the other hand, families of foreign nationality scattered in less numbers among us can make no effective resistance to the force which tends to identify them thoroughly with the community of English speakers, and their language is soon given up for ours.

There is evidently no limit to the scale upon which such fusion and assimilation of speech may go on in human communities. The same causes which lead an individual, or family, or group of families, to learn and use another tongue than that which they themselves or their fathers have been accustomed to speak, may be by historical circumstances made operative throughout a whole class, or over a whole region. When two communities are combined into one, there comes to be but one language, where before there may have been two. A multiplication and strengthening of the ties which bind together the different sections of one people, the introduction or wider diffusion of culture, the establishment of a uniform system of education

— all these influences, and all others of the same kind, make directly for the effacement of already existing varieties of dialect, and the production of homogeneous language.

Such effacement and assimilation of dialectic varieties, not less than differentiation and formation of new dialects, are all the time going on among human communities, according as circumstances favor the one or the other class of effects; and a due consideration of both is necessary, if we would comprehend the history of any tongue, or family of tongues. Let us look at one or two examples, which shall serve to illustrate their joint and mutual workings, and to set forth more clearly the truth of the principles we have laid down.

We will consider first the history of that one among the prominent literary languages of the present day which has most recently attained its position, namely the German. From the earliest dawn of history, Germany has been filled with a multitude of more or less discordant dialects, each occupying its own limited territory, and no one of them better entitled than any other to set itself up as the norm of correct German speech. How far back their separation goes, it is impossible to tell: whence, when, and how the first Germanic tribe entered Central Europe, that its tongue might become there the mother of so many languages, crowding Germany and Scandinavia, and spreading, through England, even to the shores and prairies of a new world; or whether the beginnings of dialectic division were made before the entrance of the race into its present seats, — these are secrets which will never be fully disclosed. There were sweeping changes in the range and character of the Germanic dialects during those ages of migration and strife when Germany and Rome were carrying on their life-and-death struggle. Whole branches of the German race, among them some of the most renowned and mighty, as the Goths and Vandals, wholly lost their existence as separate communities, being scattered and absorbed into other communities; and their languages also ceased to exist. Leagues and migrations, intestine struggles and foreign conquests, produced fusions and absorptions, extensions, contractions, and extinctions, in manifold variety, but without any tendency to a general unity; and three centuries and a half ago, when the modern German first

put forth its claim to stand as the common language of Germany, there was in that country the same Babel of discordant speech as at the Christian era. Since the introduction of Christianity and the beginnings of civilization, more than one of the High-German dialects, as they are called, the dialects of Central and Southern Germany, had been for a season the subject of literary culture. This was the case with the idioms, in succession, of the Allemanic, Frankish, and Bavarian divisions of the race, between the seventh and the thirteenth centuries; then, for a time, the Swabian dialect gained the pre-eminence, and in it was produced a rich and noble legendary literature, containing precious memorials of national heroic story, still studied and valued wherever the German tongue is spoken. Here was a promising beginning for a truly national language, but the conditions of the times were not yet such as to give the movement lasting and assured success. Three centuries later began the grand national upheaval of the Reformation. The writings of Luther, multiplied and armed with a hundred-fold force by the new art of printing, penetrated to all parts of the land, and to nearly all ranks and classes of the people, awakening everywhere a vivid enthusiasm. The language he used was not the local dialect of a district, but one which had already a better claim than any other to the character of a general German language: it was the court and official speech of the principal kingdoms of Central and Southern Germany, made up of Swabian, Austrian, and other dialectic elements. To a language so accredited, the internal impulse of the religious excitement and the political revolutions accompanying it, and the external influence of the press, which brought its literature, and especially Luther's translation of the Bible, into every reading family, were enough to give a common currency, a general value. It was set before the eyes of the whole nation as the most cultivated form of German speech; it was acknowledged and accepted as the dialect of highest rank, the only fitting organ of communication among the educated and refined. From that time to the present, its influence and power have gone on increasing. It is the vehicle of literature and instruction everywhere. Whatever may be the speech of the lower classes in any section, the educated, those who make up good society,

speak the literary German; their children are trained in it; nothing else is written. The popular dialects are still as numerous as ever, because education is not pervading and thorough enough to extirpate them; and their existence may be prolonged for an indefinite period: but the literary language exercises a powerfully repressing and assimilating effect upon them all; it has lessened their rank and lowered their character, by withdrawing from them in great measure the countenance and aid of the cultivated; it has leavened them all with its material and its usages; and it may finally succeed in crowding them altogether out of use. Its sway extends just as far as the external influences which established it reach: it is not confined to the territory occupied by the High-German dialects, its nearest kindred; the people of the northern provinces also, speaking tongues of Low-German descent, which are much more nearly related with the Netherlandish, or even with the English, are drawn by the ties of political, social, and religious community with the rest of Germany to accept and use it. While, on the other hand, political independence, aided by diversity of social and religious usages, has given a separate existence as a literary language to the Dutch or Netherlandish, and yet more notably to the English, descendants of dialects originally undistinguished among the crowd of Low-German idioms which lined the shores of the North Sea.

The history of most other literary languages is of the same character with that which we have just been examining. Each was, at the outset, one out of a number of kindred but more or less diverse forms of speech, and the predominance which it came to gain over them was the result, not of its inherent merits as an instrument of thought and means of communication, but of outward circumstances, which made its usages worth the acquisition of a wider and wider community. Thus the parent language of the modern French was the vernacular speech of only a small part of the population of France, and it long had a rival, and almost a superior, in the early and highly cultivated dialect of Southern France, the Provençal, or *langue d'oc;* nor, if the kingdom of Toulouse had maintained itself, would the latter ever have yielded to the former. But the sceptre of political supremacy over all France passed

into the keeping of the northern provinces, and their speech became the rule of good usage throughout the land, while the *langue d'oc* lost by degrees its character as a cultivated dialect, and survives only in rude and insignificant provincial *patois*. The Italian was, in like manner, the popular idiom only of Tuscany, one of the innumerable local dialects which crowd and jostle one another between the Alps and Sicily, and its currency among the educated classes of the whole peninsula is the effect of literary influence and of instruction.

An illustration of a somewhat different character is afforded us by the history of the Latin, — a history in many respects more remarkable than that of any other language which has ever existed. This conquering tongue, whose descendants now occupy so large and fair a part of Europe, and, along with their half-sister, the English, fill nearly all the New World, and numerous scattered tracts, coasts, and islands on every continent and in every ocean, while its material has leavened and enriched the speech of all enlightened nations, was the vernacular idiom, not twenty-five centuries ago, of a little isolated district in Middle Italy, — a region which, on any map of the world not drawn upon a scale truly gigantic, one might easily cover with the end of a finger. How and when it came there we know not; but it was one of a group of related dialects, descendants and joint representatives of an older tongue, spoken by the first immigrants, which had grown apart by the effect of the usual dissimilating processes. Remains of at least two of these sister dialects, the Oscan and the Umbrian, are still left in existence, to exercise the ingenuity of the learned, and to illustrate the ante-historic period of Italic speech. The Latin was pressed on the north by the Etruscan, and threatened from the south by the Greek, — languages of much more powerful races, and the latter of them possessing a higher intrinsic character and an infinitely superior cultivation: no one could then have dared to guess that its after career would be so much more conspicuous than theirs. Its spread began with the extension of Roman dominion, and was the plainest and most unequivocal sign of the thorough and penetrating nature of that dominion. Not content with the loose and nominal sway which the Persian sovereign exercised over the heterogeneous parts of his vast

empire, or the yet laxer authority of the more modern Mongol rulers over their wide conquests, the Romans infused, as it were, a new organic life into the vast body corporate of which they were the head, and made their influence felt through its every nerve and fibre. Italy they first subjected and Romanized. The yoke they imposed and riveted by their military colonies, their laws and institutions, their culture, and their all-penetrating administration, was a bond of community against which no other proved able to maintain itself. All the languages of the peninsula, from the Gaulish of the north to the Greek of the extreme south, gave way by degrees before the tongue of the conquering city, and Italy became a country of one uniform speech. And yet not wholly uniform. Relics of the ancient languages maintained themselves for a long time in certain more inaccessible districts, and their influence was doubtless to be distinctly seen in the varying local dialects of the different parts of the peninsula; as, indeed, traces of it are even now discoverable there. The common speech of Italy, too, setting aside these dialectic distinctions, was not the pure, polished Latin of Cicero and Virgil, but a ruder idiom, containing already the germs of many of the changes exhibited by the modern Italian and the other Romanic tongues. The same process of conquest and incorporation into the Roman community was carried further, upon a grand and surprising scale, into the other countries of Europe. The Celts of Gaul, the Celts and Iberians of Spain, gave up their own languages, and adopted that of their rulers and civilizers, not less completely than have the Celts of Ireland, within the last few centuries, exchanged their Irish speech for English. Of Celtic words and usages only scanty and unimportant traces are to be found in the modern French and Spanish. The same fate threatened Germany, had not her brave and hardy tribes offered too stubborn a resistance to the already waning forces of the Empire; and Britain also, had not its remote situation and inferior value as a province caused the Roman hold upon it to be weak, and soon abandoned. Less considerable tracts of Southeastern Europe, stretching from the northern border of Italy to near the mouth of the Danube, yielded to the same influence: subdued by the arms, colonized from the population, organized by the policy,

civilized by the culture of the great city, they learned also to talk her language, forgetting their own. Thus arose the great and important group of the Romanic languages, as they are called; namely, the Italian, the French, the Spanish and Portuguese, the Rhæto-Romanic of Southern Switzerland, and the Wallachian; each including a host of varying dialects, all lineal descendants of the Latin, all spoken by populations only in small part of Latin race.

We must not suppose, however, that a pure and classical Latin was ever the popular dialect of this wide-extended region of Europe, any more than of Italy after its first Romanization. The same counteracting causes, acting on a grander scale and with an intensified force, prevented correctness and homogeneity of speech. The populace got their Latin rather from the army and its followers, the colonists and low officials, than from educated Romans and the works of great authors. Doubtless there was not at first such a difference between the dialect of the highest and of the lowest that they could not understand one another; but, whatever it was, it rapidly became wider. While study and the imitation of unchanging models kept the scholars and ecclesiastics in possession of the classical Latin, only a little barbarized by the irresistible intrusion into it of words and constructions borrowed from vernacular use, the language of the masses grew rapidly away from it, breaking up at the same time into those innumerable local forms to whose existence we have already referred. There was no conserving and assimilating influence at work among the millions who had taken for their own the language of Rome, capable either of binding them fast to its established usages, or of keeping their lines of linguistic growth parallel. Special disturbing forces came in here and there. Incursions and conquests of German tribes brought an element of Germanic speech into the tongues alike of Spain, France, and Italy. Centuries of Saracen domination engrafted upon the Spanish language a notable store of words of Arabic derivation. When at length the dark ages of European history were over, and knowledge and culture were to be taken out of the exclusive custody of the few, and made the wealth and blessing of the many, the Latin was a dead language, much too far removed from popular wants and sympa-

thies to be able to serve the needs of the new nations. Hence the rise in each separate country, at not far from the same time, of a new national tongue, to be the instrument and expression of the national culture. All Romanized Europe was in the condition already described as that of Germany prior to the advancement of the modern German to its present position. A chaos of varying dialects was there; and in every case external historical circumstances determined which of them should attain a higher value, and should subject and absorb the rest.

In all this alternate and repeated divergence and convergence of dialects, there is evidently nothing which should be looked upon as mysterious, or even puzzling. Such has been the history of language from the beginning, and in all parts of the earth. We need only the tendency of individual language to vary, and the effect of community to check, limit, and even reverse this tendency, in order to explain every case that arises. The peculiar conditions of each case must decide whether their joint action shall, on the whole, make for homogeneity or for diversity of speech; and the result, in kind and in degree, will vary according to the sum of the causes which produced it: as the resultant motion, in rate and direction, combines and represents all the forces, however various and conflicting, of whose united action it is the effect.

Thus, as has been already pointed out, when there takes place a fusion of two communities, larger or smaller, of varying speech, no general law can determine what shall be the resulting dialect. When the Romans conquered Gaul, although forming only a minority of the population, they almost totally obliterated the Gaulish speech, putting the Latin in its place; for they brought with them culture and polity, art and science, learning and letters; they made it better worth while for the Celts to learn Latin than to adhere to their own ancient idiom. When, however, the Germanic Franks, a few centuries later, conquered in their turn the now Latinized Gaul, and turned it into a kingdom of France, they adopted the language of their more numerous and more cultivated subjects, only adding a small percentage of Germanic words to its vocabulary, and perhaps contributing an appreciable influence toward hastening the decay, already well in progress, of the Latin grammatical system.

The same thing happened once more, when the Scandinavian Northmen, representing another branch of the Germanic family, after extorting from the beaten and trembling monarchs of France the cession of one of her fairest provinces, became the not less formidable and dreaded Normans. Although placed in seemingly favorable circumstances for conserving their linguistic independence, crowded together as they were within comparatively narrow bounds, and making on their own ground, of which they were absolute masters, the majority of the population, they yet could not resist the powerful assimilating influences which pressed them — a horde of uncouth and unlearned barbarians — on every side. Within a wonderfully short time, their Norse tongue had altogether gone out of use, leaving traces only in a few geographical names: along with French manners, French learning, and French polity, they had implicitly adopted also French speech. Hardly was this conversion accomplished, when they set forth to propagate their new linguistic faith in a country occupied by dialects akin with that which they had recently forsworn. The Angles and Saxons, Germanic tribes, had meantime finished the task, only begun by the Romans, of extirpating upon the largest and best part of British ground the old Celtic speech. They had done it in a somewhat different way, by sheer brute force, by destroying, enslaving, or driving out the native population, and filling all but the most inaccessible regions of the island with their own ferocious tribesmen. Hence the wholly insignificant remains of Celtic material to be found among the ordinary stores of expression of our English tongue. Christianity and civilization found the invaders in their new home; and an Anglo-Saxon literature grew up, which, had circumstances continued favorable, might have aided national unity of government, institutions, and culture to assimilate the varying dialects of the country, producing a national language not inferior in wealth and polish to our present speech. But they who take the sword shall perish by the sword; upon the Anglo-Saxons were wreaked the woes they had themselves earlier brought upon the Celts. Danish and Norse invasions, during a long period, bitterly vexed and weakened the Saxon state, and it finally sank irrecoverably under the Norman conquest. This time, the collision of

two diverse languages, upborne by a nearly equal civilization, — the partial superiority of that of the Normans being more than counterbalanced by their inferiority in numbers, — under the government of political circumstances, produced a result different from any which we have thus far had occasion to notice; namely, a truly composite language, drawing its material and its strength in so nearly equal part from the two sources that scholars are able to dispute whether the modern English is more Saxon or more French. Into the details of the combination we cannot now stay to enter, but must pass on to note the later dialectic history of the language; merely directing attention to the important and familiarly known fact that its formative apparatus, — whether consisting in inflections, affixes of derivation, or connectives and relational words, — along with the most common and indispensable part of its vocabulary, remained almost purely Saxon, so that it is to be accounted still a Germanic dialect in structure, although furnished with stores of expression in no small part of Romanic origin.

The fusion of Saxon and Norman elements in English speech did not reach in equal measure all parts of the land or all classes of the people, nor did it by any means wipe out previously existing dialectic differences, thus furnishing a new and strictly homogeneous speech as a starting-point whence a new process of dialectic divergence should commence. On the contrary, Britain is still, like Germany, only in a less degree, a country full of dialects, some of whose peculiarities go back to the diversities of speech among the tribes by whom the Anglo-Saxon conquest of the island was achieved, thirteen hundred years ago, while the rest are of every date of origin, from that remote period to the present. One or two of these dialects — especially the Scottish and the Yorkshire — poetry and fiction have made somewhat familiarly known to us: others are matters of keen and curious interest to the student of language, their testimony being hardly less essential than that of the literary dialect to his comprehension of the history of English speech.

But it was impossible that, in the transfer of English to the continent of America, these local dialects should maintain themselves intact. That could only have been the result of a separate migration of parts of the local communities to which

they belonged, and of the continued maintenance of their distinct identity in their new place of settlement. Such was not the character of the movement which filled this country with an English-speaking population. Old lines of local division were effaced ; new ties of community were formed, embracing men of various province and rank. It was not more inevitable that the languages of the various nationalities which have contributed to our later population should disappear, swallowed up in the predominant English, than that the varying forms of English should disappear, being assimilated to that one among them which was better supported than the rest. Nor could it be doubtful which was the predominant element, to which the others would have to conform themselves. In any cultivated and lettered community, the cultivated speech, the language of letters, is the central point toward which all the rest gravitate, as they are broken up and lose their local hold. And our first settlers were in no small part from the instructed class, — men of high character, capacity, and culture. They brought with them a written language and a rich literature ; they read and wrote ; they established schools of every grade, and took care that each rising generation should not fall behind its predecessor in learning. The basis, too, of equality of rights and privileges, on which they founded their society, added a powerful influence in favor of equality of speech. As a natural and unavoidable consequence, then, of these determining conditions, and not by reason of any virtue for which we are to take credit to ourselves, the general language of America, through all sections of the country and all orders of the population, became far more nearly homogeneous, and accordant with the correct standard of English speech, than is the average language of England ; and the same influences which made it so have tended to keep it so. The democratic character of our institutions, and the almost universality of instruction among us, have done much to maintain throughout our community an approximate uniformity of idiom. There was, doubtless, never a country before, where, down to the very humblest classes of the people, so many learned to read and spell out of the same school-books, heard the same speakers from platform, desk, and pulpit, and read the same books and papers, — where there was

such a surging to and fro of the population, such a mixture and intimate intercourse of all ranks and of all regions. In short, every form of communication is more active and more far-reaching with us than ever elsewhere; every assimilating influence has had unequalled freedom and range of action. Hence, there was also never a case in which so nearly the same language was spoken throughout the whole mass of so vast a population as is the English now in America. Modern civilization, with the great states it creates, and the wide and active intercourse among men to which it prompts, and for which it affords the needed facilities, is able to establish upon unoccupied soil, and then to maintain there, community upon a scale of grandeur to which ancient times could afford no parallel.

Nor have we failed to keep nearly even pace with our British relations in the slow progressive development of the common tongue: our close connection with the mother country, the community of culture which we have kept up with her, our acknowledgment of her superior authority in matters of learning and literature, have been able thus far to restrain our respective lines of linguistic growth from notable divergence. Though we are sundered by an ocean, there have been invisible ties enough between us to bind us together into one community. Yet our concordance of speech is not perfect: British purism finds fault with even our higher styles of discourse, oral and written, as disfigured by Americanisms; and in both the tone and the material of colloquial talk the differences are, of course, much more marked. We have preserved some older words, phrases, and meanings, which their modern use discards; we have failed as yet to adopt certain others which have sprung up among them since the separation; we have originated yet others, which they have not accepted and ratified. Upon all these points we are, in the abstract, precisely as much in the right as they; but the practical question is, which of the two is the higher authority, — whose approved usage shall be the norm of correct English speaking. We have been content, hitherto, to accept the inferior position; but it is not likely that we shall always continue so. Our increasing numbers and our growing independence of character and culture will give us, in our own estimation, an equal right, at the least, and we shall feel more

and more unwilling to yield implicitly to British precedent; so that the time may perhaps come when the English language in America and the English language in Britain will exhibit a noteworthy difference of material, form, and usage. What we have to rely upon to counteract this separating tendency, and annul its effect, is the predominating influence of the class of highest cultivation, as exerted especially through the medium of literature. Literature is the most dignified, the most legitimate, and the most powerful of the forces which effect the conservation of language, and the one which acts most purely according to its true merit, free from the adventitious aids or drawbacks of place and time. It is through her literature that America has begun, and must go on, to win her right to share in the elaboration of the English speech. Love and admiration of the same master-works in poetry, oratory, philosophy, and science have hitherto made one community of the two great divisions of speakers of English, and ought to continue to unite them; and it will, we hope, do so: but more or less completely, according as that portion of the community which is most directly reached and effectively guided by literature is allowed authority over the rest.

We are, however, by no means free from dialects among our own population, although we may hope that they will long, or always, continue to be restricted within narrow limits of variation from the standard of correct speech, as they are at present. The New-Englander, the Westerner, the Southerner, even of the educated class, betrays his birth to a skilled observer by the peculiarities of his language; and the lower we descend in the social scale, the more marked and prominent do these peculiarities become. There is hardly a locality in the land, of greater or less extent, which has not some local usages of phrase or utterance, characterizing those whose provincialism has not been rubbed off by instruction or by intercourse with a wider public. There is a certain degree of difference, too, of which we are all conscious, between the written and the colloquial style; there are words and phrases in good conversational use, which would be called inelegant, and almost low, if met with in books; there are words and phrases which we employ in composition, but which would seem forced and stilted if ap-

plied in the ordinary dealings of life. This is far from being a difference sufficient to mark the literary English as another dialect than that of the people: yet it is the beginning of such a difference; it needs no change in kind, but only a change in degree, to make it accord with the distinction between any literary language which history offers to our knowledge and the less cultivated dialects which have grown up in popular usage by its side, and by which it has been finally overthrown and supplanted.

Nothing, then, as we see, can absolutely repress dialectic growth; even the influences most powerfully conservative of identity of language, working in the most effective manner which human conditions have been found to admit, can only succeed in indefinitely reducing its rate of progress.

It will be noticed that we have used the terms "dialect" and "language" interchangeably, in speaking of any given tongue; and it will also, we trust, have been clearly seen how vain would be the attempt to establish a definite and essential distinction between them, or to give precision to any of the other names which indicate the different degrees of diversity among related tongues. No form of speech, living or dead, of which we have any knowledge, was not or is not a dialect, in the sense of being the idiom of a limited community, among other communities of kindred but somewhat discordant idiom; none is not truly a language, in the sense of being the means of mutual intercourse of a distinct portion of mankind, adapted to their capacity and supplying their needs. The whole history of spoken language, in all climes and all ages, is a series of varying and successive phases: external circumstances, often of an accidental character, give to some of these phases a prominence and importance, a currency and permanence, to which others do not attain; and according to their degree of importance we style them idiom, or *patois*, or dialect, or language. To a very limited extent, natural history feels the same difficulty in establishing the distinction between a "variety" and a "species"; and the difficulty would be not less pervading and insurmountable in natural than in linguistic science, if, as is the case in language, not only the species, but even the genera and higher groups of animals and plants were trace-

ably descended from one another, or from common ancestors, and passed into each other by almost insensible gradations. Transmutation of species in the kingdom of speech is no tempting hypothesis merely, but a patent fact, one of the fundamental and determining principles of linguistic study.

The process of transmutation of language goes on so rapidly, partly under our very eyes, partly within the reach of our direct historical research, that we cannot fail to follow intelligently its progress, and to distinguish its immediate producing forces from its remoter influencing causes, even if we cannot fully apprehend their mutual workings, or discover the links that connect them. That intricate combination of native capacities and dispositions, acquired and inherited habits, and guiding circumstances, of which, in each individual community, the form and development of the common speech is a product, is in no two communities the same, and everywhere calls for a special and detailed study in order to its comprehension, while it also has mysteries beyond our ken. Ethnologists are obliged, in the main, to take the differences of national character as ultimate facts, content to set them clearly forth, without attempting to explain them; and, to no small extent, a like necessity rests upon the linguist as regards linguistic differences: not only is he unable to account for the presence of peculiarities of character which determine peculiarities of speech, but even their analysis eludes his search; they manifest themselves only in these special effects, and are not otherwise demonstrable. But to overlook these causes, and put in their place such as are more distant and indirect; to ascribe the differences of language and linguistic growth immediately to physical forces, to differences of country, and climate, and food; or to make them dependent on subtile peculiarities of organization, whether cerebral, laryngal, or other, — this is only a meaningless and futile device to cover up our ignorance. Language is not a physical product, but a human institution; it is preserved, perpetuated, and changed by free mental acts, not by the operation of structural forces. Education and habit, and nothing else, limit a man to the idiom in the possession of which he has grown up. Within any community of speakers of the same tongue may readily be found persons having endowments as unlike, in degree and kind,

as those which characterize the average men of distant and diverse races, speaking wholly discordant speech. Physical causes do, indeed, affect language, but only in two ways: first, as they change the circumstances to which men have to adapt their speech; and secondly, as they alter men's nature and disposition, making them choose and act otherwise than they would else have done. Every physical cause requires to be transformed into a motive or a mental tendency, before it can affect the signs by which we represent our mental operations and conceptions. It is universally conceded that outward circumstances do produce a permanent effect upon the characteristics of race, internal as well as external, and so upon those, among the rest, which govern linguistic development; but in what measure, at what rate, and through what details of change, is as yet matter of wide difference of opinion and lively controversy. There are over-hasty materialists who pronounce man the slave and sport of nature, controlled and moulded by the external forces amid which he exists, and who claim that his history may be explained and foretold by means of a knowledge of those forces, when as yet they have not read even the simplest rudiments of the modes in which human nature is shaped by its surroundings. These men have their counterparts also among students of language. But whatever may be hoped from the future, it is certain that at present nothing of value has been accomplished toward showing how linguistic growth is determined in its kind and rate by physical influences. There is no human dialect which might not maintain itself essentially unaltered in structure, though carried to climes very unlike those in which it had grown up, and though employed by a people whose culture and mode of life were rapidly varying. Emigration, often assumed to be the chief and most powerful cause of linguistic change, also often exercises a notably conservative influence upon language. And, on the other hand, a tongue may rapidly disintegrate, or undergo phonetic transformation, or vary the material of its vocabulary, without moving from the region of its origin, or becoming the organ of other conditions of human life than those to which it had been earlier adapted. Such facts as that the Icelandic is the most antique in form of all the dialects of the Germanic family, that the Lithuanian has preserved more of

the primitive apparatus of Indo-European inflection than any other known tongue of modern times, that the Armenian diverges most widely from the norm of Iranian speech, the Celtic from that of Indo-European, — these are matters which now baffle the efforts of the linguistic student at explanation, and probably will continue always to do so ; the forces which govern the rate and kind of linguistic change in different communities are in great part out of his reach, as they lie more buried in the depths of individual human nature, and are less controlled by outward circumstances, than those which determine the divergence and coalescence of dialects.

One or two recent writers upon language* have committed the very serious error of inverting the mutual relations of dialectic variety and uniformity of speech, thus turning topsy-turvy the whole history of linguistic development. Unduly impressed by the career of modern cultivated dialects, their effacement of existing dialectic differences and production of uniform speech throughout wide regions, and failing to perceive the nature of the influences which alone make such a career possible, these authors affirm that the natural tendency of language is from diversity to uniformity ; that dialects are, in the regular order of things, antecedent to language ; that human speech began its history in a state of infinite dialectic division, which has been ever since undergoing coalescence and reduction. It may seem hardly worth while to spend any effort in refuting an opinion of which the falsity will have been made apparent by the exposition already given ; yet a brief additional discussion of the point will afford an opportunity of setting in a clearer light one or two important principles.

It will, doubtless, be readily admitted that the difference between any one given dialect and another of kindred stock is made up of a multitude of separate items of difference, and con-

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* We refer particularly to M. Ernest Renan, whose peculiar views upon this subject are laid down in his General History of the Semitic Languages, and more fully in his treatise on the Origin of Language (2d edition, Paris, 1858, ch. viii.), — a work of great ingenuity and eloquence, but of which the philosophy is far more constructive than inductive. Professor Max Müller, too, when treating of the relations of the Teutonic languages (Lectures on Language, First Series, Fifth Lecture), appears distinctly to give in his adhesion to the same view.

sists in the sum and combined effect of these. Thus, for instance, words are possessed by the one which are wanting in the other; words found in both are differently pronounced by each, or are used in senses either not quite identical, or very unlike; combinations and forms belong only to one, or are corrupted and worn down in different degree by the two respectively; phrases occur in the one which would be incorrect or meaningless in the other. Now the gradual production of such differences as these is something which we see to have been going on in language during the whole period of its history illustrated by literary records; nay, which is even going on at the present day under our own eyes. If the Italian uses in the sense of 'truth' the word *verità*, the Spanish *verdad*, the French *vérité*, the English *verity*, we know very well that it is not because all these forms were once indifferently current in the mouths of the same people, till those who preferred the one or the other of them sorted themselves out and came together into a separate community; it must be, rather, because some single people formerly used in the same sense a single word, either coincident with one of these or nearly resembling them all, from which they have all descended in the ordinary course of linguistic tradition, that always implies liability to linguistic change. We happen to know, indeed, in this particular case, by direct historical evidence, what the original word was, and who were the people that used it: it was *veritas* (theme *vēritāt*), and belonged to the language of Rome, the Latin; its present varieties of form merely illustrate the usual differentiating effects of phonetic corruption. So, too, if I say *attend*, and the Frenchman *attendez*, our words are unlike in pronunciation, in grammatical form (the latter having a distinctive plural ending which the former lacks), and in sense (the French meaning 'wait'); and, in all respects save the last, both are equally unlike the Latin *attendite:* yet of this both are the lineal representatives; no Roman ever said either *attend* or *attendez*. But the same reasoning we apply also in other cases, where direct historical evidence is wanting, arriving without hesitation or uncertainty at like conclusions. If we say *true*, while the German says *treu*, the Dane *tro*, the Netherlander *trouw*, and so on, we do not once think of doubting that it is because we have all gotten

nearly the same word, in nearly the same sense, by uninterrupted tradition from some primitive community in which a like word had a like sense; and we set ourselves to discovering what this word was, and what and why have been the changes that have brought it into its present varying forms. The discordance between our *father*, the Anglo-Saxon *fæder*, the Icelandic *fadir*, the Dutch *vader*, and the German *vater*, does not, any more than that between *verity* and its analogues, compel us to assume a time when these words existed as primitive dialectic varieties in one community: we regard them as the later effects of the separation of one community into several. And when we compare them all with the Latin *pater*, the Greek *patēr*, the Persian *peder*, the Sanskrit *pitar*, — which are but palpable variations of the same original from which the rest have come, — our inference is still the same. Or, once more, our word *is* is the English correspondent of the German *ist*, the Latin *est*, the Greek *esti*, the Lithuanian *esti*, the Slavonian *yesti*, the Persian *est*, the Sanskrit *asti*. To the apprehension of the historical student of language, these eight are nothing more than slightly altered forms of a single vocable; and their difference is one of the innumerable differences of detail which distinguish from one another the languages we have named. We cannot, to be sure, go back under the sure guidance of contemporary records to the people among whom, and the time at which, the word originated; but we are just as far in this case, as in those referred to above, from being driven to the conclusion that all its known representatives are equally primitive, that they constitute together the state of indefinite dialectic variety in which the expression of the third person singular of the verb *to be* began, and that the nations, modern or ancient, in whose languages we find them, are the lineal descendants of those groups in a former community who finally made up their minds to prefer the one or the other of them. On the contrary, we derive, with all the confidence belonging to a strictly logical process of reasoning, the conclusion that the words we are considering are later alterations of a single original, and that they would have no existence if a certain inferable community, at an unknown period in the past, had not put together the verbal root *as*, signifying 'existence,' and the pronoun *ti*, meaning 'he, it, that,' to compose that original.

But our illustrations have already been drawn out at a length which may seem unnecessary and tedious, and we forbear to press them further. The same reasoning is obviously applicable to every other individual case of dialectic difference. It is futile to attempt to draw anywhere a dividing line in the historic development of language, and to say, these differences, on the one side, are the result of later linguistic growth; those, on the other side, are original, a part of the primitive dialectic division of human speech. The nature and uses of language, and the forces which act upon it and produce its changes, cannot but have been essentially the same during all the periods of its history, amid all its changing circumstances, in all its varying phases; and there is no way in which its unknown past can be investigated except by the careful study of its living present and its recorded past, and the extension and application to remote conditions of laws and principles deduced by that study. Like effects imply like causes, not less in the domain of language than in that of physical science; and he who pronounces the origin and character of ancient dialects and forms of speech to be fundamentally different from those of modern dialects and forms of speech, can only be compared with the geologist who should admit the formation by aqueous action of recent gravel and pebble beds, but should deny that water had anything to do with the production of ancient sandstones and conglomerates.

It should not, however, be overlooked, that, among those who hold the false doctrine of the priority of dialects, hardly any would refuse their assent to the comparisons and inferences which we have been detailing. They could not do so without cutting themselves off from the number of comparative philologists, for such comparison and inference constitute the main method of research in modern linguistic science. Only they fail to follow out the process to the conclusion to which it logically and necessarily conducts them; to note that, since the whole sum of dialectic discordance is made up of such individual bits of difference as these, if the latter point back in detail to an original unity, the former must in its entirety do the same. Let us hear the reasoning of one of them. "As there were families, clans, confederacies, and tribes," says Professor

Müller, "before there was a nation, so there were dialects before there was a language." The fallacy involved in this argument, as in all those which are used to support the view we are combating, is that it does not go back far enough; it begins in the midst of the historic development of human language, and tries to persuade itself and us that it is at the beginning. If clans and tribes were ultimate elements in the history of humanity, if the earth had brought forth her population, extruding each family and community in the place where our earliest researches discover it, then the indefinite diversity of human language in its earliest stage — a diversity, however, not dialectic, but fundamental — would follow as a direct historical consequence, and not an analogical inference merely. But if a population of scattered communities implies an earlier dispersion from a single point, if we must follow backward the fates of mankind until they centre in a limited number of families, or in a single pair, which expanded by natural increase, and scattered, forming those little groups and clans, which in some parts of the world have remained isolated from one another, and in others have fused together into great nations, — and who will deny that it is so? — then, also, both by analogy and by historical necessity, it follows that the true view of the relation between dialects and uniform speech is that to which we have been conducted above; namely, that the rise and separation of dialects can only accompany the division of a single community into disconnected parts, and that the assimilation of dialects is simply the concomitant and consequence of a coalescence of communities.

Prevalence of the same tongue over wide regions of the earth's surface was, indeed, impossible in the olden time, and human speech is now, upon the whole, tending toward a condition of less diversity with every century. But this is owing to the vastly increased efficiency at present of those external influences which counteract the inherent tendency of language to diversity. As, here in America, a single cultivated nation, of homogeneous speech, is taking the place of a congeries of wild tribes, with their host of discordant dialects, so, on a smaller scale, is it in many other parts of the world: civilization and the solidarity it makes are gaining ground upon barbarism and its isolating influences.

It is true, again, that a certain degree of dialectic variety is inseparable from the being of any language at any stage of its history. Even among ourselves, where, as we have seen, uniformity of speech prevails certainly not less than elsewhere, every individual speaks an idiom somewhat unlike his neighbor's, and each would hand down to his descendants a different tongue, if circumstances should make them both founders of independent linguistic traditions. However small, then, may have been the community which laid the foundation of any existing family of languages, we must admit the existence of some differences among the idioms of its individual members or families. And if we suppose such a community to be dispersed into the smallest possible fragments, and each fragment to become the progenitor of a separate community, it might be said, with a kind of truth, that the languages of these later communities began their history with dialectic differences already developed. The more widely extended, too, the original community before its dispersion, and the more marked the local differences, not inconsistent with mutual intelligibility, existing in its speech, so much the more capital, so to speak, would each portion have on which to begin its further accumulation of dialectic variations. But, on the one hand, these original dialectic differences would themselves be the result of previous growth; and, on the other hand, they would not be the causes of the later differences, — still less, identical with these. They would be of quite insignificant amount, as having been able to consist at the outset with linguistic unity; and we should be able to say, with entire truth, that the later dialects had grown by gradual divergence out of a single homogeneous language.

Once more, the value of such minor discordances of usage as may and do exist among those who are yet to be regarded as speaking the same tongue, is at its maximum in an uncultivated community. The first tendency of the cultivation, as we style it, of a language, is to wipe out this class of differences, extending the area and perfecting the degree of linguistic uniformity. And its work is accomplished — first as last, whether the scale of variation over which its influence bears sway be less or greater — by selection, not by fusion. Thes slightly differing

idioms of different individuals and localities are not mixed and averaged, or blended into one; but the usages of one part of the community are set up as a norm, to which those of the rest shall be conformed, and from which further variation shall be checked or altogether prevented. An element of consciousness, of reflectiveness, is introduced into the use of language; acknowledged imitation of certain models, deference to authority in matters of speaking, take the place of the former more spontaneous and careless employment of the common means of communication. The best speakers — those who use words with most precision, with most fulness and force of meaning, with most grace and art — become the teachers of the rest. This influence may be exerted in various ways, — by simple exercise of authority on the part of those who deserve to wield it, or with the aid of a popular literature handed down by tradition, or through the instrumentality of grammatical and lexical culture, of letters and learning, — but it is always essentially of the same nature. It is the guide and counsellor, not the master, of national usage. It undertakes no wholesale reform. Some write and speak as if the uncultivated employers of speech were impelled to launch out indefinitely into new words and forms, rioting in the profusion of their linguistic creations, until grammar comes to set bounds to their prodigality, and to reduce the common tongue within reasonable dimensions. But it is by no means so easy and seductive a thing to increase the resources of a language. We do not look to our dictionaries and grammars to know if we may venture to use elements which come crowding to our lips and demanding utterance. Linguistic growth is a slow process, extorted, as it were, by the exigencies of practical use, from the speakers of language. Economy is a main element in linguistic development; that which is superfluous in a dialect falls off and dies of itself, without waiting to be lopped away by the pruning-knife of a grammarian. From among the varieties of equivalent form, utterance, and phrase which a defective communication has allowed to spring up within the limits of the same community, culture chooses those which shall be accepted as most worthy of preservation. It maintains what is good, warns against abuses, and corrects offences committed by a

part against the authority of general preference. A cultivated language is thus simply one whose natural growth has gone on for a time under the conscious and interested care of its best speakers; which has been placed in their charge, for the maintenance of a standard, for the repression of disfiguring alterations, for enrichment with expressions for higher thought and deeper knowledge, — for the enforcement, in short, of their own studied usages of speech upon the less instructed and more heedless masses of a community.

These, then, are the important principles whose distinct recognition is essential to the successful prosecution of our inquiries into the history and relations of languages: — the unity and continuity of the course of linguistic development, through all its periods; the essential identity of languages and dialects, of ancient and modern forms of speech; the conservative, rather than revolutionary, influence of literary cultivation, and its power, as combined with culture, to check dialectic divergence and effect uniformity of language; and the legitimate force of dialectic correspondences, wherever found, to prove original unity. With these clews to guide us, the labyrinth of human speech is no longer a labyrinth; its mazes may be securely trodden. They guide us to the establishment of great families of related tongues, sprung from a common ancestor; — first and most important among them, the Indo-European family, to which our own English belongs, filling Southern and Central Europe and Southwestern Asia, as far as the mouths of the Ganges, with its branches, all descendants and representatives of a single primitive idiom, once spoken by a limited community, in a contracted region of the earth's surface, — but where and when, we must be content to be ignorant.

ART. III. — 1. *The Works of* DANIEL WEBSTER. Twelfth Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 6 vols. 8vo.
2. — *The Private Correspondence of* DANIEL WEBSTER. Edited by FLETCHER WEBSTER. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 2 vols. 8vo.
3. — *Life and Memorials of* DANIEL WEBSTER. From the New York Daily Times. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.
4. — *The Private Life of* DANIEL WEBSTER. By CHARLES LANMAN. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1852.

OF words spoken in recent times, few have touched so many hearts as those uttered by Sir Walter Scott on his death-bed. There has seldom been so much of mere enjoyment crowded into the compass of one lifetime as there was into his. Even his work — all of his best work — was only more elaborate and keenly relished play; for story-telling, the occupation of his maturity, had first been the delight of his childhood, and remained always his favorite recreation. Triumph rewarded his early efforts, and admiration followed him to the grave. Into no human face could this man look, nor into any crowd of faces, which did not return his glance with a gaze of admiring love. He lived precisely where and how it was happiest for him to live; and he had above most men of his time that disposition of mind which makes the best of bad fortune and the most of good. But when his work and his play were all done, and he came calmly to review his life, and the life of man on earth, this was the sum of his reflections, this was what he had to say to the man to whom he had confided his daughter's happiness: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, — be virtuous, — be religious, — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

So do we all feel in view of the open coffin, much as we may differ as to what it *is* to be good, virtuous, and religious. Was this man, who lies dead here before us, faithful to his trust? Was he sincere, pure, just, and benevolent? Did he help civilization, or was he an obstacle in its way? Did he ripen and

improve to the end, or did he degenerate and go astray? These are the questions which are silently considered when we look upon the still countenance of death, and especially when the departed was a person who influenced his generation long and powerfully. Usually it is only the last of these questions which mortals can answer with any certainty; but from the answer to that one we infer the answers to all the others. As it is only the wise who learn, so it is only the good who improve. When we see a man gaining upon his faults as he advances in life, when we find him more self-contained and cheerful, more learned and inquisitive, more just and considerate, more single-eyed and noble in his aims, at fifty than he was at forty, and at seventy than he was at fifty, we have the best reason perceptible by human eyes for concluding that he has been governed by right principles and good feelings. We have a right to pronounce such a person *good*, and he is justified in believing us.

The three men most distinguished in public life during the last forty years in the United States were Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster. Henry Clay improved as he grew old. He was a venerable, serene, and virtuous old man. The impetuosity, restlessness, ambition, and love of display, and the detrimental habits of his earlier years, gave place to tranquillity, temperance, moderation, and a patriotism without the alloy of personal objects. Disappointment had chastened, not soured him. Public life enlarged, not narrowed him. The city of Washington purified, not corrupted him. He came there a gambler, a drinker, a profuse consumer of tobacco, and a turner of night into day. He overcame the worst of those habits very early in his residence at the capital. He came to Washington to exhibit his talents, he remained there to serve his country; nor of his country did he ever think the less, or serve her less zealously, because she denied him the honor he coveted for thirty years. We cannot say this of Calhoun. He degenerated frightfully during the last twenty years of his life. His energy degenerated into intensity, and his patriotism narrowed into sectionalism. He became unteachable, incapable of considering an opinion opposite to his own, or even a fact that did not favor it. Exempt by his bodily constitution

from all temptation to physical excesses, his body was worn out by the intense, unhealthy working of his mind. False opinions falsely held and intolerantly maintained were the debauchery that sharpened the lines of his face, and converted his voice into a bark. Peace, health, and growth early became impossible to him, for there was a canker in the heart of the man. His once not dishonorable desire of the Presidency became at last an infuriate lust after it, which his natural sincerity compelled him to reveal even while wrathfully denying it. He considered that he had been defrauded of the prize, and he had some reason for thinking so. Some men avenge their wrongs by the pistol, others by invective; but the only weapons which this man could wield were abstract propositions. From the hills of South Carolina he hurled paradoxes at General Jackson, and appealed from the dicta of Mrs. Eaton's drawing-room to a hair-splitting theory of States' Rights. Fifteen hundred thousand armed men have since sprung up from those harmless-looking dragon's teeth, so recklessly sown in the hot Southern soil.

Of the three men whom we have named, Daniel Webster was incomparably the most richly endowed by nature. In his lifetime it was impossible to judge him aright. His presence usually overwhelmed criticism; his intimacy always fascinated it. It so happened, that he grew to his full stature and attained his utmost development in a community where human nature appears to be undergoing a process of diminution, — where people are smaller-boned, less muscular, more nervous, and more susceptible than their ancestors. He possessed, in consequence, an enormous physical magnetism, as we term it, over his fellow-citizens, apart from the natural influence of his talents and understanding. Fidgety men were quieted in his presence, women were spellbound by it, and the busy, anxious public contemplated his majestic calm with a feeling of relief, as well as admiration. Large numbers of people in New England, for many years, reposed upon Daniel Webster. He represented to them the majesty and the strength of the government of the United States. He gave them a sense of safety. Amid the flighty politics of the time and the loud insincerities of Washington, there seemed one solid thing in America, so

long as he sat in an arm-chair of the Senate-Chamber. When he appeared in State Street, slowly pacing, with an arm behind him, business was brought to an absolute stand-still. As the whisper passed along, the windows filled with clerks, pen in mouth, peering out to catch a glimpse of the man whom they had seen fifty times before; while the bankers and merchants hastened forth to give him salutation, or exchange a passing word, happy if they could but catch his eye. At home, and in a good mood, he was reputed to be as entertaining a man as New England ever held, — a gambolling, jocund leviathan out on the sea-shore, and in the library overflowing with every kind of knowledge that can be acquired without fatigue, and received without preparation. Mere celebrity, too, is dazzling to some minds. While, therefore, this imposing person lived among us, he was blindly worshipped by many, blindly hated by some, calmly considered by very few. To this hour he is a great influence in the United States. Perhaps, with the abundant material now accessible, it is not too soon to attempt to ascertain how far he was worthy of the estimation in which his fellow-citizens held him, and what place he ought to hold in the esteem of posterity. At least, it can never be unpleasing to Americans to recur to the most interesting specimen of our kind that has lived in America since Franklin.

He could not have been born in a better place, nor of better stock, nor at a better time, nor reared in circumstances more favorable to harmonious development. He grew up in the Switzerland of America. From a hill on his father's New Hampshire farm, he could see most of the noted summits of New England. Granite-topped Kearsarge stood out in bold relief near by; Mount Washington and its attendant peaks, not yet named, bounded the northern horizon like a low, silvery cloud; and the principal heights of the Green Mountains, rising near the Connecticut River, were clearly visible. The Merrimac, most serviceable of rivers, begins its course a mile or two off, formed by the union of two mountain torrents. Among those hills, high up, sometimes near the summits, lakes are found, broad, deep, and still; and down the sides run innumerable rills, which form those noisy brooks that rush along the bottom of the hills, where now the roads wind along, shaded by the

mountain, and enlivened by the music of the waters. Among these hills there are, here and there, expanses of level country large enough for a farm, with the addition of some fields upon the easier acclivities and woodlands higher up. There was one field of a hundred acres upon Captain Webster's mountain farm so level that a lamb could be seen on any part of it from the windows of the house. Every tourist knows that region now, — that wide, billowy expanse of dark mountains and vivid green fields, dotted with white farm-houses, and streaked with silvery streams. It was rougher, seventy years ago, secluded, hardly accessible, the streams unbridged, the roads of primitive formation; but the worst of the rough work had been done there, and the production of superior human beings had become possible, before the Webster boys were born.

Daniel Webster's father was the strong man of his neighborhood; the very model of a republican citizen and hero, — stalwart, handsome, brave, and gentle. Ebenezer Webster inherited no worldly advantages. Sprung from a line of New Hampshire farmers, he was apprenticed, in his thirteenth year, to another New Hampshire farmer; and when he had served his time, he enlisted as a private soldier in the old French war, and came back from the campaigns about Lake George a captain. He never went to school. Like so many other New England boys, he learned what is essential for the carrying on of business in the chimney-corner, by the light of the fire. He possessed one beautiful accomplishment: he was a grand reader. Unlettered as he was, he greatly enjoyed the more lofty compositions of poets and orators; and his large, sonorous voice enabled him to read them with fine effect. His sons read in his manner, even to his rustic pronunciation of some words. Daniel's calm, clear-cut rendering of certain noted passages — favorites in his early home — was all his father's. There is a pleasing tradition in the neighborhood, of the teamsters who came to Ebenezer Webster's mill saying to one another, when they had discharged their load and tied their horses, "Come, let us go in, and hear little Dan read a psalm." The French war ended, Captain Webster, in compensation for his services, received a grant of land in the mountain wilderness at the head of the Merrimac, where, as miller and farmer, he lived and

reared his family. The Revolutionary War summoned this noble yeoman to arms once more. He led forth his neighbors to the strife, and fought at their head, with his old rank of captain, at White Plains and at Bennington, and served valiantly through the war. From that time to the end of his life, though much trusted and employed by his fellow-citizens as legislator, magistrate, and judge, he lived but for one object, — the education and advancement of his children. All men were poor then in New Hampshire, compared with the condition of their descendants. Judge Webster was a poor, and even embarrassed man, to the day of his death. The hardships he had endured as soldier and pioneer made him, as he said, an old man before his time. Rheumatism bent his form, once so erect and vigorous. Black care subdued his spirits, once so joyous and elastic. Such were the fathers of fair New England.

This strong-minded, uncultured man was a Puritan and a Federalist, — a catholic, tolerant, and genial Puritan, an intolerant and almost bigoted Federalist. Washington, Adams, and Hamilton were the civilians highest in his esteem; the good Jefferson he dreaded and abhorred. The French Revolution was mere blackness and horror to him; and when it assumed the form of Napoleon Bonaparte, his heart sided passionately with England in her struggle to extirpate it. His boys were in the fullest sympathy with him in all his opinions and feelings. They, too, were tolerant and untheological Puritans; they, too, were most strenuous Federalists; and neither of them ever recovered from their father's influence, nor advanced much beyond him in their fundamental beliefs. Readers have, doubtless, remarked, in Mr. Webster's oration upon Adams and Jefferson, how the stress of the eulogy falls upon Adams, while cold and scant justice is meted out to the greatest and wisest of our statesmen. It was Ebenezer Webster who spoke that day, with the more melodious voice of his son. There is a tradition in New Hampshire that Judge Webster fell sick on a journey in a town of Republican politics, and besought the doctor to help him speedily on his way home, saying that he was born a Federalist, had lived a Federalist, and could not die in peace in any but a Federalist town.

Among the ten children of this sturdy patriot and partisan,

eight were ordinary mortals, and two most extraordinary,—Ezekiel, born in 1780, and Daniel, born in 1782,—the youngest of his boys. Some of the elder children were even less than ordinary. Elderly residents of the neighborhood speak of one half-brother of Daniel and Ezekiel as penurious and narrow; and the letters of others of the family indicate very plain, good, commonplace people. But these two, the sons of their father's prime, inherited all his grandeur of form and beauty of countenance, his taste for high literature, along with a certain energy of mind that came to them, by some unknown law of nature, from their father's mother. From her Daniel derived his jet-black hair and eyes, and his complexion of burnt gunpowder; though all the rest of the children except one were remarkable for fairness of complexion, and had sandy hair. Ezekiel, who was considered the handsomest man in the United States, had a skin of singular fairness, and light hair. He is vividly remembered in New Hampshire for his marvellous beauty of form and face, his courtly and winning manners, the weight and majesty of his presence. He was a signal refutation of Dr. Holmes's theory, that grand manners and high breeding are the result of several generations of culture. Until he was nineteen, this peerless gentleman worked on a rough mountain farm on the outskirts of civilization, as his ancestors had for a hundred and fifty years before him; but he was refined to the tips of his finger-nails and to the buttons of his coat. Like his more famous brother, he had an artist's eye for the becoming in costume, and a keen sense for all the proprieties and decorums both of public and private life. Limited in his view by the narrowness of his provincial sphere, as well as by inherited prejudices, he was a better man and citizen than his brother, without a touch of his genius. Nor was that half-brother of Daniel, who had the black hair and eyes and gunpowder skin, at all like Daniel, or equal to him in mental power.

There is nothing in our literature more pleasing than the glimpses it affords of the early life of these two brothers; — Ezekiel, robust, steady-going, persevering, self-denying; Daniel, careless of work, eager for play, often sick, always slender and weakly, and regarded rather as a burden upon the family than

a help to it. His feebleness early habituated him to being a recipient of aid and favor, and it decided his destiny. It has been the custom in New England, from the earliest time, to bring up one son of a prosperous family to a profession, and the one selected was usually the boy who seemed least capable of earning a livelihood by manual labor. Ebenezer Webster, heavily burdened with responsibility all his life long, had most ardently desired to give his elder sons a better education than he had himself enjoyed, but could not. When Daniel was a boy, his large family was beginning to lift his load a little; the country was filling up; his farm was more productive, and he felt somewhat more at his ease. His sickly youngest son, because he was sickly, and only for that reason, he chose from his numerous brood to send to an academy, designing to make a schoolmaster of him. We have no reason to believe that any of the family saw anything extraordinary in the boy. Except that he read aloud unusually well, he had given no sign of particular talent, unless it might be that he excelled in catching trout, shooting squirrels, and fighting cocks. His mother, observing his love of play and his equal love of books, said he "would come to something or nothing, she could not tell which"; but his father, noticing his power over the sympathies of others, and comparing him with his bashful brother, used to remark, that he had fears for Ezekiel, but that Daniel would assuredly make his way in the world. It is certain that the lad himself was totally unconscious of possessing extraordinary talents, and indulged no early dream of greatness. He tells us himself, that he loved but two things in his youth, — play and reading. The rude schools which he trudged two or three miles in the winter every day to attend, taught him scarcely anything. His father's saw-mill, he used to say, was the real school of his youth. When he had set the saw and turned on the water, there would be fifteen minutes of tranquillity before the log again required his attention, during which he sat and absorbed knowledge. "We had so few books," he records in the exquisite fragment of autobiography he has left us, "that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought they were all to be got by heart."

How touching the story, so well known, of the mighty struggle and long self-sacrifice it cost this family to get the

youth through college! The whole expense did not average one hundred and fifty dollars a year; but it seemed to the boy so vast and unattainable a good, that when his father announced his purpose to attempt it, he was completely overcome; his head was dizzy; his tongue was paralyzed; he could only press his father's hands and shed tears. Slender indeed was his preparation for Dartmouth. From the day when he took his first Latin lesson to that on which he entered college was thirteen months. He could translate Cicero's orations with some ease, and make out with difficulty and labor the easiest sentences of the Greek Reader, and that was the whole of what was called his "preparation" for college. In June, 1797, he did not know the Greek alphabet; in August of the same year he was admitted to the Freshman Class of Dartmouth on engaging to supply his deficiencies by extra study.

Neither at college nor at any time could Daniel Webster be properly called a student, and well he knew it. Many a time he has laughed, in his jovial, rollicking manner, at the preposterous reputation for learning a man can get by bringing out a fragment of curious knowledge at the right moment at college. He was an absorbent of knowledge, never a student. The Latin of Cicero and Virgil was congenial and easy to him, and he learned more of it than the required portion. But even in Latin, he tells us, he was excelled by some of his own class; and "his attainments were not such," he adds, "as told for much in the recitation-room." Greek he never enjoyed: his curiosity was never awakened on the edge of that boundless contiguity of interesting knowledge, and he only learned enough Greek to escape censure. He said, forty years after, in an after-dinner speech: "When I was at school I felt exceedingly obliged to Homer's messengers for the exact literal fidelity with which they delivered their messages. The seven or eight lines of good Homeric Greek in which they had received the commands of Agamemnon or Achilles they recited to whomsoever the message was to be carried; and as they repeated them verbatim, sometimes twice or thrice, it saved me the trouble of learning so much Greek." It was not at "school" that he had this experience, but at Dartmouth College. For mathematics, too, he had not the slightest taste. He humorously wrote to a

fellow-student, soon after leaving college, that "all that he knew about conterminous arches or evanescent subtenses might be collected on the pupil of a gnat's eye without making him wink." At college, in fact, he was simply an omnivorous reader, studying only so much as to pass muster in the recitation-room. Every indication we possess of his college life, as well as his own repeated assertions, confirms the conclusion that Nature had formed him to use the products of other men's toil, not to add to the common fund. Those who are conversant with college life know very well what it means when a youth does not take to Greek, and has an aversion to mathematics. Such a youth may have immense talent, and give splendid expression to the sentiments of his countrymen, but he is not likely to be one of the priceless few of the human race who discover truth or advance opinion. It is the energetic, the originating minds that are susceptible to the allurements of difficulty.

On the other hand, Daniel Webster had such qualities as made every one feel that he was the first man in the College. Tall, gaunt, and sallow, with an incomparable forehead, and those cavernous and brilliant eyes of his, he had much of the large and tranquil presence which was so important an element of his power over others at all periods of his life. His letters of this time, as well as the recollections of his fellow-students, show him the easy, humorous, rather indolent and strictly correct "good fellow," whom professors and companions equally relished. He browsed much in the College library, and had the habit of bringing to bear upon the lesson of the hour the information gathered in his miscellaneous reading, — a practice that much enlivens the monotony of recitation. The half-dozen youths of his particular set, it appears, plumed themselves upon resembling the early Christians in having all things in common. The first to rise in the morning — and he must have been an early riser indeed who was up before Daniel Webster — "dressed himself in the best which the united apartments afforded"; the next made the best selection from what remained; and the last was happy if he found rags enough to justify his appearance in the chapel. The relator of this pleasant reminiscence adds, that he was once the possessor of an eminently respectable beaver hat, a costly article of resplendent lustre. It

was missing one day, could not be found, and was given up for lost. Several weeks after "friend Dan" returned from a distant town, where he had been teaching school, wearing the lost beaver, and relieving its proprietor from the necessity of covering his head with a battered and long-discarded hat of felt. How like the Daniel Webster of later years, who never could acquire the sense of *meum* and *tuum*, supposed to be the basis of civilization!

Mr. Webster always spoke slightingly of his early oratorical efforts, and requested Mr. Everett, the editor of his works, not to search them out. He was not just to the productions of his youth, if we may judge from the Fourth-of-July oration which he delivered in 1800, when he was a Junior at Dartmouth, eighteen years of age. This glowing psalm of the republican David is perfectly characteristic, and entirely worthy of him. The times that tried men's souls, — how recent and vivid they were to the sons of Ebenezer Webster, who had led forth from the New Hampshire hills the neighbors at whose firesides Ezekiel and Daniel had listened, open-mouthed, to the thousand forgotten incidents of the war. Their professors of history were old John Bowen, who had once been a prisoner with the Indians; Robert Wise, who had sailed round the world and fought in the Revolution on *both* sides; George Bayly, a pioneer, who saw the first tree felled in Northern New Hampshire; women of the neighborhood, who had heard the midnight yell of savages; and, above all, their own lion-hearted father, who had warred with Frenchmen, Indians, wild nature, British troops, and French ideas. "O," wrote Daniel once, "I shall never hear such story-telling again!" It was not in the cold pages of Hildreth, nor in the brief summaries of school-books, that this imaginative, sympathetic youth had learned that part of the political history of the United States — from 1787 to 1800 — which will ever be its most interesting portion. He learned it at town-meetings, in the newspapers, at his father's house, among his neighbors, on election days; he learned it as an intelligent youth, with a passionately loyal father and mother, learned the history of the late war, and is now learning the agonizing history of "reconstruction." This oration is the warm and modest expression of all that the re-

ceptive and unsceptical student had imbibed and felt during the years of his formation, who saw before him a large company of Revolutionary soldiers and a great multitude of Federalist partisans. He saluted the audience as "Countrymen, brethren, and fathers." The oration was chiefly a rapid, exulting review of the history of the young Republic, with an occasional pomposity, and a few expressions caught from the party discussions of the day. It is amusing to hear this young Federalist of 1800 speak of Napoleon Bonaparte as "the gasconading pilgrim of Egypt," and the government of France as the "supercilious, five-headed Directory," and the President of the United States as "the firm, the wise, the inflexible Adams, who with steady hand draws the disguising veil from the intrigues of foreign enemies and the plots of domestic foes." It is amusing to read, as the utterance of Daniel Webster, that "Columbia is now seated in the forum of nations, and the empires of the world are amazed at the bright effulgence of her glory." But it is interesting to observe, also, that at eighteen, not less fervently than at forty-eight, he felt the importance of the message with which he was charged to the American people,—the necessity of the Union, and the value of the Constitution as the uniting bond. The following passage has, perhaps, more in it of the Webster of 1830 than any other in the oration. The reader will notice the similarity between one part of it and the famous passage in the Bunker Hill oration, beginning "Venerable men," addressed to the survivors of the Revolution.

"Thus, friends and citizens, did the kind hand of overruling Providence conduct us, through toils, fatigues, and dangers, to independence and peace. If piety be the rational exercise of the human soul, if religion be not a chimera, and if the vestiges of heavenly assistance are clearly traced in those events which mark the annals of our nation, it becomes us on this day, in consideration of the great things which have been done for us, to render the tribute of unfeigned thanks to that God who superintends the universe, and holds aloft the scale that weighs the destinies of nations.

"The conclusion of the Revolutionary War did not accomplish the entire achievements of our countrymen. Their military character was then, indeed, sufficiently established; but the time was coming which should prove their political sagacity, their ability to govern themselves.

"No sooner was peace restored with England, (the first grand article of which was the acknowledgment of our independence,) than the old system of Confederation, dictated at first by necessity, and adopted for the purposes of the moment, was found inadequate to the government of an extensive empire. Under a full conviction of this, we then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet witnessed, and which, perhaps, will forever stand in the history of mankind without a parallel. A great republic, composed of different States, whose interest in all respects could not be perfectly compatible, then came deliberately forward, discarded one system of government, and adopted another, without the loss of one man's blood.

"There is not a single government now existing in Europe which is not based in usurpation, and established, if established at all, by the sacrifice of thousands. But in the adoption of our present system of jurisprudence, we see the powers necessary for government voluntarily flowing from the people, their only proper origin, and directed to the public good, their only proper object.

"With peculiar propriety, we may now felicitate ourselves on that happy form of mixed government under which we live. The advantages resulting to the citizens of the Union are utterly incalculable, and the day when it was received by a majority of the States shall stand on the catalogue of American anniversaries second to none but the birthday of independence.

"In consequence of the adoption of our present system of government, and the virtuous manner in which it has been administered by a Washington and an Adams, we are this day in the enjoyment of peace, while war devastates Europe! We can now sit down beneath the shadow of the olive, while her cities blaze, her streams run purple with blood, and her fields glitter with a forest of bayonets! The citizens of America can this day throng the temples of freedom, and renew their oaths of fealty to independence; while Holland, our once sister republic, is erased from the catalogue of nations; while Venice is destroyed, Italy ravaged, and Switzerland — the once happy, the once united, the once flourishing Switzerland — lies bleeding at every pore!"

He need not have been ashamed of this speech, despite the lumbering bombast of some of its sentences. All that made him estimable as a public man is contained in it, — the sentiment of nationality, and a clear sense of the only means by which the United States can remain a nation; namely, strict fidelity to the Constitution as interpreted by the authority itself cre-

ates, and modified in the way itself appoints. We have never read the production of a youth which was more prophetic of the man than this. It was young New England that spoke through him on that occasion; and in all the best part of his life he never touched a strain which New England had not inspired, or could not reach.

His success at college giving him ascendency at home, he employed it for the benefit of his brother in a manner which few sons would have dared, and no son ought to attempt. His father, now advanced in years, infirm, "an old man before his time" through hardship and toil, much in debt, depending chiefly upon his salary of four hundred dollars a year as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and heavily taxed to maintain Daniel in college, had seen all his other sons married and settled except Ezekiel, upon whom he leaned as the staff of his declining years, and the main dependence of his wife and two maiden daughters. Nevertheless, Daniel, after a whole night of consultation with his brother, urged the old man to send Ezekiel to college also. The fond and generous father replied, that he had but little property, and it would take all that little to carry another son through college to a profession; but he lived only for his children, and, for his own part, he was willing to run the risk; but there was the mother and two unmarried sisters, to whom the risk was far more serious. If they consented, he was willing. The mother said: "I have lived long in the world, and have been happy in my children. If Daniel and Ezekiel will promise to take care of me in my old age, I will consent to the sale of all our property at once, and they may enjoy the benefit of that which remains after our debts are paid." Upon hearing this, all the family, we are told, were dissolved in tears, and the old man gave his assent. This seems hard, — two stout and vigorous young men willing to risk their aged parents' home and dignity for such a purpose, or for any purpose! In the early days, however, there was a singular unity of feeling and interest in a good New England family, and there were opportunities for professional men which rendered the success of two such lads as these nearly certain, if they lived to establish themselves. Nevertheless, it was too much to ask, and more than Daniel Web-

ster would have asked if he had been properly alive to the rights of others. Ezekiel shouldered his bundle, trudged off to school, where he lived and studied at the cost of one dollar a week, worked his way to the position of the second lawyer in New Hampshire, and would early have gone to Congress but for his stanch, inflexible Federalism.

Daniel Webster, schoolmaster and law-student, was assuredly one of the most interesting of characters. Pinched by poverty, as he tells us, till his very bones ached, eking out his income by a kind of labor that he always loathed (copying deeds), his shoes letting in, not water merely, but "pebbles and stones,"—father, brother, and himself sometimes all moneyless together, all dunned at the same time, and writing to one another for aid,—he was nevertheless as jovial a young fellow as any in New England. How merry and affectionate his letters to his young friends! He writes to one, soon after leaving college: "You will naturally inquire how I prosper in the article of cash; finely, finely! I came here in January with a horse, watch, etc., and a few rascally counters in my pocket. Was soon obliged to sell my horse, and live on the proceeds. Still straitened for cash, I sold my watch, and made a shift to get home, where my friends supplied me with another horse and another watch. My horse is sold again, and my watch goes, I expect, this week; thus you see how I lay up cash." How like him! To another college friend, James Hervey Bingham, whom he calls, by turns, "brother Jemmy," "Jemmy Hervey," and "Bingham," he discourses thus: "Perhaps you thought, as I did, that a dozen dollars would slide out of the pocket in a Commencement jaunt much easier than they would slide in again after you got home. That was the exact reason why I was not there. . . . . I flatter myself that none of my friends ever thought me greatly absorbed in the sin of avarice, yet I assure you, Jem, that in these days of poverty I look upon a round dollar with a great deal of complacency. These rascal dollars are so necessary to the comfort of life, that next to a fine wife they are most essential, and their acquisition an object of prime importance. O Bingham, how blessed it would be to retire with a decent, clever bag of Rixes to a pleasant country town, and follow one's own inclination without

being shackled by the duties of a profession!" To the same friend, whom he now addresses as "dear Squire," he announces joyfully a wondrous piece of luck: "My expenses [to Albany] were all amply paid, and on my return I put my hand in my pocket and found one hundred and twenty dear delightfuls! Is not that good luck? And these dear delightfuls were, 'pon honor, all my own; yes, every dog of them!" To which we may add from another source, that they were straightway transferred to his father, to whom they were dear delightfuls indeed, for he was really getting to the end of his tether.

The schoolmaster lived, it appears, on the easiest terms with his pupils, some of whom were older than himself. He tells a story of falling in with one of them on his journey to school, who was mounted "on the ugliest horse I ever saw or heard of, except Sancho Panza's pacer." The schoolmaster having two good horses, the pupil mounted one of them, strapped his bag to his own forlorn animal and drove him before, where his odd gait and frequent stumblings kept them amused. At length, arriving at a deep and rapid river, "this satire on the animal creation, as if to revenge herself on us for our sarcasms, plunged into the river, then very high by the freshet, and was wafted down the current like a bag of oats! I could hardly sit on my horse for laughter. I am apt to laugh at the vexations of my friends. The fellow, who was of my own age, and my roommate, half checked the current by oaths as big as lobsters, and the old Rosinante, who was all the while much at her ease, floated up among the willows far below on the opposite side of the river."

At the same time he was an innocent young man. If he had any wild oats in his composition, they were not sown in the days of his youth. Expecting to pass his life as a country lawyer, having scarcely a premonition of his coming renown, we find him enjoying the simple country sports and indulging in the simple village ambitions. He tried once for the captaincy of a company of militia, and was not elected; he canvassed a whole regiment to get his brother the post of adjutant, and failed. At one time he came near abandoning the law, as too high and perilous for him, and settling down as schoolmaster

and clerk of a court. The assurance of a certain six hundred dollars a year, a house, and a piece of land, with the prospect of the clerkship by and by, was so alluring to him that it required all the influence of his family and friends to make him reject the offer. Even then, in the flush and vigor of his youth, he was *led*. So was it always. He was never a leader, but always a follower. Nature made him very large, but so stinted him in propelling force, that it is doubtful if he had ever emerged from obscurity if his friends had not urged him on. His modesty in these innocent days is most touching to witness. After a long internal conflict, he resolved, in his twentieth year, to "make one more trial" at mastering the law. "If I prosecute the profession, I pray God to fortify me against its temptations. To the wind I dismiss those light hopes of eminence which ambition inspired and vanity fostered. To be 'honest, to be capable, to be faithful' to my client and my conscience, I earnestly hope will be my first endeavor." How exceedingly astonished would these affectionate young friends have been, if they could have looked forward forty years, and seen the timid law-student Secretary of State, and his ardent young comrade a clerk in his department. They seemed equals in 1802; in 1845, they had grown so far apart, that the excellent Bingham writes to Webster as to a demigod.

In these pleasant early letters of Daniel Webster there are a thousand evidences of a good heart and of virtuous habits, but not one of a superior understanding. The total absence of the sceptical spirit marks the secondary mind. For a hundred and fifty years, *no* young man of a truly eminent intellect has accepted his father's creeds without having first called them into question; and this must be so in periods of transition. The glorious light which has been coming upon Christendom for the last two hundred years, and which is now beginning to pervade the remotest provinces of it, never illumined the mind of Daniel Webster. Upon coming of age, he joined the Congregational Church, and was accustomed to open his school with an extempore prayer. He used the word "Deist" as a term of reproach; he deemed it "criminal" in Gibbon to write his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, and spoke of that author as a "learned, proud, ingenious, foppish, vain, self-deceived man,"

who "from Protestant connections deserted to the Church of Rome, and thence to the faith of Tom Paine." And he never delivered himself from this narrowness and ignorance. In the time of his celebrity, he preferred what Sir Walter Scott called "the genteeler religion of the two," the Episcopal. In his old age, his idea of a proper sermon was incredibly narrow and provincial. He is reported to have said, late in life: —

"Many of the ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying, 'You are mortal! your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily; you are immortal too. You are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge standeth before the door.' When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or to sleep."

This does not accord with what is usually observed in our churches, where sermons of the kind which Mr. Webster extolled dispose many persons to sleep, though not to muse.

In the same unquestioning manner, he imbibed his father's political prejudices. We hear this young Federalist call the Republican party "the Jacobins," just as the reactionists and tories of the present day speak of the present Republican party as "the radicals." It is amusing to hear him, in 1802, predict the speedy restoration to power of a party that was never again to taste its sweets. "Jacobinism and iniquity," he wrote in his twentieth year, "are so allied in signification, that the latter always follows the former, just as in grammar 'the accusative case follows the transitive verb.'" He speaks of a young friend as "too honest for a Democrat." As late as his twenty-second year, he was wholly unreconciled to Napoleon, and still wrote with truly English scorn of "Gallic tastes and Gallic principles." There is a fine burst in one of his letters of 1804, when he had been propelled by his brother to Boston to finish his law studies: —

"Jerome, the brother of the Emperor of the Gauls, is here; every day you may see him whisking along Cornhill, with the true French air, with his wife by his side. The lads say that they intend to prevail on American misses to receive company in future after the manner of Jerome's wife, that is, in bed. The gentlemen of Boston (i. e. we

Feds) treat Monsieur with cold and distant respect. They feel, and every honest man feels, indignant at seeing this lordly grasshopper, this puppet in prince's clothes, dashing through the American cities, luxuriously rioting on the property of Dutch mechanics or Swiss peasants."

This last sentence, written when he was twenty-two years old, is the first to be found in his published letters which tells anything of the fire that was latent in him. He was of slow growth; he was forty-eight years of age before his powers had reached their full development.

When he had nearly completed his studies for the bar, he was again upon the point of abandoning the laborious career of a lawyer for a life of obscurity and ease. On this occasion, it was the clerkship of his father's court, salary fifteen hundred dollars a year, that tempted him. He jumped at the offer, which promised an immediate competency for the whole family, pinched and anxious for so many years. He had no thought but to accept it. With the letter in his hand, and triumphant joy in his face, he communicated the news to Mr. Gore, his instructor in the law; thinking of nothing, he tells us, but of "rushing to the immediate enjoyment of the proffered office." Mr. Gore, however, exhibited a provoking coolness on the subject. He said it was very civil in the judges to offer such a compliment to a brother on the bench, and, of course, a respectful letter of acknowledgment must be sent. The glowing countenance of the young man fell at these most unexpected and unwelcome words. They were, to use his own language, "a shower-bath of ice-water." The old lawyer, observing his crestfallen condition, reasoned seriously with him, and persuaded him, against his will, to continue his preparation for the bar. At every turning-point of his life, whenever he came to a parting of the ways, one of which must be chosen and the other forsaken, he required an impulse from without to push him into the path he was to go. Except once! Once in his long public life, he seemed to venture out alone on an unfamiliar road, and lost himself. Usually, when great powers are conferred on a man, there is also given him a strong propensity to exercise them, sufficient to carry him through all difficulties to the suitable sphere. Here, on the contrary, there was a Great Eastern with only a Cunarder's engine, and it required a tug to get the great ship round to her course.

Admitted to the bar in his twenty-third year, he dutifully went home to his father, and opened an office in a New Hampshire village near by, resolved never again to leave the generous old man while he lived. Before leaving Boston, he wrote to his friend Bingham, "If I am not earning my bread and cheese in exactly nine days after my admission, I shall certainly be a bankrupt"; — and so, indeed, it proved. With great difficulty, he "hired" eighty-five dollars as a capital to begin business with, and this great sum was immediately lost in its transit by stage. To any other young man in his situation, such a calamity would have been, for the moment, crushing; but this young man, indifferent to *meum* as to *tuum*, informs his brother that he can in no conceivable way replace the money, cannot therefore pay for the books he had bought, believes he is earning his daily bread, and as to the loss, he has "*no uneasy sensations on that account.*" He concludes his letter with an old song, beginning,

"Fol de dol, dol de dol, di dol,
I'll never make money my idol."

In the New Hampshire of 1805 there was no such thing possible as leaping at once into a lucrative practice, nor even of slowly acquiring it. A country lawyer who gained a thousand dollars a year was among the most successful, and the leader of the bar in New Hampshire could not earn two thousand. The chief employment of Daniel Webster, during the first year or two of his practice, was collecting debts due in New Hampshire to merchants in Boston. His first tin sign has been preserved to the present day, to attest by its minuteness and brevity the humble expectations of its proprietor. "D. Webster, Attorney," is the inscription it bears. The old Court-House still stands in which he conducted his first suit, before his own father as presiding judge. Old men in that part of New Hampshire were living until within these few years, who remembered well seeing this tall, gaunt, and large-eyed young lawyer rise slowly, as though scarcely able to get upon his feet, and giving to every one the impression that he would soon be obliged to sit down from mere physical weakness, and saying to his father, for the first and last time, "May it please your Honor." The sheriff of the county, who was also a Webster, used to say that he felt

ashamed to see the family represented at the bar by so lean and feeble a young man. The tradition is, that he acquitted himself so well on this occasion that the sheriff was satisfied, and clients came, with their little suits and smaller fees, in considerable numbers, to the office of D. Webster, Attorney, who thenceforth in the country round went by the name of "All-eyes." His father never heard him speak again. He lived to see Daniel in successful practice, and Ezekiel a student of law, and died in 1806, prematurely old. Daniel Webster practised three years in the country, and then, resigning his business to his brother, established himself at Portsmouth, the seaport of New Hampshire, then a place of much foreign commerce. Ezekiel had had a most desperate struggle with poverty. At one time, when the family, as Daniel observed, was "heinously unprovided," we see the much-enduring "Zeke" teaching an Academy by day, an evening school for sailors, and keeping well up with his class in college besides. But these preliminary troubles were now at an end, and both the brothers took the places won by so much toil and self-sacrifice.

Those are noble old towns on the New England coast, the commerce of which Boston swallowed up forty years ago, while it left behind many a large and liberally provided old mansion, with a family in it enriched by ventures to India and China. Strangers in Portsmouth are still struck by the largeness and elegance of the residences there, and wonder how such establishments can be maintained in a place that has little "visible means of support." It was while Portsmouth was an important seaport that Daniel Webster learned and practised law there, and acquired some note as a Federalist politician.

The once celebrated Dr. Buckminster was the minister of the Congregational church at Portsmouth then. One Sunday morning in 1808, his eldest daughter sitting alone in the minister's pew, a strange gentleman was shown into it, whose appearance and demeanor strongly arrested her attention. The slenderness of his frame, the pale yellow of his complexion, and the raven blackness of his hair, seemed only to bring out into grander relief his ample forehead, and to heighten the effect of his deep-set, brilliant eyes. At this period of his life there was an air of delicacy and refinement about his face,

joined to a kind of strength that women can admire, without fearing. Miss Buckminster told the family, when she went home from church, that there had been a remarkable person with her in the pew, — one that she was sure had "a marked character for good or evil." A few days after, the remarkable person came to live in the neighborhood, and was soon introduced to the minister's family as Mr. Daniel Webster, from Franklin, New Hampshire, who was about to open a law office in Portsmouth. He soon endeared himself to every person in the minister's circle, and to no one more than to the minister himself, who, among other services, taught him the art of preserving his health. The young man, like the old clergyman, was an early riser, up with the dawn in summer, and long before the dawn in winter; and both were out of doors with the sun, each at one end of a long saw, cutting wood for an appetite. The joyous, uncouth singing and shouting of the new-comer aroused the late sleepers. Then in to breakfast, where the homely, captivating humor of the young lawyer kept the table in a roar, and detained every inmate. "Never was there such an actor lost to the stage," Jeremiah Mason, his only rival at the New Hampshire bar, used to say, "as he would have made." Returning in the afternoon from court, fatigued and languid, his spirits rose again with food and rest, and the evening was another festival of conversation and reading. A few months after his settlement at Portsmouth he visited his native hills, saying nothing respecting the object of his journey; and returned with a wife, — that gentle and high-bred lady, a clergyman's daughter, who was the chief source of the happiness of his happiest years, and the mother of all his children. He improved in health, his form expanded, his mind grew, his talents ripened, his fame spread, during the nine years of his residence at this thriving and pleasant town.

At Portsmouth, too, he had precisely that external stimulus to exertion which his large and pleasure-loving nature needed. Jeremiah Mason was, literally speaking, the giant of the American bar, for he stood six feet seven inches in his stockings. Like Webster, he was the son of a valiant Revolutionary officer; like Webster, he was an hereditary Federalist; like Webster,

he had a great mass of brain: but his mind was more active and acquisitive than Webster's, and his nineteen years of arduous practice at the bar had stored his memory with knowledge and given him dexterity in the use of it. Nothing shows the eminence of Webster's talents more than this, that, very early in his Portsmouth career, he should have been regarded at the bar of New Hampshire as the man to be employed against Jeremiah Mason, and his only fit antagonist. Mason was a vigilant, vigorous opponent, — sure to be well up in the law and the facts of a cause, sure to detect a flaw in the argument of opposing counsel. It was in keen encounters with this wary and learned man that Daniel Webster learned his profession; and this he always acknowledged. "If," he said once in conversation, — "if anybody thinks I am somewhat familiar with the law on some points, and should be curious to know how it happened, tell him that Jeremiah Mason compelled me to study it. *He* was my master." It is honorable, too, to both of them, that, rivals as they were, they were fast and affectionate friends, each valuing in the other the qualities in which he was surpassed by him, and each sincerely believing that the other was the first man of his time and country. "They say," in Portsmouth, that Mason did not shrink from remonstrating with his friend upon his carelessness with regard to money; but, finding the habit inveterate and the man irresistible, desisted. Webster himself says that two thousand dollars a year was all that the best practice in New Hampshire could be made to yield; and that that was inadequate to the support of his family of a wife and three little children. Two thousand dollars in Portsmouth, in 1812, was certainly equal, in purchasing power, to six thousand of the ineffectual things that now pass by the name of dollars; and upon such an income large families in a country town contrive to live, ride, and save.

He was a strenuous Federalist at Portsmouth, took a leading part in the public meetings of the party, and won great distinction as its frequent Fourth-of-July orator. All those mild and economical measures by which Mr. Jefferson sought to keep the United States from being drawn into the roaring vortex of the great wars in Europe, he opposed, and favored the policy of preparing the country for defence, not by gunboats and em-

bargoes, but by a powerful navy of frigates and ships of the line. His Fourth-of-July orations, if we may judge of them by the fragments that have been found, show that his mind had strengthened more than it had advanced. His style wonderfully improved from eighteen to twenty-five ; and he tells us himself why it did. He discovered, he says, that the value, as well as the force, of a sentence, depends chiefly upon its meaning, not its language ; and that great writing is that in which much is said in few words, and those words the simplest that will answer the purpose. Having made this notable discovery, he became a great eraser of adjectives, and toiled after simplicity and directness. Mr. Everett quotes a few sentences from his Fourth-of-July oration of 1806, when he was twenty-four, which shows an amazing advance upon the effort of his eighteenth year, quoted above : —

" Nothing is plainer than this : if we will have commerce, we must protect it. This country is commercial as well as agricultural. *Indissoluble bonds connect him who ploughs the land with him who ploughs the sea.* Nature has placed us in a situation favorable to commercial pursuits, and no government can alter the destination. Habits confirmed by two centuries are not to be changed. An immense portion of our property is on the waves. Sixty or eighty thousand of our most useful citizens are there, and are entitled to such protection from the government as their case requires."

How different this compact directness from the tremendous fulmination of the Dartmouth junior, who said : —

" Columbia stoops not to tyrants ; her spirit will never cringe to France ; neither a supercilious, five-headed Directory nor the gasconading pilgrim of Egypt will ever dictate terms to sovereign America. The thunder of our cannon shall insure the performance of our treaties, and fulminate destruction on Frenchmen, till the ocean is *crimsoned with blood and gorged with pirates !* "

The Fourth-of-July oration, which afterwards fell into some disrepute, had great importance in the earlier years of the Republic, when Revolutionary times and perils were fresh in the recollection of the people. The custom arose of assigning this duty to young men covetous of distinction, and this led in time to the flighty rhetoric which made sounding emptiness and a Fourth-of-July oration synonymous terms. The feeling that

was real and spontaneous in the sons of Revolutionary soldiers was sometimes feigned or exaggerated in the young law students of the next generation, who had merely read the history of the Revolution. But with all the faults of those compositions, they were eminently serviceable to the country. We believe that to them is to be attributed a considerable part of that patriotic feeling which, after a suspended animation of several years, awoke in the spring of 1861 and asserted itself with such unexpected power, and which sustained the country during four years of a peculiarly disheartening war. How pleasant and spirit-stirring was a celebration of the Fourth of July as it was conducted in Webster's early day! We trust the old customs will be revived and improved upon, and become universal. Nor is it any objection to the practice of having an oration, that the population is too large to be reached in that way; for if only a thousand hear, a million may read. Nor ought we to object if the orator *is* a little more flowery and boastful than becomes an ordinary occasion. There is a time to exult; there is a time to abandon ourselves to pleasant recollections and joyous hopes. Therefore, we say, let the young men reappear upon the platform, and show what metal they are made of by giving the best utterance they can to the patriotic feelings of the people on the national anniversary. The Republic is safe so long as we celebrate that day in the spirit of 1776 and 1861.

At least we may assert that it was Mr. Webster's Fourth-of-July orations, of which he delivered five in eleven years, that first made him known to the people of New Hampshire. At that period the two political parties could not unite in the celebration of the day, and accordingly the orations of Mr. Webster had much in them that could be agreeable only to Federalists. He was an occasional speaker, too, in those years, at meetings of Federalists, where his power as an orator was sometimes exerted most effectively. No speaker could be better adapted to a New England audience, accustomed from of old to weighty, argumentative sermons, delivered with deliberate, unimpassioned earnestness. There are many indications that a speech by Daniel Webster in Portsmouth in 1810 excited as much expectation and comment as a speech by the same person in the Senate twenty years after. But he was a mere Federal-

ist partisan, — no more. It does not appear that he had anything to offer to his countrymen beyond the stately expression of party issues; and it was as a Federalist, pure and simple, that he was elected, in 1812, a member of the House of Representatives, after a keenly contested party conflict. His majority over the Republican candidate was 2,546, — the whole number of voters being 34,648.

The Federalists, from 1801 to 1825, were useful to the country only as an Opposition, — just as the present Tory party in England can be only serviceable in its capacity of critic and hold-back. The Federalists under John Adams had sinned past forgiveness; while the Republican party, strong in being right, in the ability of its chiefs, in its alliance with Southern aristocrats, and in having possession of the government, was strong also in the odium and inconsistencies of its opponents. Nothing could shake the confidence of the people in the administration of Thomas Jefferson. But the stronger a party is, the more it needs an Opposition, — as we saw last winter in Washington, when the minority was too insignificant in numbers and ability to keep the too powerful majority from doing itself such harm as might have been fatal to it but for the President's well-timed antics. Next to a sound and able majority, the great need of a free country is a vigorous, vigilant, audacious, numerous minority. Better a factious and unscrupulous minority than none at all. The Federalists, who could justly claim to have among them a very large proportion of the rich men and the educated men of the country, performed the humble but useful service of keeping an eye upon the measures of the administration, and finding fault with every one of them. Daniel Webster, however, was wont to handle only the large topics. While Mr. Jefferson was struggling to keep the peace with Great Britain, he censured the policy as timorous, costly, and ineffectual; but when Mr. Madison declared war against that power, he deemed the act unnecessary and rash. His opposition to the war was never carried to the point of giving aid and comfort to the enemy; it was such an opposition as patriotic "War Democrats" exhibited during the late Rebellion, who thought the war might have been avoided, and ought to be conducted more vigorously, but nevertheless stood by their country without a shadow of swerving.

He could boast, too, that from his boyhood to the outbreak of the war he had advocated the building of the very ships which gave the infant nation its first taste of warlike glory. The Republicans of that time, forgetful of what Paul Jones and others of Dr. Franklin's captains had done in the war of the Revolution, supposed that, because England had a thousand ships in commission, and America only seventeen, therefore an American ship could not venture out of a harbor without being taken. We have often laughed at Colonel Benton's ludicrous confession of his own terrors on this subject.

"Political men," he says, "believed nothing could be done at sea but to lose the few vessels which we had; that even cruising was out of the question. Of our seventeen vessels, the whole were in port but one; and it was determined to keep them there, and the one at sea with them, if it had the luck to get in. I am under no obligation to make the admission, but I am free to acknowledge that I was one of those who supposed that there was no salvation for our seventeen men-of-war but to run them as far up the creek as possible, place them under the guns of batteries, and collect camps of militia about them to keep off the British. This was the policy at the day of the declaration of the war; and I have the less concern to admit myself to have been participator in the delusion, because I claim the merit of having profited from experience, — happy if I could transmit the lesson to posterity. Two officers came to Washington, — Bainbridge and Stewart. They spoke with Mr. Madison, and urged the feasibility of cruising. One half of the whole number of the British men-of-war were under the class of frigates, consequently no more than matches for some of our seventeen; the whole of her merchant marine (many thousands) were subject to capture. Here was a rich field for cruising; and the two officers, for themselves and brothers, boldly proposed to enter it.

"Mr. Madison had seen the efficiency of cruising and privateering, even against Great Britain, and in our then infantile condition, during the war of the Revolution; and besides was a man of sense, and amenable to judgment and reason. He listened to the two experienced and valiant officers; and without consulting Congress, which perhaps would have been a fatal consultation (for multitude of counsellors is not the counsel for *bold* decision), reversed the policy which had been resolved upon; and, in his supreme character of constitutional commander of the army and navy, ordered every ship that could cruise to get to sea as soon as possible. This I had from Mr. Monroe."

This is a curious example of the blinding effect of partisan strife, and of the absolute need of an Opposition. It was the hereditary prejudice of the Republicans against the navy, as an "aristocratic" institution, and the hereditary love of the navy cherished by the Federalists as being something stable and British, that enlivened the debates of the war. The Federalists had their way, but failed to win a partisan advantage from the fact, through their factious opposition to the military measures of the administration. Because the first attempt at the seizure of Canada had failed through the incompetency of General Hull, which no wisdom of man could have foreseen, Daniel Webster called upon the government to discontinue all further attempts on the land, and fight the war out on the sea. "Give up your futile projects of invasion," said he in 1814. "Extinguish the fires that blaze on your inland borders." "Unclench the iron grasp of your embargo." "With all the war of the enemy on your commerce, if you would cease to make war upon it yourselves, you would still have some commerce. That commerce would give you some revenue. Apply that revenue to the augmentation of your navy. That navy, in turn, will protect your commerce." In war time, however, there are *two* powers that have to do with the course of events; and very soon the enemy, by his own great scheme of invasion, decided the policy of the United States. Every port was blockaded so effectively that a pilot-boat could not safely go out of sight of land, and a frigate was captured within sight of it. These vigilant blockaders, together with the threatening armament which finally attacked New Orleans, compelled every harbor to prepare for defence, and most effectually refuted Mr. Webster's speech. The "blaze of glory" with which the war ended at New Orleans consumed all the remaining prestige of the Federalist party, once so powerful, so respectable, and so arrogant.

A member of the anti-war party during the existence of a war occupies a position which can only cease to be insignificant by the misfortunes of his country. But when we turn from the partisan to the man, we perceive that Daniel Webster was a great presence in the House, and took rank immediately with the half-dozen ablest debaters. His self-possession was perfect at all times, and at thirty-three he was still in the spring and

first lustre of his powers. His weighty and deliberate manner, the brevity, force, and point of his sentences, and the moderation of his gestures, were all in strong contrast to the flowing, loose, impassioned manner of the Southern orators, who ruled the House. It was something like coming upon a stray number of the old Edinburgh Review in a heap of novels and Ladies' Magazines. Chief-Justice Marshall, who heard his first speech, being himself a Federalist, was so much delighted to hear his own opinions expressed with such power and dignity, that he left the House, believing that this stranger from far-off New Hampshire was destined to become, as he said, "one of the very first statesmen of America, and perhaps the very first." His Washington fame gave him new *éclat* at home. He was re-elected, and came back to Congress in 1815, to aid the Federalists in preventing the young Republicans from being too Federal.

This last sentence slipped from the pen unawares; but, ridiculous as it looks, it does actually express the position and vocation of the Federalists after the peace of 1815. Clay, Calhoun, Story, Adams, and the Republican majority in Congress, taught by the disasters of the war, as they supposed, had embraced the ideas of the old Federalist party, and were preparing to carry some of them to an extreme. The navy had no longer an enemy. The strict constructionists had dwindled to a few impracticables, headed by John Randolph. The younger Republicans were disposed to a liberal, if not to a latitudinarian construction of the Constitution. In short, they were Federalists and Hamiltonians, bank men, tariff men, internal-improvement men. Then was afforded to the country the curious spectacle of Federalists opposing the measures which had been among the rallying-cries of their party for twenty years. It was not in Daniel Webster's nature to be a leader; it was morally impossible for him to disengage himself from party ties. This exquisite and consummate artist in oratory, who could give such weighty and brilliant expression to the feelings of his hearers and the doctrines of his party, had less originating power, whether of intellect or of will, than any other man of equal eminence that ever lived. He adhered to the fag end of the old party, until it was absorbed, unavoidably, with scarcely

an effort of its own, in Adams and Clay. From 1815 to 1825 he was in opposition, and in opposition to old Federalism revived; and, consequently, we believe that posterity will decide that his speeches of this period are the only ones relating to details of policy which have the slightest permanent value. In fact, his position in Congress, as a member of a very small band of Federalists who had no hope of regaining power, was the next thing to being independent, and he made an excellent use of his advantage.

That Bank of the United States, for example, of which, in 1832, he was the ablest defender, and for a renewal of which he strove for ten years, he voted *against* in 1816; and for reasons which neither he nor any other man ever refuted. His speeches criticising the various bank schemes of 1815 and 1816 were serviceable to the public, and made the bank, as finally established, less harmful than it might have been.

So of the tariff. On this subject, too, he always followed, — never led. So long as there was a Federal party, he, as a member of it, opposed Mr. Clay's protective, or (as Mr. Clay delighted to term it) "American system." When, in 1825, the few Federalists in the House voted for Mr. Adams, and were merged in the "conservative wing" of the Republican party, which became, in time, the Whig party, then, and from that time forward to the end of his life, he was a protectionist. His anti-protection speech of 1824 is wholly in the modern spirit, and takes precisely the ground since taken by Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, and others of the new school. It is so excellent a statement of the true policy of the United States with regard to protection, that we have often wondered it has been allowed to sleep so long in the tomb of his works. And, oh! from what evils might we have been spared, — nullification, surplus-revenue embarrassments, hot-bed manufactures, clothing three times its natural price, — if the protective legislation of Congress had been inspired by the Webster of 1824, instead of the Clay! Unimportant as this great speech may now seem, as it lies uncut in the third volume of its author's speeches, its unturned leaves sticking together, yet we can say of it, that the whole course of American history had been different if its counsels had been followed. The essence of the speech is con

tained in two of its phrases: "Freedom of trade, the general principle; restriction, the exception." Free trade, the object to be aimed at; protection, a temporary expedient. Free trade, the interest of all nations; protection, the occasional necessity of one. Free trade, the final and universal good; protection, the sometimes necessary evil. Free trade, as soon as possible and as complete as possible; protection, as little as possible and as short as possible.

The speech was delivered in reply to Mr. Clay; and, viewed merely *as* a reply, it is difficult to conceive of one more triumphant. Mr. Webster was particularly happy in turning Mr. Clay's historical illustrations against him, especially those drawn from the history of the English silk manufacture, and the Spanish system of restriction and prohibition. Admitting fully that manufactures the most unsuited to the climate, soil, and genius of a country *could* be created by protection, he showed that such manufactures were not, upon the whole, and in the long run, a benefit to a country; and adduced, for an illustration, the very instance cited by Mr. Clay, — the silk manufacture of England, — which kept fifty thousand persons in misery, and necessitated the continuance of a kind of legislation which the intelligence of Great Britain had outgrown. Is not the following brief passage an almost exhaustive statement of the true American policy?

"I know it would be very easy to promote manufactures, at least for a time, but probably for a short time only, if we might act in disregard of other interests. We *could* cause a sudden transfer of capital and a violent change in the pursuits of men. We *could* exceedingly benefit some classes by these means. But what then becomes of the interests of others? The power of collecting revenue by duties on imports, and the habit of the government of collecting almost its whole revenue in that mode, will enable us, without exceeding the bounds of moderation, to give great advantages to those classes of manufactures which we may think most useful to promote at home."

One of his happy retorts upon Mr. Clay was the following: —

"I will be so presumptuous as to take up a challenge which Mr. Speaker has thrown down. He has asked us, in a tone of interrogatory indicative of the feeling of anticipated triumph, to mention any country

in which manufactures have flourished without the aid of prohibitory laws. . . . . Sir, I am ready to answer this inquiry.

"There is a country, not undistinguished among the nations, in which the progress of manufactures has been more rapid than in any other, and yet unaided by prohibitions or unnatural restrictions. That country, the happiest which the sun shines on, is our own."

Again, Mr. Clay had made the rash remark that it would cost the nation, *as* a nation, nothing to convert our ore into iron. Mr. Webster's reply to this seems to us eminently worthy of consideration at the present moment, and at every moment when the tariff is a topic of debate.

"I think," said he, "it would cost us precisely what we can least afford, that is, *great labor*. . . . . Of manual labor no nation has more than a certain quantity; nor can it be increased at will. . . . . A most important question for every nation, as well as for every individual, to propose to itself, is, how it can best apply that quantity of labor which it is able to perform. . . . . Now, with respect to the quantity of labor, as we all know, different nations are differently circumstanced. Some need, more than anything, work for hands; *others require hands for work;* and if we ourselves are not absolutely in the latter class, we are still, most fortunately, very near it."

The applicability of these observations to the present condition of affairs in the United States — labor very scarce, and protectionists clamoring to make it scarcer — must be apparent to every reader.

But this was the last of Mr. Webster's efforts in behalf of the freedom of trade. In the spring of 1825, when it devolved upon the House of Representatives to elect a President, the few Federalists remaining in the House became, for a few days, an important body. Mr. Webster had an hereditary love for the house of Adams; and the aged Jefferson himself had personally warned him against Andrew Jackson. Webster it was who, in an interview with Mr. Adams, obtained such assurances as determined the Federalists to give their vote for the New England candidate; and thus terminated the existence of the great party which Hamilton had founded, with which Washington had sympathized, which had ruled the country for twelve years, and maintained a vigorous and useful opposition for a quarter of a century. Daniel Webster was in opposition

no longer. He was a defender of the administration of Adams and Clay, supported all their important measures, and voted for, nay, advocated, the Tariff Bill of 1828, which went far beyond that of 1824 in its protective provisions. Taunted with such a remarkable and sudden change of opinion, he said that, New England having been compelled by the act of 1824 to transfer a large part of her capital from commerce to manufactures, he was bound, as her representative, to demand the continuance of the system. Few persons, probably, who heard him give this reason for his conversion, believed it was the true one; and few will ever believe it who shall intimately know the transactions of that winter in Washington. But if it *was* the true reason, Mr. Webster, in giving it, ruled himself out of the rank of the Great, — who, in every age and land, lead, not follow, their generation. In his speech of 1824 he objects to the protective system on *general* principles, applicable to every case not clearly exceptional; and the further Congress was disposed to carry an erroneous system, the more was he bound to lift up his voice against it. It seems to us that, when he abandoned the convictions of his own mind and took service under Mr. Clay, he descended (to use the fine simile of the author of "Felix Holt") from the rank of heroes to that of the multitude for whom heroes fight. He was a protectionist, thenceforth, as long as he lived. If he was right in 1824, how wrong he was in 1846! In 1824 he pointed to the high wages of American mechanics as a proof that the protective system was unnecessary; and he might have quoted Adam Smith to show that, in 1770, wages in the Colonies were just as high, compared with wages in Europe, as in 1824. In 1846 he attributed high wages in America to the operation of the protective system. In 1824 free trade was the good, and restriction the evil; in 1846 restriction was the good, and free trade the evil.

Practical wisdom, indeed, was not in this man. He was not formed to guide, but to charm, impress, and rouse mankind. His advocacy of the Greek cause, in 1824, events have shown to be unwise; but his speech on this subject contains some passages so exceedingly fine, noble, and harmonious, that we do not believe they have ever been surpassed in extempore speech by

any man but himself. The passage upon Public Opinion, for example, is always read with delight, even by those who can call to mind the greatest number of instances of its apparent untruth.

"The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies were the principal reliances, even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, a great change has taken place in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. . . . . It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

'Vital in every part, ...
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.'

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. . . . . There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind."— *Works*, Vol. III. pp. 77, 78.

Yes: if the conqueror had the moral feeling which inspired this passage, and if the cry of injured justice could pierce the flattering din of office-seekers surrounding him. But, reading the paragraph as the expression of a *hope* of what may one day be, how grand and consoling it is! The information given in this fine oration respecting the condition of Greece and the history of her struggle for independence was provided for him by the industry of his friend, Edward Everett.

One of the minor triumphs of Mr. Webster's early Congressional life was his conquest of the heart of John Randolph. In

the course of a debate on the sugar tax, in 1816, Mr. Webster had the very common fortune of offending the irascible member from Virginia, and Mr. Randolph, as his custom was, demanded an explanation of the offensive words. Explanation was refused by the member from Massachusetts; whereupon Mr. Randolph demanded "the satisfaction which his insulted feelings required." Mr. Webster's reply to this preposterous demand was everything that it ought to have been. He told Mr. Randolph that he had no right to an explanation, and that the temper and style of the demand were such as to forbid its being conceded as a matter of courtesy. He denied, too, the right of any man to call him to the field for what he might please to consider an insult to his feelings, although he should be "always prepared to repel in a suitable manner the aggression of any man who may presume upon such a refusal." The eccentric Virginian was so much pleased with Mr. Webster's bearing upon this occasion, that he manifested a particular regard for him, and pronounced him a very able man for a Yankee.

It was during these years that Daniel Webster became dear, beyond all other men of his time, to the people of New England. Removing to Boston in 1816, and remaining out of Congress for some years, he won the first place at the New England bar, and a place equal to the foremost at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. Not one of his legal arguments has been exactly reported, and some of the most important of them we possess merely in outline; but in such reports as we have, the weight and clearness of his mind are abundantly apparent. In almost every argument of his, there can be found digressions which relieve the strained attention of the bench, and please the unlearned hearer; and he had a happy way of suddenly crystallizing his argument into one luminous phrase, which often seemed to prove his case by merely stating it. Thus, in the Dartmouth College case, he made a rare display of learning (furnished him by associate counsel, he tells us); but his argument is concentrated in two of his simplest sentences: — 1. The endowment of a college is private property; 2. The charter of a college is that which constitutes its endowment private property. The Supreme Court accepted these two prop-

ositions, and thus secured to every college in the country its right to its endowment. This seems too simple for argument, but it cost a prodigious and powerfully contested lawsuit to reduce the question to this simplicity; and it was Webster's large, calm, and discriminating glance which detected these two fundamental truths in the mountain mass of testimony, argument, and judicial decision. In arguing the great steamboat case, too, he displayed the same qualities of mind. New York having granted to Livingston and Fulton the exclusive right to navigate her waters by steamboats, certain citizens of New Jersey objected, and, after a fierce struggle upon the waters themselves, transferred the contest to the Supreme Court. Mr. Webster said: "The commerce of the United States, under the Constitution of 1787, is a unit," and "what we call the waters of the State of New York are, for the purposes of navigation and commerce, the waters of the United States"; therefore no State can grant exclusive privileges. The Supreme Court affirmed this to be the true doctrine, and thenceforth Captain Cornelius Vanderbilt ran his steamboat without feeling it necessary, on approaching New York, to station a lady at the helm and to hide himself in the hold. Along with this concentrating power, Mr. Webster possessed, as every school-boy knows, a fine talent for amplification and narrative. His narration of the murder of Captain White was almost enough of itself to hang a man.

But it was not his substantial services to his country which drew upon him the eyes of all New England, and made him dear to every son of the Pilgrims. In 1820, the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth celebrated the anniversary of the landing of their forefathers in America. At the dinner of the Society, that day, every man found beside his plate five kernels of corn, to remind him of the time when that was the daily allowance of the settlers, and it devolved upon Daniel Webster to show how worthy they were of better fare. His address on this anniversary is but an amplification of his Junior Fourth-of-July oration of 1800; but what an amplification! It differed from that youthful essay as the first flights of a young eagle, from branch to branch upon its native tree, differ from the sweep of his wings when he takes a continent in his flight, and swings from moun-

tain range to mountain range. We are aware that eulogy is, of all the kinds of composition, the easiest to execute in a tolerable manner. What Mr. Everett calls "patriotic eloquence" should usually be left to persons who are in the gushing time of life; for when men address men, they should say something, clear up something, help forward something, accomplish something. It is not becoming in a full-grown man to utter melodious wind. Nevertheless, it can be truly said of this splendid and irresistible oration, that it carries that kind of composition as far as we can ever expect to see it carried, even in this its native land. What a triumphant joy it must have been to an audience, accustomed for three or four generations to regard preaching as the noblest work of man, keenly susceptible to all the excellences of uttered speech, and who now heard their plain old fathers and grandfathers praised in such massive and magnificent English! Nor can it be said that this speech says nothing. In 1820 it was still part of the industry of New England to fabricate certain articles required by slave-traders in their hellish business; and there were still descendants of the Pilgrims who were actually engaged in the traffic.

"If there be," exclaimed the orator, "within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth and at midnight labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England."—*Works*, Vol. I. pp. 45, 46.

And he proceeds, in language still more energetic, to call upon his countrymen to purge their land of this iniquity. This oration, widely circulated through the press, gave the orator universal celebrity in the Northern States, and was one of the many causes which secured his continuance in the national councils.

Such was his popularity in Boston, that, in 1824, he was re-elected to Congress by 4,990 votes out of 5,000; and such was his celebrity in his profession, that his annual retainers from

banks, insurance companies, and mercantile firms yielded an income that would have satisfied most lawyers even of great eminence. Those were not the times of five-thousand-dollar fees. As late as 1819, as we see in Mr. Webster's books, he gave "advice" in important cases for twenty dollars; his regular retaining fee was fifty dollars; his "annual retainer," one hundred dollars; his whole charge for conducting a cause rarely exceeded five hundred dollars; and the income of a whole year averaged about twenty thousand dollars. Twenty years later, he has gained a larger sum than that by the trial of a single cause; but in 1820 such an income was immense, and probably not exceeded by that of any other American lawyer. Most lawyers in the United States, he once said, "live well, work hard, and die poor"; and this is particularly likely to be the case with lawyers who spend six months of the year in Congress.

Northern members of Congress, from the foundation of the government, have usually gratified their ambition only by the sacrifice of their interests. The Congress of the United States, modelled upon the Parliament of Great Britain, finds in the North no suitable class of men who can afford to be absent from their affairs half the year. We should naturally choose to be represented in Washington by men distinguished in their several spheres; but in the North, almost all such persons are so involved in business that they cannot accept a seat in Congress, except at the peril of their fortune; and this inconvenience is aggravated by the habits that prevail at the seat of government. In the case of a lawyer like Daniel Webster, who has a large practice in the Supreme Court, the difficulty is diminished, because he can usually attend the court without seriously neglecting his duties in Congress, — usually, but not always. There was one year in the Congressional life of Mr. Webster when he was kept out of the Supreme Court for four months by the high duty that devolved upon him of refuting Calhoun's nullification subtilties; but even in that year, his professional income was more than seven thousand dollars; and he ought by that time, after thirty years of most successful practice, to have been independent of his profession. He was not, however; and never would have been, if he had practised a century. Those habits of profusion, that reckless disregard

of pecuniary considerations, of which we noticed indications in his early days, seemed to be part of his moral constitution. He never appeared to know how much money he had, nor how much he owed; and, what was worse, he never appeared to care. He was a profuse giver and a careless payer. It was far easier for him to send a hundred-dollar note in reply to a begging letter, than it was to discharge a long-standing account; and when he had wasted his resources in extravagant and demoralizing gifts, he deemed it a sufficient answer to a presented bill to ask his creditor how a man could pay money who had none.

It is not true, therefore, that the frequent embarrassments of his later years were due to the loss of practice by his attendance in Congress; because, in the years when his professional gains were smallest, his income was large enough for the wants of any reasonable man. Nevertheless, we cannot deny that when, in 1827, by his acceptance of a seat in the Senate, he gave himself permanently to public life, he made a sacrifice of his pecuniary interests which, for a man of such vast requirements and uncalculating habits, was very great.

But his reward was also very great. On that elevated theatre he soon found an opportunity for the display of his talents, which, while it honored and served his country, rendered him the foremost man in that part of it where such talents as his could be appreciated.

All wars of which we have any knowledge have consisted of two parts: first, a war of words; secondly, the conflict of arms. The war of words which issued in the late Rebellion began, in 1828, by the publication of Mr. Calhoun's first paper upon Nullification, called the South Carolina Exposition; and it ended in April, 1861, when President Lincoln issued his call for seventy-five thousand troops, which excited so much merriment at Montgomery. This was a period of thirty-three years, during which every person in the United States who could use either tongue or pen joined in the strife of words, and contributed his share either toward hastening or postponing the final appeal to the sword. Men fight with one another, says Dr. Franklin, because they have not sense enough to settle their disputes in any other way; and when once they have begun,

never stop killing one another as long as they have money enough "to pay the butchers." So it appeared in our case. Of all the men who took part in this preliminary war of words, Daniel Webster was incomparably the ablest. He seemed charged with a message and a mission to the people of the United States; and almost everything that he said in his whole life of real value has reference to that message and that mission. The necessity of the Union of these States, the nature of the tie that binds them together, the means by which alone that tie can be kept strong, — this was what he came charged to impart to us; and when he had fully delivered this message, he had done his work. His numberless speeches upon the passing questions of the day, — tariff, Bank, currency, Subtreasury, and the rest, — in which the partisan spoke rather than the man, may have had their value at the time, but there is little in them of durable worth. Those of them which events have not refuted, time has rendered obsolete. No general principles are established in them which can be applied to new cases. Indeed, he used often to assert that there *were* no general principles in practical statesmanship, but that the government of nations is, and must be, a series of expedients. Several times, in his published works, can be found the assertion, that there is no such thing as a science of political economy, though he says he had "turned over" all the authors on that subject from Adam Smith to his own time. It is when he speaks of the Union and the Constitution, and when he is rousing the sentiment of nationality, that he utters, not, indeed, eternal truths, but truths necessary to the existence of the United States, and which can only become obsolete when the nation is no more.

The whole of his previous life had been an unconscious preparation for these great debates. It was one of the recollections of his childhood, that, in his eighth year, he had bought a handkerchief upon which was printed the Constitution of 1787, which he then read through; and while he was a farmer's boy at home, the great question of its acceptance or rejection had been decided. His father's party was the party for the Constitution, whose only regret concerning it was, that it was not so much of a constitution as they wished it to be. The Repub-

licans dwelt upon its defects and dangers; the Federalists, upon its advantages and beauties: so that all that this receptive lad heard of it at his father's fireside was of its value and necessity. We see in his youthful orations that nothing in the history of the continent struck his imagination so powerfully as the spectacle of thirty-eight gentlemen meeting in a quiet city, and peacefully settling the terms of a national union between thirteen sovereign States, most of which gave up, voluntarily, what the sword alone was once supposed capable of extorting. In all his orations on days of national festivity or mourning, we observe that his weightiest eulogy falls upon those who were conspicuous in this great business. Because Hamilton aided in it, he revered his memory; because Madison was its best interpreter, he venerated his name and deferred absolutely to his judgment. It was clear to his mind that the President can only dismiss an officer of the government as he appoints him, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; but he would not permit himself to think so against Mr. Madison's decision. His own triumphs at the bar — those upon which he plumed himself — were all such as resulted from his lonely broodings over, and patient study of, the Constitution of his country. A native of one of the smallest of the States, to which the Union was an unmixed benefit and called for no sacrifice of pride, he grew up into nationality without having to pass through any probation of States' rights scruples. Indeed, it was as natural for a man of his calibre to be a national man, as it is for his own Monadnock to be three thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The South Carolina Exposition of 1828 appeared to fall stillborn from the press. Neither General Jackson nor any of his nearest friends seem to have been so much as aware of its existence; certainly they attached no importance to it. Colonel Benton assures us, that to him the Hayne debate, so far as it related to constitutional questions, seemed a mere oratorical display, without adequate cause or object; and we know that General Jackson, intimately allied with the Hayne family and strongly attached to Colonel Hayne himself, wished him success in the debate, and heard with regret that Mr. Webster was "demolishing" him. Far, indeed, was any one from supposing

that a movement had been set on foot which was to end only with the total destruction of the "interest" sought to be protected by it. Far was any one from foreseeing that so poor and slight a thing as the Exposition was the beginning of forty years of strife. It is evident from the Banquo passage of Mr. Webster's principal speech, when, looking at Vice-President Calhoun, he reminded that ambitious man that, in joining the coalition which made Jackson President, he had only given Van Buren a push toward the Presidency,—"No son of *theirs* succeeding,"—it is evident, we say, from this passage, and from other covert allusions, that he understood the game of Nullification from the beginning, so far as its objects were personal. But there is no reason for supposing that he attached importance to it before that memorable afternoon in December, 1830, when he strolled from the Supreme Court into the Senate-Chamber, and chanced to hear Colonel Hayne reviling New England, and repeating the doctrines of the South Carolina Exposition.

Every one knows the story of this first triumph of the United States over its enemies. Daniel Webster, as Mr. Everett records, appeared to be the only person in Washington who was entirely at his ease; and he was so remarkably unconcerned, that Mr. Everett feared he was not aware of the expectations of the public, and the urgent necessity of his exerting all his powers. Another friend mentions, that on the day before the delivery of the principal speech the orator lay down as usual, after dinner, upon a sofa, and soon was heard laughing to himself. Being asked what he was laughing at, he said he had just thought of a way to turn Colonel Hayne's quotation about Banquo's ghost against himself, and he was going to get up and make a note of it. This he did, and then resumed his nap.

Notwithstanding these appearances of indifference, he was fully roused to the importance of the occasion; and, indeed, we have the impression that only on this occasion, in his whole life, were all his powers in full activity and his entire mass of being in full glow. But even then the artist was apparent in all that he did, and particularly in the dress which he wore. At that time, in his forty-eighth year, his hair was still as black

as an Indian's, and it lay in considerable masses about the spacious dome of his forehead. His form had neither the slenderness of his youth nor the elephantine magnitude of his later years ; it was fully, but finely, developed, imposing and stately, yet not wanting in alertness and grace. No costume could have been better suited to it than his blue coat and glittering gilt buttons, his ample yellow waistcoat, his black trousers, and snowy cravat. It was in some degree, perhaps, owing to the elegance and daintiness of his dress that, while the New England men among his hearers were moved to tears, many Southern members, like Colonel Benton, regarded the speech merely as a Fourth-of-July oration delivered on the 6th of January. Benton assures us, however, that he soon discovered his error, for the Nullifiers were not to be put down by a speech, and soon revealed themselves in their true character, as "irreconcilable" foes of the Union. This was Daniel Webster's own word in speaking of that faction in 1830, — "irreconcilable."

After this transcendent effort, — perhaps the greatest of its kind ever made by man, — Daniel Webster had nothing to gain in the esteem of the Northern States. He was indisputably our foremost man, and in Massachusetts there was no one who could be said to be second to him in the regard of the people : he was a whole species in himself. In the subsequent winter of debate with Calhoun upon the same subject, he added many details to his argument, developed it in many directions, and accumulated a great body of constitutional reasoning ; but so far as the people were concerned, the reply to Hayne sufficed. In all those debates we are struck with his colossal, his superfluous superiority to his opponents ; and we wonder how it could have been that such a man should have thought it worth while to refute such puerilities. It was, however, abundantly worth while. The assailed Constitution needed such a defender. It was necessary that the patriotic feeling of the American people, which was destined to a trial so severe, should have an unshakable basis of intelligent conviction. It was necessary that all men should be made distinctly to see that the Constitution was not a "compact" to which the States "acceded," and from which they could se-

cede, but the fundamental law, which the people had established and ordained, from which there could be no secession but by revolution. It was necessary that the country should be made to understand that Nullification and Secession were one and the same; and that to admit the first, promising to stop short at the second, was as though a man "should take the plunge of Niagara and cry out that he would stop half-way down." Mr. Webster's principal speech on this subject, delivered in 1832, has, and will ever have, with the people and the courts of the United States, the authority of a judicial decision; and it might very properly be added to popular editions of the Constitution as an appendix. Into the creation of the feeling and opinion which fought out the late war for the Union a thousand and ten thousand causes entered: every man who had ever performed a patriotic action, and every man who ever from his heart had spoken a patriotic word, contributed to its production; but to no man, perhaps, were we more indebted for it than to the Daniel Webster of 1830 and 1832.

We cannot so highly commend his votes in 1832 as his speeches. General Jackson's mode of dealing with nullification seems to us the model for every government to follow which has to deal with discontented subjects: — 1. To take care that the laws are obeyed; 2. To remove the real grounds of discontent. This was General Jackson's plan. This, also, was the aim of Mr. Clay's compromise. Mr. Webster objected to both, on the ground that nullification was rebellion, and that no legislation respecting the pretext for rebellion should be entertained until the rebellion was quelled. Thus he came out of the battle, dear to the thinking people of the country, but estranged from the three political powers, — Henry Clay and his friends, General Jackson and his friends, Calhoun and his friends; and though he soon lapsed again under the leadership of Mr. Clay, there was never again a cordial union between him and any interior circle of politicians who could have gratified his ambition. Deceived by the thunders of applause which greeted him wherever he went, and the intense adulation of his own immediate circle, he thought that he too could be an independent power in politics. Two wild vagaries seemed to have haunted him ever after: first, that a man could merit the

Presidency; secondly, that a man could get the Presidency by meriting it.

From 1832 to the end of his life it appears to us that Daniel Webster was undergoing a process of deterioration, moral and mental. His material part gained upon his spiritual. Naturally inclined to indolence, and having an enormous capacity for physical enjoyment, a great hunter, fisherman, and farmer, a lover of good wine and good dinners, a most jovial companion, his physical desires and tastes were constantly strengthened by being keenly gratified, while his mind was fed chiefly upon past acquisitions. There is nothing in his later efforts which shows any intellectual advance, nothing from which we can infer that he had been browsing in forests before untrodden, or feeding in pastures new. He once said, at Marshfield, that, if he could live three lives in one, he would like to devote them all to study,—one to geology, one to astronomy, and one to classical literature. But it does not appear that he invigorated and refreshed the old age of his mind, by doing more than glance over the great works which treat of these subjects. A new language every ten years, or a new science vigorously pursued, seems necessary to preserve the freshness of the understanding, especially when the physical tastes are superabundantly nourished. He could praise Rufus Choate for reading a little Latin and Greek every day,—and this was better than nothing,—but he did not follow his example. There is an aged merchant in New York, who has kept his mind from growing old by devoting exactly twenty minutes every day to the reading of some abstruse book, as far removed from his necessary routine of thought as he could find. Goethe's advice to every one to read every day a short poem, recognizes the danger we all incur in taking systematic care of the body and letting the soul take care of itself. During the last ten years of Daniel Webster's life, he spent many a thousand dollars upon his library, and almost ceased to be an intellectual being.

His pecuniary habits demoralized him. It was wrong and mean in him to accept gifts of money from the people of Boston; it was wrong in them to submit to his merciless exactions. What need was there that their Senator should sometimes be a mendicant and sometimes a pauper? If he chose to maintain

baronial state without a baron's income; if he chose to have two fancy farms of more than a thousand acres each; if he chose to keep two hundred prize cattle and seven hundred choice sheep for his pleasure; if he must have about his house lamas, deer, and all rare fowls; if his flower-garden must be one acre in extent, and his books worth thirty thousand dollars; if he found it pleasant to keep two or three yachts and a little fleet of smaller craft; if he could not refrain from sending money in answer to begging letters, and pleased himself by giving away to his black man money enough to buy a very good house; and if he could not avoid adding wings and rooms to his spacious mansion at Marshfield, and must needs keep open house there and have a dozen guests at a time, — why should the solvent and careful business men of Boston have been taxed, or have taxed themselves, to pay any part of the expense?

Mr. Lanman, his secretary, gives us this curious and contradictory account of his pecuniary habits: —

"He made money with ease, and spent it without reflection. He had accounts with various banks, and men of all parties were always glad to accommodate him with loans, if he wanted them. He kept no record of his deposits, unless it were on slips of paper hidden in his pockets; these matters were generally left with his secretary. His notes were seldom or never regularly protested, and when they were, they caused him an immense deal of mental anxiety. When the writer has sometimes drawn a check for a couple of thousand dollars, he has not even looked at it, but packed it away in his pockets, like so much waste paper. During his long professional career, he earned money enough to make a dozen fortunes, but he spent it liberally, and gave it away to the poor by hundreds and thousands. Begging letters from women and unfortunate men were received by him almost daily, at certain periods; and one instance is remembered where, on six successive days, he sent remittances of fifty and one hundred dollars to people with whom he was entirely unacquainted. He was indeed careless, but strictly and religiously honest, in all his money matters. He knew not how to be otherwise. The last fee which he ever received for a single legal argument was $11,000. . . . .

"A sanctimonious lady once called upon Mr. Webster, in Washington, with a long and pitiful story about her misfortunes and poverty, and asked him for a donation of money to defray her expenses to her

home in a Western city. He listened with all the patience he could manage, expressed his surprise that she should have called upon him for money simply because he was an officer of the government, and that, too, when she was a total stranger to him, reprimanded her in very plain language for her improper conduct, and *handed her a note of fifty dollars.*

. . . . .

"He had called upon the cashier of the bank where he kept an account, for the purpose of getting a draft discounted, when that gentleman expressed some surprise, and casually inquired why he wanted so much money? 'To spend; to buy bread and meat,' replied Mr. Webster, a little annoyed at this speech.

"'But,' returned the cashier, 'you already have upon deposit in the bank no less than three thousand dollars, and I was only wondering why you wanted so much money.'

"This was indeed the truth, but Mr. Webster had forgotten it."

Mr. Lanman's assertion that Mr. Webster, with all this recklessness, was religiously honest, must have excited a grim smile upon the countenances of such of his Boston readers as had had his name upon their books. No man can be honest long who is careless in his expenditures.

It is evident from his letters, if we did not know it from other sources of information, that his carelessness with regard to the balancing of his books grew upon him as he advanced in life, and kept pace with the general deterioration of his character. In 1824, before he had been degraded by the acceptance of pecuniary aid, and when he was still a solvent person, one of his nephews asked him for a loan. He replied: "If you think you can do anything useful with a thousand dollars, you may have that sum in the spring, or sooner, if need be, on the following conditions:—1. You must give a note for it with reasonable security. 2. The interest must be payable annually, and must be paid at the day without fail. And so long as this continues to be done, the money not to be called for — the principal — under six months' notice. I am thus explicit with you, because you wish me to be so; and because also, having a little money, and but a little, I am resolved on keeping it." This is sufficiently business-like. He *had* a little money then, — enough, as he intimates, for the economical maintenance of his family. During the land fever of 1835 and 1836, he lost so

seriously by speculations in Western land, that he was saved from bankruptcy only by the aid of that mystical but efficient body whom he styled his "friends"; and from that time to the end of his life he was seldom at his ease. He earned immense occasional fees, — two of twenty-five thousand dollars each; he received frequent gifts of money, as well as a regular stipend from an invested capital; but he expended so profusely, that he was sometimes at a loss for a hundred dollars to pay his hay-makers; and he died forty thousand dollars in debt.

The adulation of which he was the victim at almost every hour of his existence injured and deceived him. He was continually informed that he was the greatest of living men, — the "godlike Daniel"; and when he escaped even into the interior of his home, he found there persons who sincerely believed that making such speeches as his was the greatest of all possible human achievements. All men whose talents are of the kind which enable their possessor to give intense pleasure to great multitudes are liable to this misfortune; and especially in a new and busy country, little removed from the colonial state, where intellectual eminence is rare, and the number of persons who can enjoy it is exceedingly great. We are growing out of this provincial propensity to abandon ourselves to admiration of the pleasure-giving talents. The time is at hand, we trust, when we shall not be struck with wonder because a man can make a vigorous speech, or write a good novel, or play Hamlet decently, and when we shall be able to enjoy the talent without adoring the man. The talent is one thing, and the man another; the talent may be immense, and the man little; the speech powerful and wise, the speaker weak and foolish. Daniel Webster came at last to loathe this ceaseless incense, but it was when his heart was set upon homage of another kind, which he was destined never to enjoy.

Another powerful cause of his deterioration was the strange, strong, always increasing desire he had to be President. Any intelligent politician, outside of the circle of his own "friends," could have told him, and proved to him, that he had little more chance of being elected President than the most insignificant man in the Whig party. And the marvel is, that he himself should not have known it, — he who knew why, precisely why,

every candidate had been nominated, from Madison to General Taylor. In the teeth of all the facts, he still cherished the amazing delusion that the Presidency of the United States, like the Premiership of England, is the natural and just reward of long and able public service. The Presidency, on the contrary, is not merely an accident, but it is an accident of the last moment. It is a game too difficult for mortal faculties to play, because some of the conditions of success are as uncertain as the winds, and as ungovernable. If dexterous playing could have availed, Douglas would have carried off the stakes, for he had an audacious and a mathematical mind; while the winning man in 1856 was a heavy player, devoid of skill, whose decisive advantage was that he had been out of the game for four years. Mr. Seward, too, was within an ace of winning, when an old quarrel between two New York editors swept his cards from the table.

No: the President of the United States is not prime minister, but chief magistrate, and he is subject to that law of nature which places at the head of regular governments more or less respectable Nobodies. In Europe this law of nature works through the hereditary principle, and in America through universal suffrage. In all probability, we shall usually elect a person of the non-committal species, — one who will have lived fifty or sixty years in the world without having formed an offensive conviction or uttered a striking word, — one who will have conducted his life as those popular periodicals are conducted, in which there are "no allusions to politics or religion." And may not this be part of the exquisite economy of nature, which ever strives to get into each place the smallest man that can fill it? How miserably out of place would be a man of active, originating, disinterested spirit, at the head of a strictly limited, constitutional government, such as ours is in time of peace, in which the best President is he who does the least? Imagine a live man thrust out over the bows of a ship, and compelled to stand as figure-head, lashed by the waves and winds during a four years' voyage, and expected to be pleased with his situation because he is gilt!

Daniel Webster so passionately desired the place, that he could never see how far he was from the possibility of getting

it. He was not such timber as either Southern fire-eaters or Northern wire-pullers had any use for; and a melancholy sight it was, this man, once so stately, paying court to every passing Southerner, and personally begging delegates to vote for him. He was not made for that. An elephant does sometimes stand upon his head and play a barrel organ, but every one who sees the sorry sight sees also that it was not the design of Nature that elephants should do such things.

A Marshfield elm may be for half a century in decay without exhibiting much outward change; and when, in some tempestuous night, half its bulk is torn away, the neighborhood notes with surprise that what seemed solid wood is dry and crumbling pith. During the last fifteen years of Daniel Webster's life, his wonderfully imposing form and his immense reputation concealed from the public the decay of his powers and the degeneration of his morals. At least, few said what perhaps many felt, that "he was not the man he had been." People went away from one of his ponderous and empty speeches disappointed, but not ill-pleased to boast that they too had "heard Daniel Webster speak," and feeling very sure that he could be eloquent, though he had not been. We heard one of the last of his out-of-door speeches. It was near Philadelphia, in 1844, when he was "stumping the State" for Henry Clay, and when our youthful feelings were warmly with the object of his speech. What a disappointment! How poor and pompous and pointless it seemed! Nor could we resist the impression that he was playing a part, nor help saying to ourselves, as we turned to leave the scene, "This man is not sincere in this: he is a humbug." And when, some years later, we saw him present himself before a large audience in a state not far removed from intoxication, and mumble incoherence for ten minutes, and when, in the course of the evening, we saw him make a great show of approval whenever the clergy were complimented, the impression was renewed that the man had expended his sincerity, and that nothing was real to him any more except wine and office. And even then such were the might and majesty of his presence, that he seemed to fill and satisfy the people by merely sitting there in an arm-chair, like Jupiter, in a spacious yellow waistcoat with two bottles of Madeira under it.

All this gradual, unseen deterioration of mind and character was revealed to the country on the 7th of March, 1850. What a downfall was there! That shameful speech reads worse in 1867 than it did in 1850, and still exerts perverting power over timid and unformed minds. It was the very time for him to have broken finally with the "irreconcilable" faction, who, after having made President Tyler *snub* Daniel Webster from his dearly loved office of Secretary of State, had consummated the scheme which gave us Texas at the cost of war with Mexico, and California as one of the incidents of peace. California was not down in their programme; and now, while claiming the right to make four slave States out of Texas, they refused to admit California to freedom. *Then* was it that Daniel Webster of Massachusetts rose in the Senate of the United States and said in substance this: These fine Southern brethren of ours have now stolen all the land there is to steal. Let us, therefore, put no obstacle in the way of their peaceable enjoyment of the plunder.

And the spirit of the speech was worse even than its doctrine. He went down upon the knees of his soul, and paid base homage to his own and his country's irreconcilable foes. Who knew better than Daniel Webster that John C. Calhoun and his followers had first created and then systematically fomented the hostile feeling which then existed between the North and the South? How those men must have chuckled among themselves when they witnessed the willing degradation of the man who should have arraigned them before the country as the conscious enemies of its peace! How was it that no one laughed outright at such billing and cooing as this?

Mr. Webster. — "An honorable member [Calhoun], whose health does not allow him to be here to-day —"

A Senator. — "He is here."

Mr. Webster. — "I am very happy to hear that he is; may he long be here, and in the enjoyment of health to serve his country!"

And this: —

Mr. Webster. — "The honorable member did not disguise his conduct or his motives."

Mr. Calhoun. — "Never, never."

Mr. Webster. — "What he means he is very apt to say."
Mr. Calhoun. — "Always, always."
Mr. Webster. — "And I honor him for it."

And this: —

Mr. Webster. — "I see an honorable member of this body [Mason of Virginia] paying me the honor of listening to my remarks; he brings to my mind, Sir, freshly and vividly, what I learned of his great ancestor, so much distinguished in his day and generation, so worthy to be succeeded by so worthy a grandson."

And this: —

Mr. Webster. — "An honorable member from Louisiana addressed us the other day on this subject. I suppose there is not a more amiable and worthy gentleman in this chamber, nor a gentleman who would be more slow to give offence to anybody, and he did not mean in his remarks to give offence. But what did he say? Why, Sir, he took pains to run a contrast between the slaves of the South and the laboring people of the North, giving the preference in all points of condition and comfort and happiness to the slaves."

In the course of this speech there is one most palpable contradiction. In the beginning of it, the orator mentioned the change of feeling and opinion that had occurred as to the institution of slavery, — "the North growing much more warm and strong against slavery, and the South growing much more warm and strong in its support." Once, he said, "the most eminent men, and nearly all the conspicuous politicians of the South, held the same sentiments, — that slavery was an evil, a blight, a scourge, and a curse"; but now it is "a cherished institution in that quarter; no evil, no scourge, but a great religious, social, and moral blessing." He then asked how this change of opinion had been brought about, and thus answered the question: "I suppose, sir, this is owing to the rapid growth and sudden extension of the COTTON plantations in the South." And to make the statement more emphatic, he caused the word *cotton* to be printed in capitals in the authorized edition of his works. But later in the speech, when he came to add his ponderous condemnation to the odium in which the handful of Abolitionists were held, — the *élite* of the nation from Franklin's day to this, — then he attributed this remarkable change to *their* zealous efforts to awaken the nobler conscience of the

country. After giving his own version of their proceedings, he said: "Well, what was the result? The bonds of the slaves were bound more firmly than before, their rivets were more strongly fastened. Public opinion, which in Virginia had begun to be exhibited against slavery, and was opening out for the discussion of the question, drew back and shut itself up in its castle."

But all would not do. He bent the knee in vain. Vain too were his personal efforts, his Southern tour, his Astor House wooings, — the politicians would have none of him; and he had the cutting mortification of seeing himself set aside for a Winfield Scott.

Let us not, however, forget that on this occasion, though Daniel Webster appeared for the first time in his life as a leader, he was in reality still only a follower, — a follower, not of the public opinion of the North, but of the wishes of its capitalists. And probably many thousands of well-meaning men, not versed in the mysteries of politics, were secretly pleased to find themselves provided with an excuse for yielding once more to a faction, who had over us the immense advantage of having made up their minds to carry their point or fight. If his was the shame of this speech, ours was the guilt. He faithfully represented the portion of his constituents whose wine he drank, who helped him out with his notes, and who kept his atmosphere hazy with incense; and he faithfully represented, also, that larger number who wait till the wolf is at their door before arming against him, instead of meeting him afar off in the outskirts of the wood. Let us own it: the North yearned for peace in 1850, — peace at almost any price.

One of the most intimate of Mr. Webster's friends said, in a public address: "It is true that he desired the highest political position in the country, — that he thought he had fairly earned a claim to that position. And I solemnly believe that because that claim was denied his days were shortened." No enemy of the great orator ever uttered anything so severe against him as this, and we are inclined to think it an error. It was probably the strength of his desire for the Presidency that shortened his life, not the mere disappointment. When President Fillmore offered him the post of Secretary of State,

in 1850, it appears to have been his preference, much as he loved office, to decline it. He longed for his beautiful Marshfield, on the shore of the ocean, his herds of noble cattle, his broad, productive fields, his yachts, his fishing, his rambles in the forests planted by his own hand, his homely chats with neighbors and beloved dependents. "Oh!" said he, "if I could have my own will, never, never would I leave Marshfield again!" But his "friends," interested and disinterested, told him it was a shorter step from the office of Secretary of State to that of President than from the Senate-Chamber. He yielded, as he always did, and spent a long, hot summer in Washington, to the sore detriment of his health. And again, in 1852, after he had failed to receive the nomination for the Presidency, he was offered the place of Minister to England. His "friends" again advised against his acceptance. His letter to the President, declining the offer, presents him in a sorry light indeed. "I have made up my mind to think no more about the English mission. My principal reason is, that I think it would be regarded as a descent. . . . . I have been accustomed to give instructions to ministers abroad, and not to receive them." Accustomed! Yes: for two years! It is probable enough that his acceptance of office, and his adherence to it, hastened his death. Four months after the words were written which we have just quoted, he was no more.

His last days were such as his best friends could have wished them to be, — calm, dignified, affectionate, worthy of his lineage. His burial, too, was singularly becoming, impressive, and touching. We have been exceedingly struck with the account of it given by Mr. George S. Hillard, in his truly elegant and eloquent eulogy upon Mr. Webster, delivered in Faneuil Hall. In his last will, executed a few days before his death, Mr. Webster requested that he might be buried "without the least show or ostentation, but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine." His wishes were obeyed; and he was buried more as the son of plain, brave Captain Ebenezer Webster, than as Secretary of State. "No coffin," said Mr. Hillard, "concealed that majestic frame. In the open air, clad as when alive, he lay extended in seeming sleep, with no touch

of disfeature upon his brow, — as noble an image of reposing strength as ever was seen upon earth. Around him was the landscape that he had loved, and above him was nothing but the dome of the covering heavens. The sunshine fell upon the dead man's face, and the breeze blew over it. A lover of Nature, he seemed to be gathered into her maternal arms, and to lie like a child upon a mother's lap. We felt, as we looked upon him, that death had never stricken down, at one blow, a greater sum of life. And whose heart did not swell when, from the honored and distinguished men there gathered together, six plain Marshfield farmers were called forth to carry the head of their neighbor to the grave. Slowly and sadly the vast multitude followed, in mourning silence, and he was laid down to rest among dear and kindred dust."

In surveying the life and works of this eminent and gifted man, we are continually struck with the evidences of his magnitude. He was, as we have said, a very large person. His brain was within a little of being one third larger than the average, and it was one of the largest three on record. His bodily frame, in all its parts, was on a majestic scale, and his presence was immense. He liked large things, — mountains, elms, great oaks, mighty bulls and oxen, wide fields, the ocean, the Union, and all things of magnitude. He liked great Rome far better than refined Greece, and revelled in the immense things of literature, such as Paradise Lost and the Book of Job, Burke, Dr. Johnson, and the Sixth Book of the Æneid. Homer he never cared much for, — nor, indeed, anything Greek. He hated, he loathed, the act of writing. Billiards, ten-pins, chess, draughts, whist, he never relished, though fond to excess of out-door pleasures, like hunting, fishing, yachting. He liked to be alone with great Nature, — alone in the giant woods or on the shores of the resounding sea, — alone all day with his gun, his dog, and his thoughts, — alone in the morning, before any one was astir but himself, looking out upon the sea and the glorious sunrise. What a delicious picture of this large, healthy Son of Earth Mr. Lanman gives us, where he describes him coming into his bedroom, at sunrise, and startling him out of a deep sleep by shouting, "Awake, sluggard ! and look upon this glorious scene, for the sky and the ocean are enveloped in

flames!" He was akin to all large, slow things in nature. A herd of fine cattle gave him a keen, an inexhaustible enjoyment; but he never "tasted" a horse: he had no horse enthusiasm. In England he chiefly enjoyed these five things, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Smithfield Cattle Market, English farming, and Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert Peel he thought was "head and shoulders above any other man" he had ever met. He greatly excelled, too, in describing immense things. In speaking of the Pyramids, once, he asked, "Who can inform us by what now unknown machines mass was thus aggregated to mass, and quarry piled on quarry, till solid granite seemed to cover the earth and reach the skies." His peculiar love of the Union of these States was partly due, perhaps, to this habit of his mind of dwelling with complacency on vastness. He felt that he wanted and required a continent to live in: his mind would have gasped for breath in New Hampshire.

But this enormous creature was not an exception to the law which renders giants harmless by seaming them with weakness, but for which the giants would possess the earth. If he had been completed throughout on the plan on which he was sketched, if he had been as able to originate as he was powerful to state, if he had possessed will proportioned to his strength, moral power equal to his moral feeling, intellect on a par with his genius, and principle worthy of his intellect, he would have subjugated mankind, and raised his country to a point from which it would have dropped when the tyrannizing influence was withdrawn. Every sphere of life has its peculiar temptations, which there is only one thing that can enable a man to resist, — a religious, i. e. a disinterested devotion to its duties. Daniel Webster was one of those who fell before the seductions of his place. He was not one of those who find in the happiness and prosperity of their country, and in the esteem of their fellow-citizens, their own sufficient and abundant reward for serving her. He pined for something lower, smaller, — something personal and vulgar. He had no religion, — not the least tincture of it; and he seemed at last, in his dealings with individuals, to have no conscience. What he called his religion had no effect whatever upon the conduct of his life; it made

him go to church, talk piously, puff the clergy, and "patronize Providence," — no more. He would accept retaining fees, and never look into the bundles of papers which accompanied them, in which were enclosed the hopes and the fortune of anxious households. He would receive gifts of money, and toss into his waste-paper basket the list of the givers, without having glanced at its contents; thus defrauding them of the only recompense in his power to grant, and the only one they wished. It shocked him if his secretary came to the dinner-table in a frock-coat, and he would himself appear drunk before three thousand people. And yet, such was the power of his genius, such was the charm of his manner, such the affectionateness of his nature, such the robust heartiness of his enjoyment of life, that honorable men who knew his faults best loved him to the last, — not in spite of them, but partly in consequence of them. What in another man they would have pronounced atrocious, appeared in him a kind of graceful rollicking helplessness to resist.

Such, as it seems to our very imperfect judgment, was Daniel Webster, one of the largest and one of the weakest of men, of admirable genius and deplorable character; who began life well and served his country well and often, but held not out faithful to the end. American statesmen are called to a higher vocation than those of other countries, and there is nothing in the politics of America which *can* reward a man of eminent ability for public service. If such a person feels that his country's happiness and greatness will not be a satisfying recompense for anything he can do for her, let him, as he values his peace and soul's health, cling to the safe obscurity of private life.

ART. IV. — 1. *The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER. London and Philadelphia. 1866. 8vo. pp. 509.
2. *Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile.* By JOHN HANNING SPEKE. London and New York. 1863. 8vo.
3. *The Sources of the Nile.* By CHARLES T. BEKE. London. 1860. 8vo. pp. 155.

THE recent discoveries of Speke and Grant, and the still later discoveries of Baker, have removed the mystery which so long enveloped the sources of the Nile.

One by one, within a few years past, many of the great problems of physical geography have been solved; the course of the river Niger, the characteristics of the Sahara, the height of the great peaks of the Himalayas, the structure of the Sierra Nevada, the Northwest Passage, the interior of Australia, and other long-disputed questions, have been determined by the boldness of modern explorers and the methods of modern science. Many more such problems still remain unsettled, — the depth of the oceans and the form of their basins, the existence of an open polar sea, the structure of the Rocky Mountains, the characteristics of that part of Interior Africa beyond the lakes discovered near the western coast, the relations of the mountain chains of Asia to one another, and other similar inquiries of a less-extended but not less-important character, still invite the adventurous to diligence in exploration; but the prize of world-wide renown which has been held out since the days of ancient Greece to the successful discoverer of the origin of the Nile appears to be fairly won by Speke, Grant, and Baker.

The united results of three expeditions, and the testimony of three competent observers, have established the fact that the White Nile (the westernmost of the two great branches which have long been known as coming together at Chartum) proceeds from two vast lakes situated near the equator and almost directly south of Alexandria. As it had been previously demonstrated that the Blue Nile (the easternmost of the two tributaries) was the lesser stream, these inland equatorial seas

which have just been discovered must be regarded as the real sources of the Nile.

It is true that our knowledge is still very imperfect respecting these lakes; new expeditions must be sent out to determine the hydrography of the river-basin; many years will pass before such a work can be prepared respecting the Nile as Humphreys and Abbot have recently given us on the Mississippi basin; yet it is no longer a secret whence come those marvellous summer floods which spread fertility upon the plains of Egypt, and fit that land to be in every age one of the principal granaries of the world.

The publication of the volumes we have named at the head of this article affords us, therefore, a fitting opportunity to review the history of Nilotic discovery, and to trace in outline the successive steps by which the sources have been reached. This we shall attempt to do in a concise manner, confining our attention to those epochs only which are most worthy of notice.

The ancient world knew nothing of the origin of the Nile. Neither the Hebrew Scriptures nor the remains of Egyptian lore which have come down to us from antiquity afford us any clew upon the subject. In the book of Deuteronomy the land of Egypt is spoken of indeed as "a God-forsaken country," because of the peculiar method by which it is watered; and, by way of contrast, the Promised Land is commended as a land of hills and valleys, "which drinketh water of the rain of heaven," and doth not depend on occasional overflows, for the eyes of the Lord "are *always* upon it from the beginning of the year even unto the end." But except this obscure intimation that the smiles of Providence were withdrawn from the river Nile, we call to mind no allusion in the Scriptures to the curious problem which these overflows involved.

It is not so in the writings of the earliest Greek geographer. Herodotus devotes fifteen of the little chapters of his second book (an amount equal to several modern octavo pages) to a discussion of the peculiarities of the Nile, having himself explored the river as far south as Elephantiné. In the light of modern science his comments are highly entertaining. The wonderful overflow which occurs during the hundred days of

summer leads him to offer explanations of the cause, profound in form, but empty in reality. Having stated the facts which had come to his knowledge, and remarked that he could not obtain any elucidation of them from the inhabitants of the country, he proceeds to examine the theories of certain foreigners, "wise men of Greece," and heartily ridicules the possibility which they had suggested of snow-capped peaks near the equator. He likewise laughs at several other of their notions in order to bring out his own conclusion respecting the alternation of flood and drought, namely, that "during the winter the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removed to the upper parts of Libya." "This," he adds, with charming simplicity, "is the whole secret in the fewest possible words."

He next considers the sources of the Nile, declaring that he has found no one among all those with whom he has conversed, whether Egyptians, Libyans, or Greeks, who professed to have any knowledge on the subject, except one person. This anonymous amateur geographer, whose story respecting the origin of the river appears to be the oldest one on record, is spoken of as a sort of Secretary of the Treasury of Minerva at Sais. Herodotus, though sometimes charged with credulity, was on his guard as he listened to the scribe, being suspicious that the story might be a joke, for the teller of it did not seem, he says, "to be in earnest." But, whether jocosely or seriously propounded, this earliest solution of the Nilotic problem is worthy of notice. We take it from the translation of Rawlinson.

"Between Syêné, a city of the Thebaïs, and Elephantiné, there are (he said) two hills with sharp conical tops; the name of the one is Crophi, of the other, Mophi. Midway between them are the fountains of the Nile, — fountains which it is impossible to fathom. Half the water runs northward into Egypt, half to the south towards Ethiopia. The fountains were known to be unfathomable, he declared, because Psammetichus, an Egyptian king, had made trial of them. He had caused a rope to be made, many thousand fathoms in length, and had sounded the fountain with it, but could find no bottom. By this," continues Herodotus, "the scribe gave me to understand, if there was any truth at all in what he said, that in this fountain there are certain strong eddies, and a regurgitation, owing to the force wherewith the water dashes against the mountains, and hence a sounding-line cannot be got to reach the bottom

of the spring. No other information on this head could I obtain from any quarter."

Nearly five centuries intervene between the days of Herodotus and those of Strabo and Pliny, the great encyclopedists; yet they are the next geographers whose writings have come down to us from antiquity. Turning to their vast compilations, queer mixtures of the true and false, we quickly discover that a decided advance has been made in geographical knowledge.

Strabo bases his account of the Nile in some important points on the statements of two previous writers, whose works have only reached us in this fragmentary form, — Eratosthenes, who lived about three hundred, and Artemidorus, who lived about two hundred years before Christ. The first named of these two writers tells us that the river Nile receives two tributaries, which proceed from certain lakes upon the east, — *duo flumina e lacubus quibusdam ab oriente delata*, — and come together enclosing "the island Meroe," which is properly not an insular, but a Mesopotamian region, just below Chartum. These two tributaries he calls the Astaboras on the east, and the Astapus. Some persons, he says, call the latter Astosabas, considering the Astapus to be another river flowing from certain lakes on the south.

Artemidorus likewise, as quoted by Strabo, speaks of the Astaboras as rising in a lake.* The critics may differ as to whether Strabo believed in two or three tributaries in the Nile, but it is entirely clear that he considered all the upper tributaries to be of lacustrine origin. It is curious that this early announcement should be confirmed by Ptolemy, as we shall presently see, repeated in modified forms through the Middle Ages, then lost sight of almost wholly, and that, finally, the lakes themselves should be first visited by Europeans in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Strabo also tells us of a traveller in Egypt, at the time of Euergetes II., Eudoxus of Cyzicus, who was bent on exploring the Nile; but he does not tell us with what results, nor to what extent his investigations were carried.†

Pliny, writing not far from the time of Strabo, likewise men-

* Strabo, 16. 4. 8.

† Ibid. 2. 3. 4.

tions that the Nile takes its rise *lacu protinus stagnante quem vocant Niliden.** This, he says, King Juba has found out.

From the writings of Seneca,† another contemporary of Strabo, we learn that he had listened to the story of two centurions, the Captains Speke and Grant of that day, whom the Emperor Nero had sent out, in the interests of science, — *veritatis amantissimus* are his words, — to explore the great Egyptian river. They went a great distance, and finally came upon extensive swamps, *ad immensas paludes*, to which there appeared no outlet. There they saw two rocks, out of which a great river current proceeded; but whether this was the source or only a tributary of the Nile, they are unable to tell us. Can it be that these centurions penetrated to the great fall, which Speke and Grant describe as issuing from the Lake Nyanza?

But all these hints are very vague. There is as yet no attempt at mathematical geography, and the location on a map of the upper courses of the river and the lakes alluded to was purely hypothetical. Claudius Ptolemy, of the second century after Christ, is a very different writer from those whom we have named. Following the lead of Marinus of Tyre, who lived in the days of Nero, he compiled a long series of topographical tables, indicating with as much mathematical precision as was then possible the latitude and longitude of every city, of every river at its source and mouth, and of the termini of mountain chains. His allusions to the Nile are of the briefest character, but they are interesting in connection with the recent English discoveries. We cannot suppose that his statements on this subject, or, indeed, that many of his data, are based upon personal observation, but we must regard them as the essays of a mathematical writer to reduce to an accurate tabular form the information which came to him from the best accessible sources.

Many of the manuscripts of Ptolemy, and likewise the earliest printed editions, are illustrated by ancient maps, which have sometimes been regarded as Ptolemy's own work, though scholars are now generally agreed that they were constructed by later hands, one of the most noteworthy being an Alexan-

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* Nat. Hist., Lib. 5. ix. 10. † Nat. Quæst., vi. 9.

drian draughtsman named Agathodæmon, who lived in the sixth century. Five of these twenty-seven maps are devoted to Africa. We are forced to admit that both text and maps have undoubtedly been mended by successive copyists; sometimes, as Ritter suggests, the text from the maps, and sometimes the maps from the text. These alterations tend to lessen, of course, the reliance to be placed on either work, so far as any question of detail is concerned, and make it hard to determine in every instance what is Ptolemaic and what is later geography. But, notwithstanding all this, the critical acumen of German scholarship has detected certain principles by which the original may generally be severed from subsequent additions.

The *textus receptus* of Ptolemy, as interpreted by the best critics, asserts that the sources of the Nile are to be found in two lakes, situated, the western six, and the eastern seven degrees south of the equator, in fifty-seven and sixty-five degrees of east longitude. These lakes, again, are fed by streams, it is said, which come from the snow-covered "Mountains of the Moon," a range reported as extending from east to west, twelve degrees and a half below the equator. Disregarding the specifications of latitude and longitude, there is a very curious coincidence between these statements and the modern discoveries of snow-clad peaks and enormous lakes lying near to the equator. The researches of Speke and Grant might almost be summed up in one of Ptolemy's sentences, — *paludes quoque ex quibus Nilus fluit non esse juxta mare sed multo interiores.**

There is another direction in which we may look for early opinions respecting the sources of this famous river. We refer to the writings of the learned Arabs of the Middle Ages, which

* Ptolemy, Geog. ed. Mylius, 1584. The Latin version from which we quote, though not very ancient, is the earliest with a map which it has been convenient for us to consult. It was published in 1584, with a frontispiece showing the range of mountains just referred to as situated twelve degrees south of the equator. From its slopes six little streams proceed, arranged in two groups of three each, and each of these groups leads to a lake, from which one of the two main tributaries of the Nile issues forth. There is in this double and triple arrangement an artificial regularity which is suggestive of fancy rather than fact; and yet the coincidence which is found here between the old and the new geography of the Nile does not seem to be merely accidental.

within the last half-century have been made accessible to the scholars of Christendom. The glimpses which may be obtained of this field, through the help of modern European versions, lead us to expect further curious revelations respecting the Arabian knowledge of the globe, and especially of inner Africa.

With respect to our present investigation, some confusion arises from the fact that the Nile was an appellation common to all the streams of Northern Africa. Thus the Arab geographers speak of three Niles as springing from an inner sea, known as the Kuar, or Kura, one stream running to the north, another to the west, and a third to the east.

In the recent "History of Geography," by Peschel, an engraved copy is given of a map of the world by Edrisi, dating from 1154 after Christ. On this map two lakes near the equator are represented as fed each by five streams proceeding from a range of mountains. These two lakes are united by six streams to a third, and from this proceeds the true Egyptian Nile. At right angles two other streams are drawn, one of which enters the Atlantic and the other the Indian Ocean.

Masudi, another Arabic geographer, also mentions that on a Ptolemaic atlas he had seen delineated twelve sources of the Nile, proceeding from the Mountains of the Moon, and united in two seas, of which the outlets were subsequently joined in a single stream. Here, again, we see handed down through quite a different medium the suggestion of twin lakes.

The European geographies of the Middle Ages are for the most part repetitions from Roman sources, though traces are obvious of information derived from Arabian writers. The Nile is represented as consisting of two branches, one of which comes from the south, and the other from a lake in the west, which sends a second stream into the Atlantic. This view is indicated in a map of the brothers Pizigani, of the year 1367, which we find described by Peschel. But there is so little that is original in this class of writings that we may pass rapidly on to modern times.

Thus we have seen that in the loosely compiled narratives of Strabo and Pliny, in the more precise terms of Ptolemy, on the subsequent Ptolemaic charts, and in the European maps which preceded the epoch of modern discovery, the Nile was almost

uniformly presented as having its origin in lakes, the number, position, and extent of which were indefinitely indicated. Ptolemy was the only authority who had any pretensions to accuracy. We may even say that, down to the year 1863, this Alexandrian geographer of the second century remained, so far as we can judge, the only independent and trustworthy writer on whom depended the theory of lacustrine sources. It may indeed be asserted, that his statements are questionable, and that only the testimony of an eyewitness could be regarded as having the stamp of positive knowledge. It may be true that a shrewd guess, a vague report from the aborigines of the interior, an attempt at geographical speculation, or a plausible hypothesis, was the simple basis of the tradition which actual observation within the last five years has determined to be substantially true. But even with this qualification, it is still a most interesting fact that the exact statements of Ptolemy, long regarded as truth and then rejected as error, have been confirmed by the personal observation of competent explorers seventeen centuries later. The lost lakes have been found. The mists which had settled upon them have risen, and their existence and position is no longer a question.

As a convenient outline upon which to follow the course of modern discovery, we beg the reader to sketch for himself, or to trace upon some modern map, the principal points referred to; for it is only by thus pausing to reflect and compare, that the magnitude of the problem which has been solved appears in its full extent. From the equator (which crosses the two equatorial lakes discovered by Speke and Baker) to the Mediterranean Sea is a distance of thirty-two degrees, or more than twenty-two hundred miles in a direct line. The Nile by its windings must be nearly a hundred miles longer than this. It therefore stands in the very foremost rank of river dignities, surpassing in length the Amazon, the Mississippi, and the Missouri, if each is taken separately, and surpassed only by the entire course of the Missouri-Mississippi from its sources to the Gulf. Tourists think they have made a long journey, as indeed they have, if they ascend as far as the second cataracts, — a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles; but that is little more than half-way to the great town of Chartum, or Khartoom,

which is regarded as the metropolis of High Nubia, or the Egyptian Soudan, — the St. Louis, as we may call it, of the basin of the Nile. At this point the two great confluents of the river come together; that on the east being commonly known as the Blue Nile, and that on the west as the White Nile. The Blue Nile — in the Arabic, Bahr el Areb, or sometimes Bahr el Azrek — takes its rise in a mountain lake of Abyssinia called Tzana (12° N. Lat.), 6,270 feet above the level of the sea. The White Nile, the greater of these two branches, known as Bahr el Abiad, proceeds from lakes more than a thousand miles farther to the south. Upon this upper western branch, eight hundred miles and more above Khartoom, is Gondokoro, a slave depot, a station of the inland ivory-traders, and for a short time the seat of a Roman Catholic mission now given up. Below the junction of the two tributaries there is only one large affluent, the Black River, or Bahr el Aswad, better known as the Atbara, which enters the Nile about thirteen hundred miles above its mouth. These are the outlines of the region to which our attention is directed.

We now turn, according to our proposal, from the suggestive remains of ancient geography to the positive acquisitions of modern exploration, in order to trace the successive steps by which the hidden sources have been brought to light. It has taken just one century of positive and repeated efforts, sustained by the assistance of several enlightened governments, aided by all the appliances of modern science and incited by the plaudits of the civilized world, to reach the spots so long inaccessible. The fortress was carefully guarded by innumerable outposts, but, one by one, they have been captured. Pathless thickets, desert plains, tropical diseases, dangerous, sometimes ferocious animals, cruel tribes of savages, have done their utmost to ward off the approach of the European, but at last he has triumphed. One hundred years have hardly passed since the days of Bruce, the first of the modern discoverers, and the goal is reached.*

* The great explorers who followed Columbus and Vasco da Gama were too much delighted with the revelations of the sea, too much captivated by the fascinations of oceanic discovery, to penetrate far inland. Occasionally the thirst for gold led them beyond the coast; but commonly the bearers of the Cross were more in-

James Bruce, the explorer, who led the way to the solution of the riddle of the Nile, was a Scotchman of education and position, who had exhibited much fondness and some fitness for foreign travel, and was consequently invited by the British ministry, in 1760, to become Consul-General at Algiers. The avowed object of his appointment was to enable him incidentally to gain information respecting the interior of Africa. In the preliminary conversations with Lord Halifax and Mr. Wood, we are informed that "mention was frequently made of the sources of the Nile, and of the obscurity in which they had ever been concealed. Hints were thrown out that the discovery of these 'coy sources' could not be expected from an ordinary traveller, much less from one who had no experience in those difficulties which must accompany an enterprise of such magnitude and glory; and it was insinuated that, if any Briton should fulfil the wishes of every age, in this particular, he ought not to despair of a high reward." *

These official intimations acted like spurs upon the excitable and ambitious traveller; and, although disappointed in respect to some of the promised arrangements, he set out, in 1768, for his famous voyage of discovery in Abyssinia. It was to the sources of the eastern branch, or Blue River, that his attention was directed, known to him as the Abay or Abai River. He approached this region from Massowah, on the Red Sea, and spent six years in the explorations, attended by one assistant only,—Luigi Balugani. The copious narratives of Bruce, when at length, in 1790, they were published, attracted great attention and awakened much criticism. He was forced to acknowledge that the branch he explored was inferior in the volume of its waters to the western, or White Nile; but he still claimed that it was the true Nile, and that he was the original discoverer of its source. Subsequent researches have demonstrated his error in this fundamental opinion, and have likewise weakened, if

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clined than the lovers of temporal fame and gain to penetrate into wild and savage countries. Thus in Africa, around the sources of the Nile, as well as in America, around the sources of the Mississippi, we early come upon the missionary stations which were planted by the Order of the Jesuits. Father Peter Paez, a Spanish missionary, not far from the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated to the head of the Blue Nile, and visited its sources. The efforts of Bruce to discredit his narrative cannot be regarded as successful.

* Bruce's Travels, 2d ed., I. 47.

not destroyed, the confidence of geographers in some of the minor statements of his narrative; but his book was lively and entertaining, not burdened by scientific data, and it helped to make popular the love of African discovery.

Whatever may have been the defects of Bruce, he was a bold and enthusiastic pioneer, whose achievements did much to arouse the zeal and incite the efforts of other abler travellers. The conclusion to which he came, that the Blue Nile was the real Nile, although erroneous, was stated so positively, that it gained very general assent; and on the tombstone of the traveller the sentence was engraved, "He discovered the sources of the Nile." Nearly half a century passed before an attempt was made to trace the course of the western branch. Meanwhile, however, the interest which was awakened in the exploration of Central Africa had given vigor to a voluntary association, which was formed in London in 1788, for the promotion of discovery. Under its auspices, attention was directed to that other mysterious river, the Niger; and the successive journeys of Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, Lander, and others, were serviceable in revealing the western central portion of the African continent, and in preparing the way for the recent and more thorough investigations of the lamented Barth and his contemporaries.

As an indication of the state of knowledge forty years ago, the reader may turn, if he is curious in such inquiries, to the volume on Africa in Ritter's "Erdkunde," published in 1822, where the learned author, surveying the information which was then at command, cautiously concludes that it is very improbable that the Niger and the Nile are connected.

The first attempt to explore the western branch, Bahr el Abiad, or the White Nile, was made in 1827, by M. Adolphe Linant, a Frenchman, who acted under the patronage and guidance of the British Association for promoting African Discovery. Setting out from Chartum, he went with great difficulty about one hundred and forty miles up the river, as far as El-Ais, Aleis, or Eleis; but the lions and hippopotami, the shallow water and the hostile Shiloukhs, prevented his farther ascent. Linant was persuaded that he was upon the main stream of the Nile; but he was unable to obtain any precise

information respecting its origin, although some of the native Arabs pretended to know about it. The account of this journey was made public in 1832.*

A few years later, Méhémet Ali, that enlightened ruler of Egypt, ready to develop the resources of his country, and influenced, without doubt, by the suggestions of educated Frenchmen, determined to make a thorough investigation of the region of the Upper Nile. Accordingly, he sent out three successive expeditions between the years 1839 and 1842. The second of these parties was under the direction of M. de Arnaud, a man of superior fitness for the task, who succeeded in getting as far as 4° 42′ N. Lat., and did much to prepare the way, by accurate observations and detailed reports, for further investigations. An account of this journey, by Ferdinand Werne, a German volunteer who accompanied the expedition, was published in German and English, and attracted much attention.

One of the results of the expeditions of Méhémet Ali, though not intentional, was the growth of Chartum. It soon became the residence of an Egyptian pasha, the seat of more than one European consulate, and a convenient mart for all the traders of the Blue and White rivers. The most graphic account of its appearance which we remember to have seen is that of our own countryman, Bayard Taylor, who was probably the first American to penetrate so far. † His visit was in 1852. At this point is the central station of the Roman Catholic missions maintained for some years past under the direction of the Apostolic Vicar, Dr. Knoblecher, who was trained at the Propaganda in Rome for labors in this region, and to whom the world is indebted for the assistance he has given in the explorations of the Nile. This mission was founded by Pope Gregory XVI. in 1846, for the conversion of the negroes, the suppression of the slave-trade, and the welfare of the scattered Catholics of the region. The actual commencement was made at Chartum in 1848; but Mohammedan hostility was so strong that Father Knoblecher, in the following year, went up the White Nile in search of a more promising position, and he succeeded in reach-

* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, London, 1832.

† Central Africa, p. 283.

ing a point some fifty miles beyond the utmost limits of the Egyptian exploration. Except in geographical acquisitions, his efforts were fruitless, for the natives regarded him as a magician, and were very shy of his advances. But a little later a station was established at Gondokoro (4° 55′ N. Lat.), and maintained, we believe, till 1860. Some of the missionary observations have recently been published by Father Kaufmann.

In the hope of further discovery above Gondokoro, Dr. Peney, a French physician long resident at Chartum, succeeded, after long efforts, in getting from France a small steamboat, with which he ascended the White Nile as far as Gondokoro; but while waiting there for the increase of the waters, he fell a victim to malarial fever, so that the researches which he projected farther south came to naught. Perhaps, if death had not interrupted his plans, France would have gained the prize which Baker won for England, and our maps of the twin lakes would perpetuate the names of Napoleon and Eugénie, instead of Victoria and Albert.

Thus we see that, during the last five-and-twenty years, the whole tendency of Nile exploration was toward the sources of the White river. We have not referred, it is true, to some expeditions to the neighboring lands, which have had but little significance in the solution of the main problem; and we are especially sorry not to have space to give an account of the researches of Le Brun Rollet, the Tinne ladies, and Consul Petherick; but we have endeavored fairly to point out the real progress of discovery. Chartum, we observe, was the point of departure, and Gondokoro was virtually the last point gained by the explorers from the North, as late, we may say, as 1860. No glimpse had yet been obtained of the lakes which were so near; no new reports were heard of their existence.

We must now turn to a very different line of inquiry. Subsequent to the year 1849 particular attention had been directed to the eastern coast of Africa, in the neighborhood of Mombas and Zanzibar, by some extraordinary stories received from Krapf and Rebmann, two missionaries sustained in that region by the Church Missionary Society of London. They first reported that there were snow-covered mountains near the coast, and

almost under the equator. Then they sent home an account of a vast lake, of which they had received descriptions from the traders of the interior. Both announcements were received with considerable incredulity, but they attracted great attention, and soon led to more particular inquiry. Mr. W. D. Cooley, who had long been noted as a student of Inner African geography, especially threw doubts on these missionary stories; but their substantial correctness was vindicated by the learned Dr. Petermann. Very soon positive and indisputable confirmation of the existence of the snow-covered mountains was gained by the explorations of Von der Decken and Thornton.*

In regard to the second question, the extent and position of a great interior lake lying west of Zanzibar, equal curiosity was excited, and presently (in 1857) Captain R. F. Burton set out to ascertain the truth, under the best British auspices. He was disposed to ridicule in the extreme what he called "the Mombas mission map"; but, after all, he found such a lake as had been imperfectly described by its authors, and the credit of the missionaries was doubly vindicated in the estimation of fair-minded critics. A companion of Burton's, Captain Speke, made a *détour* on the homeward march, going north a journey of five-and-twenty days from the east and west route which had been followed by Burton and himself, between the sea-coast and Lake Tanganyika. To his astonishment, at the limit of this march he discovered another great lake, called by the natives Nyanza, or the Water, and to which he added the designation Victoria. He estimated the height of this lake at 3,740 English feet, and determined its southern extremity as in 2° 24′ S. Lat. He could learn nothing sure respecting the extent of the lake toward the north, and so reluctantly rejoined the chief of the party, and returned with him to England. Captain Burton did not think much more of this discovery than of "the Mombas mission map," but it proved to be of the greatest importance.

English geographers were greatly excited by the narratives of Burton and Speke. So much had been actually found out, and so much was suggested as possible, that Speke, attended by a new companion, John H. Grant, was sent back as speedily

* See a letter from Dr. Krapf, April 6, 1853, in Am. Or. Soc. Journal, Vol. IV., with a map.

as possible, with a liberal outfit, to find out more about that wonderful lake on which his eyes had barely rested. Entering the interior as before from near Zanzibar, and retracing very nearly his former journey to the west and north, Speke conducted his comrade to the Victoria Water. In October, 1861, he saw again this lake. Following its western shore, he at length came upon the outlet, which, from its size and course, he was persuaded must be a chief, if not the chief, tributary of the Nile. This stream he followed in the main, though with some important interruptions, till it joined the Nile. He therefore claimed to be the first to visit the source of the river. The account of this second most important journey has been so widely read, throughout the civilized world, that we need not dwell upon it. The brief telegram which was sent to London from Alexandria, when the travellers reached the latter city on their return, — "The Nile is discovered," — was a synopsis of their journey.

Captain Burton, Mr. Galton, and other critics, however, were not convinced that the problem was solved by Speke and Grant, and published their strictures upon this journey. Those who read the Proceedings of the London Geographical Society, and especially those who follow the London Athenæum, have been amused by the quadrilateral controversy between Burton and Speke, the rival explorers, and Cooley and Beke, the rival students of geographical history. The strongest criticisms brought against Speke are these: that according to his own story he did not follow the stream which issues from the Victoria Water more than one third of its distance to the known Nile, though he touched it at different points; and, secondly, that he cannot claim to have discovered the sources of the Nile, because he has found a lake from which it issues, any more than he who first traced the Rhone to the Lake of Geneva, or the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, could claim to have reached the fountain of their waters. We give these comments for what they are worth. They do not impair the statement that these English travellers have discovered a great equatorial lake, from which a large portion of the waters of the White Nile are derived.

Just as Speke and Grant, elated with their success, were

emerging from the wilderness, and were approaching again the edges of the known world at Gondokoro, where they were expecting the supplies which Consul Petherick had stipulated to furnish, another English traveller, with his wife, was drawing near to the same station from the north, — Samuel White Baker, a new aspirant for the perils and the prizes of African discovery. It was a most fortunate coincidence that the incoming and outgoing parties should thus have met. There were many chances against the coincidence; but most happily for Baker, he learned from his countrymen just what they had accomplished and what they had failed to do. In particular, Speke told Baker of a second lake lying west of the Victoria Nyanza, the Luta N'zige, which was certainly connected with it by a stream. Speke's annoyance that he had not been able to visit this second lake served to increase the ardor of the impatient Baker, who had been at first disheartened by the thought that the coveted prize was already won by his brave predecessors. The two parties separated, — Speke and his friend to return to their home; Baker and his faithful and daring wife to penetrate the difficulties and the horrors of an unknown land of savages.

At length the labors of the latter couple were rewarded by reaching the Luta N'zige, to which they gave the name Albert Nyanza, as the consort of the Victoria Water. This lake stretches, according to the story of the neighboring people, in a north and south direction through about five degrees of latitude (from 3° North to 2° South), and according to the estimates of the travellers is 2,720 feet above the level of the sea, or six hundred feet lower than the second estimate which was made by Speke of the elevation of the Victoria Nyanza. Furthermore it was ascertained, not indeed with absolute certainty, but with strong probability, that the stream which Speke and Grant saw issuing from their lake enters the second lower sea, from the northern extremity of which it again proceeds on its northward course. In other words, it appears that the second of these lakes is a sort of supply reservoir, which swells the stream proceeding from the first.

We cannot sum up the whole discovery more concisely than Baker has done it in the following concluding passage: —

"The Nile, cleared of its mystery, resolves itself into comparative simplicity. The actual basin of the Nile is included between about the 22° and 39° East longitude, and from 3° South to 18° North latitude. The drainage of that vast area is monopolized by the Egyptian river. The Victoria and Albert Lakes, the two great equatorial reservoirs, are the recipients of all affluents south of the equator; the Albert Lake being the grand reservoir in which are concentrated the entire waters from the south, in addition to tributaries from the Blue Mountains, from the north of the equator. The Albert N'yanza is the great basin of the Nile: the distinction between that and the Victoria N'yanza is, that the Victoria is a reservoir receiving the eastern affluents, and it becomes a starting-point, or the most elevated *source*, at the point where the river issues from it at the Ripon Falls; the Albert is a reservoir, not only receiving the western and southern affluents direct from the Blue Mountains, but it also receives the supply from the Victoria and from the entire equatorial Nile basin. The Nile, as it issues from the Albert N'yanza, is the *entire* Nile; prior to its birth from the Albert Lake it is *not* the entire Nile. A glance at the map will at once exemplify the relative value of the two great lakes. The Victoria gathers all the waters on the eastern side and sheds them into the northern extremity of the Albert; while the latter, from its character and position, is the direct channel of the Nile, that receives all waters that belong to the equatorial Nile basin. Thus the Victoria is the first *source*; but from the Albert the river issues at once as the great White Nile. . . . .

"My exploration confirms all that was asserted by Speke and Grant. They traced the country from Zanzibar to the northern watershed of Africa, commencing at about 3° South latitude, at the southern extremity of the Victoria N'yanza. They subsequently determined the river at the Ripon Falls, flowing from that lake, to be the highest source of the Nile. They had a perfect right to arrive at this conclusion from the data then afforded. They traced the river for a considerable distance, to Karuma Falls, in N. lat. 2° 15′; and they subsequently met the Nile in 3° 32′ N. lat. They had heard that it flowed into the Luta N'zigé, and that it issued from it; thus they were correct in all their investigations, which my discoveries have confirmed. Their general description of the country was perfect, but not having visited the lake heard of as the Luta N'zigé, they could not possibly have been aware of the vast importance of that great reservoir in the Nile system. The task of exploring that extraordinary feature having been accomplished, the geographical question of the sources of the Nile is explained." — p. 475.

As we review the exposure to sickness, fatigue, starvation, and death which has been endured by one and another of the brave explorers who have followed up the Nile, and especially as we recall the innumerable obstacles which were overcome before the lakes were reached, we are filled with admiration for the patience and the heroism which have been expended in this geographical research. We honor the love of knowledge which sends out party after party to engage in such difficult investigations. We rejoice in the measure of success which has been obtained; and we delight to hand down the names of Speke and Baker with those of great discoverers who have helped to reveal to the civilized world the hidden regions of Ethiopia, and who have thus been contributing also to the solution of a problem even greater than the question of physical geography, — the possibility of reclaiming from their fearfully low estate the vast tribes of Central Africa, now scarcely above the wild beasts of the forest.

While we are rendering honor to Baker and Speke for their great endurance, sagacity, and success, it has amused us to look at the old narratives of African discovery which are contained in the great collection of Purchas his Pilgrimes; not, however, because we attach much value to stories which are obviously made up of so much that is false, and which were written in an age of much credulity and but little science. A recent contributor to the London Athenæum,* before the return of Baker, called attention to two allusions in Purchas which, so far as we remember, have escaped the notice of the many recent investigators of the question of the Nile. He quotes from the edition of 1617 two passages, only one of which we have succeeded in verifying by the second edition of 1625, to which alone we have access.

Alvarez, the Portuguese priest, says that in Goijame, one of the kingdoms of Priest John, the Nile "issueth out of two lakes which are so great that they seem to be seas." Peter Covillan declares that he has seen this.

So again, in another page of Purchas, we read that the "River Nilus runneth northward many hundred miles [from a

* No. 1906, October 24, 1863.

lake already described], and then entreth into another lake which the inhabitants do call a sea. It is much bigger than the first, containeth in breadth 220 myles, right under the equinoctial lyne."

A third reference to these lakes may be worth mentioning, which is given on the authority of Anthonie Fernandez.* The Nile rises, he says, "in the furthest parts of Goijame, where there is a meere or fenne, without bottom, welling and admirably boyling forth waters continually, whence Nilus springeth. It ariseth small, and first for a dayes journey and a half trendeth eastward. Then it enters into a lake as great as any imagined to bee in the world, running through the midst thereof with a swift course," &c.

These and other glimpses which we get of Portuguese geographical knowledge lead very naturally to the belief that, if the archives of that kingdom were thoroughly examined, much information now hidden in respect to Inner Africa would be discovered. It is well understood that Portugal, in the time of its maritime ascendency, was inclined to conceal, for its own advantage, the reports sent home by its naval heroes, and that since the loss of this ascendency very little interest has there been shown in the study of the globe. It may be found that the English success so recently achieved is only an independent recapture of a prize which was won two or three centuries before, by explorers whose very names are almost unknown.

Before closing this summary, we desire to bear our testimony to the skill with which Dr. Charles Beke has sifted the allusions to the Nile in all early writers, and has shown their relation to the actual facts successively brought out by modern discovery. His criticisms have been most serviceable to the cause of truth; and, unless we are misled, they have had far more influence than the explorers are willing to admit in determining the probable locality of the sources of the Nile, and the advantages connected with an entrance to the interior from the eastern coast of Africa. His views on this subject were printed in the London Geographical Journal for 1846, and two years subsequently he undertook to fit out an exploring party, who were

* Purchas, 2d ed., p. 1182.

to proceed inland from the Zanzibar coast. An excellent summing up of his varied investigations was given in the little volume whose title we have named at the head of our article, published in 1860. In 1851, before the British Association, he called attention to the positions which had been reached by Knoblecher, only three hundred and seventy miles from the snow peaks, and three hundred and sixty miles from the lake of the Mombas mission; and he said that the Nile basin was confined within these limits, unless, indeed, the river should be found to flow from the lake itself. The opinions which he has persistently presented have received abundant confirmation from the most recent explorations.

We must also mention the admirable Geographical Journal of Dr. Petermann, which since its establishment has been the repository of new geographical information from every portion of the globe. The power to attract such prompt contributions, the skill in annotation, and the ready command of the best cartographical talent, evinced in every number of that periodical, are a perpetual illustration of editorial tact and learning. Such a work is a constant incitement to geographical discussion and research.

Here we close our sketch of the discovery of the Nile. We have made no reference to many incidental questions on which it would have been pleasant to dwell; but we have reviewed an investigation which may be said to have continued twenty-three hundred years, from the early inquiries of Herodotus up to the present time. Only the most significant phases of the discussion could be presented in our pages. We are far from the opinion that the work is done. The discovery of these lakes will only stimulate new researches. We require to know their exact position, elevation, and area, — their relation to the surrounding hills and the other lakes which lie still farther south: we need to ascertain from what springs their great cups are filled. That there are equatorial lakes which feed the Nile, is what we know at present; beyond this how little have we learned! There is an ancient saying, that he who tastes the waters of the Nile, and leaves the land, will surely return to drink again. So it is with Nilotic discovery. It fascinates all who engage in it, either by the easy methods of arm-chair

study or in the dangerous paths of personal exposure. The waters are "strong waters," which awaken the desire for more. But henceforward speculation and theory must yield precedence to observation and measurement. The barometer and the level, the compass and the sextant, will soon nullify "the reports of the natives," "the strong probabilities," and the "almost certainties" which still form the basis of our most elaborate maps. The true gate has been discovered. The easy entrance to the interior from the eastern coast will render unnecessary the difficult ascent of the river itself; new expeditions will be sent out; and before another century has gone, commerce, civilization, and Christianity will have erected their stations all through that region hitherto so obscure and inaccessible, and yet so abundant in many of the precious gifts of Nature.

ART. V. — *History of the United States Sanitary Commission, being the General Report of its Work during the War of the Rebellion.* By CHARLES J. STILLÉ. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 8vo.

THE history of the war of the Rebellion cannot be comprised in a narrative of military operations and political and financial conditions. The historian who confines himself to these omits an important part of his work. To understand the war, to obtain a correct notion of the principles on which it was waged, to appreciate the necessity even of special military movements, and to comprehend its results, especially in its effect upon the national character and ideas, a large share of attention must be given to the social conditions of the country, to the opinions, sentiments, impulses, and desires of the American people, and to the forms in which their exertions to maintain the cause which they had at heart took shape. The novel conditions of national life, which had their source in our democratic system, and which, up to the period of the war, had been but partially

recognized and imperfectly appreciated even by ourselves, manifested themselves during its course in ways not less striking than unanticipated, and gave to it a character different from that of any war previously recorded in history.

Its most remarkable feature was not the enormous magnitude of the forces engaged, or the extent of the territory over which it was waged, or the strategy displayed in marches or battles, or the methods by which it was carried on; but it was what lay behind all these, — it was the conduct and bearing of the people by whom and for whom the war was fought and victory won. It was most remarkable for being in every sense a popular war; and unless this fact be brought clearly into view, and its relations be plainly exhibited, there can be no true history of the time.

The volume by Mr. Stillé, recently published under the authority of the Sanitary Commission, containing the General Report of its work, is a contribution of great importance to the proper knowledge of the war in its social and popular aspect. Interesting as it is as a clear and comprehensive account of what was accomplished by the Sanitary Commission, its chief interest and value consist in its exposition of the principles and methods of their work, and of the sources from which they derived the means for carrying it on, as well as in the illustration it affords of the part which the people took in the war, and of the modes adopted by them to secure the end which they held steadily in view.

The duty of preparing this Report was wisely confided to Mr. Stillé, and has been well performed. Himself a member of the Commission, and fully acquainted with its operations, he was possessed of all requisite information, and had a deep personal interest in his task. His book is well written, and is a satisfactory record and memorial of a body the worth of whose services in mitigating the horrors of war is hardly to be overestimated, and which has gained for itself the most honorable and lasting distinction, and a prominent place in the annals of the war, by the wisdom of its counsels, the efficiency of its methods, the self-sacrificing zeal of its members, and the grandeur of the beneficent work which was accomplished through its agency.

Mr. Stillé writes in a clear and manly style; and though the critic may find here and there a carelessly worded sentence, or an expression capable of improvement, the general literary character of the book is highly creditable to its author. It is to be regretted, indeed, that he has introduced certain personal descriptions, especially those of the leading members of the Commission, which, not being required for a just understanding of its work, are open to objection as necessarily of a laudatory and complimentary character. It would have been better to leave the public to form its own estimate of the living men who had won its respect and regard by their services on the Commission, and to wait before pronouncing their eulogies till no feeling of modesty or delicacy could be offended, and till no suspicion of undue bias could attach to the statement of their claims upon the nation's gratitude. We should not refer to this defect did not Mr. Stillé's book appear under the official sanction of the Commission; so that the effect of this laudation, however just it may be, is that of self-praise, and has a tendency, which the members of the Commission should be the first to regret, to throw an air of personal partiality over the narrative of their labors for the public good.

We should gladly follow Mr. Stillé in his account of the organization and work of the Commission, for the story is of great interest, and deserves to be familiar to every American; but we have already laid before the readers of these pages a narrative which has the authority of an official statement of the origin, plan, and methods of the Commission, and of its labors during the first three years of the war.* Moreover, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to condense the story, told clearly, succinctly, and vigorously by Mr. Stillé, without the omission of portions essential to a just comprehension of the magnitude and excellence of the work undertaken and accomplished by the Commission. The reader must acquaint himself with the Report itself, in order not only to acquire knowledge of one of the most important and interesting episodes of the war, but also to receive the full impression of the relation which it bears to the history of human progress, and of the illustration which

* See North American Review, Nos. CCII., CCIII., January and April, 1864.

it affords of the American character. The Report is no mere record of the constitution and work of a charitable association; it is in truth a valuable contribution to our history, and Mr. Stillé may well be satisfied with the praise which he deserves, of having written a book worthy to be the permanent memorial of the noblest and most original work of beneficence of our time.*

The breaking out of the Rebellion found our people, not only ignorant of war, but unprepared for it. Domestic, civil war is a catastrophe not contemplated in our system, for which it made no provision, and against which it was indeed secure, but for the abnormal sectional division created by slavery. Freed from this extraneous element, our system is, in truth, its own safeguard against civil war. A democratic commonwealth, based on the principle of the equality of human conditions, is less exposed to civil violence and war than any other existing order of society. The government, which was in possession of but an insignificant force to resist the attack upon it, was as unprepared as the people. The first and most absolute consideration for it was, whether the people would supply it with the men and means to carry on the war. The administration naturally faltered. There were few men in the United

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* The Sanitary Commission was a genuine expression of the spirit of the people. It was to America in this century what the orders of chivalry were to Europe in their day. It was, in its sort, the descendant of the mediæval Knights of St. Lazarus, the Hospitallers, or the Knights of the Teutonic Order. The Teutsches Ritterthum was the Sanitary Commission of the Crusaders of the twelfth century. In the year 1190 the German Crusaders lay dying as of murrain on the beach at Acre. "'The very Templars, Hospitallers, neglect us,' murmured the dying Germans; 'they have, perhaps, enough to do, and more than enough, with their own countrymen, whose speech is intelligible to them. For us it would appear there is no help!' Not altogether none. A company of pious souls — compassionate Lübeck ship-captains diligently forwarding it, and one Walpot von Bassenheim, a citizen of Bremen, taking the lead — formed themselves into a union for succor of the sick and dying, 'set up canvas tents,' medicinal assuagements from the Lübeck ship-stores, and did what utmost was in them silently in the name of mercy and Heaven. 'This Walpot was not by birth a nobleman,' says one of the old chroniclers, 'but his deeds were noble.' This pious little union proved unconsciously the beginning of a great thing."— Carlyle, *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia*, Vol. I. p. 110.

Our Sanitary Commission will not have so long an existence as the order which sprang out of this pious little union, but its place in history will hardly be less distinguished.

States who would have believed, beforehand, that such a war as that in which we have lately been engaged could be carried on for more than five years without national exhaustion and surrender of the cause. Each man knew himself, but others had other hearts, and for them he could not speak. We had a vague trust in the people; we were accustomed to rhetorical phrases about the grandeur of the nation; but when the trial of our confidence came, there was little comfort in Fourth-of-July oratory. We had not yet learned to have faith in the public conscience and the public thought, although our whole system was founded upon the most entire faith in the ultimate prevalence of right ideas among the people. We did not yet know the full force of the principles which had been at work in the making of the nation, nor what the nation which had been moulded by them was capable of. All unawares to ourselves, the principles of democracy and equality had developed in our people the intensest and highest spirit of nationality that the world had ever known.

The instinct of the people was true to itself. The attack of the Southern oligarchy upon the national life roused instantly an enthusiasm which filled the hearts of men and women, and lifted them to the exigencies and demands of the time. The nation for the first time felt the irresistible force of its ideas, and distrusted not its own power. It went to war as to a jubilee, — eager, confident, audacious, with the heedlessness of inexperience of the trials and sufferings and stern discipline of war. It had yet to learn that the stout heart alone would not suffice; but that "an army, like a serpent, went upon its belly." At this moment of ardor and recklessness the Sanitary Commission was born. Mr. Stillé in his first chapter sets forth in simple but striking terms the conditions under which our first troops set forth for the field. "To the calm observer, who knew anything of history, the view of this mass of enthusiastic and undisciplined men, calling themselves soldiers, suggested sad forebodings." "We were forced to try the novel experiment of improvising the most artificial and complicated of human organizations, — an effective and disciplined army, under what had hitherto been esteemed insurmountable obstacles." The military department of the government, accus-

tomed to the routine management of the handful of men which had formed our standing army, was suddenly called upon to provide for a force so enormous as to have taxed the resources and energies of the greatest military power. It was in vain to hope that it could at once and in a moment meet and supply all the needs of the army that had been called at a day's notice into the field. The people were going to war, and it was for the people to take care of itself. The impulse to supply the citizens who were suddenly transformed into soldiers with every aid and comfort which tender solicitude and personal sympathy could minister, was "as earnest and as spontaneous and as general on the part of those who stayed at home, as that which rallied round the flag of the country the very flower of its youth."

"Throughout the length and breadth of the land," says Mr. Stillé, in words which no one who lived through the war will charge with exaggeration, "men who were unable to bear arms, and women, true sisters of mercy, whose record of deeds of charity in this war forms perhaps the brightest chapter in its whole history, were inspired with a zeal and enthusiasm in behalf of those who went forth in their stead, which in its depth and earnestness, and at last, as experience was gained, in its practical efficiency, was wholly unparalleled in the annals of other nations. In other countries and in former wars, particularly in grand revolutionary uprisings which have stirred the popular heart from its lowest depths, evidence is not wanting to prove the existence of a spirit of lofty self-sacrifice for the welfare of those who defended the cause with their lives. In most cases, however, this enthusiasm was not of long duration, and produced but a feeble impression upon the general progress of the war; in all it lacked that peculiar element of organization so characteristic of our American system, which, when guided and directed by zealous patriotism and practical good sense and benevolent feeling, has made the history of this war quite as remarkable in those aspects which concern the progress of humanity, as in the many lessons it teaches of the successful determination of a free people to maintain its nationality."

To organize this general, spontaneous outburst of patriotic zeal, to concentrate diffused efforts into proper channels, to convert the popular emotion into a steady and disciplined habit, to endeavor to infuse the popular sympathy and enthusiasm into the machinery of the government, and, above all, to

prevent any irregular or embarrassing interference with the work and the responsibilities of the civil and military authorities, but to act "strictly in aid of the government plans, as far as possible through government means," so as to bring the efforts of the people and of the government into harmony for the successful prosecution of the great objects of the war, — this was the original conception of the enlightened men by whom the Sanitary Commission was established, and who directed its great operations throughout the war.

No one can read Mr. Stillé's pages without receiving a profound impression of the good sense, the foresight, the tact, the devotion, and the energy with which the work was conducted by those who took it in charge. The breadth of the principles upon which its foundations were laid, the wisdom of its methods, the elasticity of its organization, the enormous but well-considered scope of its work, were not more remarkable than the skill and felicity displayed in the selection of its agents, the resolute will with which seemingly insurmountable difficulties were overcome, and the executive ability which distinguished the management of its affairs. The success with which its work was crowned, the inestimable benefits which it rendered alike to the army and the nation, have won for it the imperishable gratitude of the people who supplied it with the means to accomplish its ends, who inspired it with their own spirit, and who made it the great minister of their own benevolence.

The Sanitary Commission owed its power and success to the fact that it never lost sight of the double nature of its duties, — on the one hand, as the instrument by which the people were brought into relation with the army, to encourage, to aid, to support and take care of it; on the other hand, as the guardian of those interests of the army which were intrusted to its charge by the popular confidence. It was fortunate for it that, while authorized and recognized by the government, it never became directly dependent upon it or responsible to it. It was a wholly popular and extra-governmental body, responsible only to the people, and dependent for its support upon them. In this respect, in view especially of the immense work which it performed supplementary to that of the government,

it possesses a peculiar interest to the student of politics as a striking example of the extra-governmental organized action of a free community, for the accomplishment of public ends which the government is unable or incompetent to secure. This action exists in every civilized state to a greater or less degree; but it reaches its largest development in a democratic community like our own, in which the state is the people, and the government itself simply a popular organization for the performance of certain definite functions. The test of the civilization of a community is its capacity for self-government; and this capacity finds its expression in that moral order which gives its form to the system of government, and which exhibits itself in the spontaneous and harmonious co-operation of the individuals by whom the nation is composed in the performance of works of social obligation or common concern.

The development of freedom in America is marked by the development in the faculty of association, and in the power which results from it. Our people is accustomed, as no other has ever been, to association for every public purpose; and its whole history affords frequent illustration, not only of the effect of this principle in developing nationality, but of the fact that it is one of the greatest agencies in the progress of mankind in intelligence, sympathy, and self-discipline.

The existence of the Sanitary Commission was possible only in a nation habituated to extra-governmental organization and to associate action; and its whole dependence was upon the readiness and ability of the people to concentrate diffused and individual efforts into a single channel of combined activity. As soon as information of its methods, purposes, opportunities, and needs could be spread through the country, it at once began to receive support and draw its resources from every section of the land. From Maine to Oregon it had its army of workers; and for every soldier that the government could put into the field there was at least one worker for his support among the million laborers enlisted in aid of the Commission. The story of the vast network of co-operating agencies which stretched over the land, embracing every village, town, and city in its meshes, is one of the most delightful records of humane sympathy, generous devotion, and patriotic labor that

was ever written. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the work thus accomplished, not merely in its direct application to the special objects of the Commission, — the promotion of the health, the comfort, and the efficiency of the army, the prevention and relief of suffering, and the keeping close the relations between the people in the military service of the nation and those who remained at home engaged in the usual callings of life, — but in its indirect operation in the development of national feeling and confidence, in binding the people of the remotest regions in the close cords of service for a common end, in quickening and deepening zeal for our great cause and sympathy for those who were engaged in maintaining it at the hazard of their lives. What the Sanitary Commission thus effected for the country cannot be stated in columns of figures or measured by any material standard; but great as was its manifest work of beneficence, we esteem the influence which it exerted on the spirit of the people and on the development of the nation as of still greater worth, and as productive of still higher and more permanent results.

Among these results there is not one of more importance than the part in the war which was secured through its agency for our women. And in this again its correspondence with the genius and tendency of our system was strikingly manifested. It is plain that the principle of equality embodied in our democratic civilization has already wrought a marked change in the position of woman as a member of the community. But the change already wrought is indicative of a still greater change to come. The portion of woman in the future will be far different from her portion in the past. There is at last not merely a promise, but a certainty, that society is to be perfected by the admission of woman to her full rights, and to essential equality with man; democracy, as the outgrowth of Christianity, reverencing the rights of all, and requiring the powers of all for its full development, will not remain maimed and weak through the failure to provide for the equal participation between man and woman of the burdens and the blessings of civilization.

The part which the women of America took in the recent war was proof of the virtue of the system of our democratic

society. The days for the flattery of women, like the days of chivalry, have gone by; but never did women, as a portion of the community, show themselves more worthy of respect and admiration, than during these years in which they bore so heavy and bitter a portion of the sacrifices, so essential a portion of the labors, which the country required from her children. The main work of the supply of the necessities of the Sanitary Commission was performed by them; and to every demand made upon them, whether for such work as only they could do or for work in which they shared with men, they showed themselves sufficient. Whatever women have done in other countries and in past times for soldiers whom they loved, or for a cause to which they were devoted, was more than matched by what our women did. The story of the war is a story of what was done by the combined efforts of men and women; and the history of the Sanitary Commission is a record of their common zeal, devotion, and labor.

The same influences which are modifying the constitution of American society, by securing for women her true place in the community, are directly operative in developing in the national character those humane feelings which mark the progress of Christian civilization. The principle of the equality of mankind cannot be accepted without leading to a new sense of the intimacy of the relations which bind man to man in society, and to a recognition of the broad claims of humanity. The doctrine of equality, whatever be its origin and consequences in politics, is in its nature a religious doctrine. It is simply the form by which the principle of love is embodied and expressed in politics. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," has for its corollary the truth, that "All men are created equal"; and the nation which has adopted this principle as the corner-stone of its system finds in truth that love is the fulfilling of the law. The mutual confidence and helpfulness which are characteristic of American life, the kindliness, sympathy, and humanity which distinguish the community, are the natural and inevitable results of its politico-religious faith. Far as the practice of humane virtues may fall short and fail to fulfil the image of the life of a perfect community, there is plainly visible among us a tendency toward a completer

performance of the duties of active benevolence. In this respect, the constitution of the Sanitary Commission, the objects which it held in view, and the manner in which those objects were attained, were but the expression of the human instincts and principles and of the moral sense of the people. The horrors and sufferings of war were inexpressibly grievous and repugnant to a nation that was daily growing more kind and tender-hearted. It longed to carry on war without misery; it hated to hurt even its enemies; and when it learned that war meant hurt and harm to them, and that for the sake of love it must strike and wound and kill, and that its children must suffer every agony, it strove with all its novel tenderness, not only to succor its own soldiers, but to treat even its enemies with a humanity which found little response in their natures. The contrast between the civilization of the democracy of the North and the people of the South was drawn in sharpest lines by the difference of their temper in these respects. Freedom and equality on the one side, slavery on the other, had wrought their effects on the souls of men. The barbarous atrocities committed on the bodies of our dead, the horrible cruelties of Andersonville, Millen, and Belle Isle, were the results of passions to which the disrespect of man in slavery had given birth and nurture. The men who could treat prisoners of war as our prisoners were treated at the South, were not men to invent or maintain sanitary commissions for the relief of their own soldiers. It is with no vindictive feeling that we remember the fate of those dearest to us who fell into Southern hands, as we read the account of the manner in which our enemies were treated after the great battles of the war by the hands of the ministers of Northern beneficence; but it is with devout thankfulness that our great cause — the cause of human rights — was maintained by those who honored man even in the guise of an enemy.

"The ministrations of the Sanitary Commission on the battle-field of Gettysburg were not confined to the sufferers of our own army. In accordance with its constant policy on such occasions, — a policy dictated by the highest considerations of humanity and Christian duty, — it recognized neither friend nor foe among the wounded. There were more than eighteen hundred of the enemy in our own hospitals, cared

for as our own men were cared for by our surgeons. There were, besides, nearly fifty-five hundred of their wounded occupying hospitals which had been established in the immediate neighborhood of the town previous to and during the battle, and filling besides all the barns and houses for miles on the roads leading to Cashtown and Chambersburg. These men had been abandoned by their army in its retreat, and were in a most deplorable condition of suffering and destitution. They were without hospital supplies, or even ordinary rations, and were saved from starvation only by the stores of the government against which they were fighting. The state of these hospitals claimed the attention and kind services of an organization whose principles did not permit it to see an enemy in a suffering brother upon a battle-field; and although its means of relieving these men had been somewhat diminished by that barbarous act of inhumanity of which we have spoken, — the capture of a large amount of stores on their way to the battle-field intended for the relief of all alike, — still invaluable aid was rendered to them for many days. Dr. Gordon Winslow, one of the Inspectors of the Commission, was charged with the duty of visiting these hospitals, ascertaining their wants, and offering such assistance as might be required. He found the enemy's wounded occupying twenty-four different camps, within an area of twelve miles. Most of the wounds were, of course, severe; for those who had been able to move at all, or who could be removed by the retreating army with its limited means of transportation, had been carried off. Our own officers were too busily engaged at that time in providing for the wants of their own men, to bestow any other care upon those of the enemy outside our own hospitals than such as might keep them from actual starvation. When, therefore, Dr. Winslow called upon the Rebel surgeons, explained to them the nature of the work of the Commission, and offered to supply their wants from its stores, the astonishment and gratitude of those officers were expressed in no measured terms. They eagerly availed themselves of his offers; and one of the strangest of the many strange and wonderful sights of which the Commission's depot at Gettysburg was the scene, after the battle, was the mingling in that busy crowd of friend and foe, National uniform and Confederate uniform, Union army-wagon and Rebel army-wagon, all engaged in the common work of helping the suffering and seeking aid from a source which dispensed with impartial bounty its relief to the wretched victims of the battle-field." — pp. 385, 386.

While in these impartial and liberal ministrations of the popular beneficence the Sanitary Commission fulfilled the na-

tional sentiment of humanity, it exhibited, in the variety of its operations, the fertility of its resources, the readiness of its adaptation to changing circumstances and conditions, and in the pliability of its methods of work, still another striking feature of the national life as manifested in an educated democracy. Under our free institutions the amount and variety of the personal energies which may be called out at any moment depend only on the number and the intelligence of the people. Freedom and equality develop all resources. Each man contributes his special quota to the general sum of activity. In the unimpeded use of his faculties, he not only promotes his own well-being, but increases the power and the prosperity of the state. Mr. Mill, in speaking of America in his treatise on Representative Government, says: "No such wide diffusion of the ideas, tastes, and sentiments of educated minds has ever been seen elsewhere, or even conceived of as attainable." He does not point out the result of this fact, that nowhere else has there been displayed such mastery of circumstances by man, in readiness of invention and in the rapidity of his adaptation of means to the ends which he seeks, whether it be in the field of arts, of politics, or of society. In the associate action which is characteristic of our democracy, and by which the most rapid advance in civilization is secured, the resources of each individual are drawn upon for the production of the common end, and the infinite and complex variety of individual devices, powers, faculties, and energies is harmonized into co-operative unity. The flexibility of organized effort is secured by individual freedom and equality.

The Sanitary Commission might well be selected by the philosophic student of our system as a conspicuous example of the operation of these principles. It showed not only the capacity of a people for independent organization, but the unlimited abundance of their resources, and their unexampled skill in dealing with unexpected emergencies. Carefully conducting its operations upon general principles, and under wisely devised rules, it was bound neither by precedent nor routine, where these interfered with the best execution of its work, but, accepting the lessons of experience, it adapted its measures

to each new occasion, each fresh demand, and each varying need.

It is only from the pages of Mr. Stillé's excellent history that a full conception of the immense amount of direct good accomplished, and evil prevented, can be obtained. Its services to the army were inestimable. In its methods and success in promoting the efficiency of soldiers in the camp and the field, in saving them from dangers other than those of battle, in relieving the sufferings of the sick and the wounded, the Commission has modified the history of war. We cannot enter on the details of its work. We have desired to show its general relations to the life and the spirit of our people. Its peculiar fortune, its highest praise, was that its organization was so framed and administered in entire accordance with the principles of our national life. It thus became the expression of the intelligence, the moral sense, and the humane sentiment of the people. It became their great agency of beneficence. To the men who directed its affairs, and who as the ministers and representatives of the people showed themselves sufficient for the arduous duties and the weighty responsibilities imposed upon them, and proved themselves worthy to be the almoners of America, the nation owes unstinted gratitude and honor.

To the end of time the Sanitary Commission will stand in history as a worthy monument of the patriotism, the humanity, and the religion of a Christian democracy.

ART. VI. — *Die Trachten der Völker vom Beginn der Geschichte bis zum neunzehnten Jahrhundert in* 100 *Tafeln zusammengestellt, gezeichnet und lithographirt von* ALBERT KRETSCHMER, Maler und Costumier am Königl. Hoftheater zu Berlin; mit Text von DR. CARL ROHRBACH in Gotha. Leipzig: Farbendruck und Verlag der Lithogr. Anstalt von J. G. Bach. 1865. 4to.

LESSING, who was beyond all dispute one of the most original thinkers and the finest critic that Germany ever produced, in his masterly treatise entitled "Laocoön, or the Limits of Poetry and Painting," makes this remark: "Necessity invented clothes, and what has art to do with necessity?" He thence draws the inference that drapery is a mere make-shift, a decent way of covering up defects, and therefore utterly unworthy of the highest efforts of either picturesque or plastic art. We cannot but think that the learned and acute German has here fallen into a fundamental error, arising from a false estimate, or rather an inadequate appreciation, of the origin and worth of clothes. He discards the use of drapery in art, because he does not understand the real function of dress in life. And perhaps on no other subject are there more or more foolish fallacies afloat. The most prevalent of these popular misconceptions is that which attributes all decoration of the person to the love of display, the desire to outshine rivals or to appear well in the eyes of friends. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity."

Woman especially has been severely dealt with at the hands of these sweeping moralists. By a venerable father of the Apostolic Church she is characterized as ζῶον φιλόκοσμον, — an animal delighting in finery. This little utterance of spleen is very pardonable in one whose soul had been soured by more than fifty years of celibacy, and whose saintly eyes were constantly offended by the ever-shifting trains of Oriental voluptuousness that swept along the streets of Alexandria. But that such morbid misogyny should set itself up as oracle, or that it should ever occur to any one to cite its decisions as authoritative, seems to us a striking proof of the perversity of the human

mind. Yet even the amiable Addison, in a contribution to "The Spectator," quotes and enlarges upon this sentiment, remarking that it has been held to be true in all ages, and has entered into our common forms of speech, so that when we say of a man that he has a fine, long, or good head, we express ourselves metaphorically and refer to his understanding; whereas when we use these terms of a woman, we speak of that part of the head known as the outside, and take the commode chiefly into the account. Equally unjust to the fair sex is the proverbial philosophy of mankind. There is no end to the "wise saws" and traditional aphorisms in which the extravagances and absurdities of apparel are satirized and denounced as sins peculiarly feminine. Poets, philosophers, and men of the world all join the hue and cry against this supposed foible; and the grave theologian, tracing "all our woe" back to forbidden fruit and first transgression, tells us that woman ate the apple only that she might dress.

To correct this popular prejudice, we need only to refer our readers to the elegant quarto of Kretschmer and Rohrbach whose title stands at the head of the present article, and which is the finest specimen of typography and chromo-lithography that has issued from the German press for many years. Even a hasty glance at its hundred pages of beautiful illustrations, covering a period of more than thirty centuries, will suffice to convince every impartial mind that not a single excess or caprice in costume has ever appeared on the fair and graceful person of woman, which has not had its still more ugly counterpart on the ungainly body of man. Whenever the two sexes have vied with each other in the art of making themselves hideous, it is the stronger one that has generally carried the day. In passion for finery man has always kept pace with woman, although he has usually displayed less good taste in gratifying it. He has powdered and rouged and patched. He has revelled in silk, and fluttered in brocade. He has sported a muff, cultivated love-locks, and bored his ears. He has flaunted in flowing sleeves, adorned with a profusion of Mechlin and Valenciennes, — has worn long hair, full skirts, and tight waists. If she has sometimes multiplied lace-ruffs in superfluity around her fair throat, he has sacrilegiously squandered the same deli-

cate fabrics on the tops of his boots.* If she has wired up her tresses into towers three feet high, from the top of which streamed ribbons of many colors, like pennons from a baronial castle on a gala-day, he has been still more absurd at the opposite extreme, and disfigured and disabled himself by wearing cornuted shoes with the toes turned up like ram's horns and tied to his knees. If she has intrenched herself at times too deeply and too formidably in whalebones, and with the amplitude of her hoops has covered more of the earth's surface than one person can justly lay claim to, has he not also, in his own awkward way, indulged in "puffings of illusion" by stuffing his habiliments "with bombast and with bags," to the intense aggravation of his natural clumsiness? A sumptuary edict of the fourteenth century, which prohibits her from wearing rings on her fingers, denies him also the luxury of bells on his toes. And in a fashion-plate of the fifteenth century we have the hideous spectacle of a man of nearly threescore years attired in a low-necked dress edged with fur, whilst the short sleeves, elegantly pinked and embroidered, leave the arms almost entirely bare.† And during the reign of Queen Bess, did he not encase his body in a doublet so hard-quilted that, as an old chronicler informs us, "the wearer could not bow himself to the ground, so stiff and sturdy it stood about him"? And is it not on record that in the time of James I. a scaffold was erected round the inside of the Parliament House for the accommodation of the members whose puckered and bolstered breeches were too big for ordinary seats? The gossiping antiquary, Bulmer, tells how a dandy of those golden days unwittingly seated himself on a chair with a projecting nail in it, which perforated his huge galligaskins, so that, when he rose and turned and wriggled and capered in paying court to the ladies, several pecks of bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, till, before he became conscious of his rapid emaciation, half the

* In the wardrobe of Cinq-Mars, who conspired against Richelieu and was beheaded in 1642, were found three hundred pairs of elegant lace-trimmed boots, each "worth a copyhold."

† For documentary proof of these extravagances in costume we refer our readers to Flemish and German engravings and miniature-paintings of the fifteenth century, as well as to the *Navis Stultifera* (Ship of Fools), a satire by the Strasburg chancellor, Sebastian Brant, who died in 1520.

cargo was unloaded on the floor, and the luckless fop "stood there diminished to a spindle, his galloons and slashes dangling about him sorrowfully enough."

In short, in whatever direction we may extend our researches into the history of the past, whether into court calendars, or books of costumes, or galleries of art, we shall find that the two sexes, to use the epithet of the Greek father, are equally *philocosmic;* that the propensity for dress is by no means an exclusively feminine trait, but that the love of finery, and even of frippery, has manifested itself just as strongly in man as in woman, with this difference only, that he, having in his person a less worthy object on which to bestow it, has generally made himself the more uncouth and ridiculous of the twain. It is true that at the present day man seems contented with a certain sobriety, not to say monotony, in his raiment; but this proves, not that the passion for dress is deadened in his mind, but simply that by centuries of humiliating experience he has finally learned that Nature never implanted it there to be exercised on himself. "The comeliness of clothes depends upon the comeliness of the body." And inasmuch as woman is made "exceedingly fair," she possesses, as it were, a natural adaptation to an elegant wardrobe. It is ancillary to her; she is entitled to it by her constitution. In the language of that most accomplished gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, "she doth apparel her apparel, and with the preciousness of her body maketh it most sumptuous." The winning grace and radiant beauty of woman's form suggest the finest fabrics for its embellishment. She dresses for two, and negligence in her attire is a wrong done not to herself alone. Clarissa Harlowe, even in her lowest estate, was punctilious in her apparel, not from personal vanity, but because, as she said, "My father always loved to see me fine."

Thus far we have spoken only of vanity as a motive in dress, and chiefly for the purpose of correcting the prejudice which would regard this passion as peculiar to woman, — a misconception that seems strange enough when we remember that the word *dandy* is masculine, and has no feminine equivalent; and we venture to affirm that the gayest belle of the ball-room was never more vain of her attire than was Beau Brummel of the

famous "waterfall-tie" of immaculate cambric which flowed twice around his neck and then poured its white cascades into the flower-garden of his gold-embroidered waistcoat. But to attribute dress to mere vanity in either sex is to take a conventional, though very superficial, view of the subject. It is a poor philosophy that can find in this strong and universal proclivity of human nature nothing but an empty ostentation.

The æsthetic value of clothes depends upon the delicacy of our sense of touch, and upon the power of extending it beyond the limits of our own bodies. Every one knows that this is true of sight and hearing. It is obviously their office to bring near what is distant, — to go out (so to speak) on waves of light and of sound, and to return with information concerning remote objects. In the performance of this function lies their whole efficiency. The same is also true of the sense of tact, from which we really derive a great variety of knowledge usually attributed to sight. It tells us of the form, the size, and the distance of objects; for the eye, before it has been educated by touch, distinguishes only surface and color. The experience of the blind helps us to appreciate the worth and to understand the nature of this sense; since man is originally endowed with reserve forces, of which he is only half conscious till some accident of life calls them into activity. He who is born blind can comprehend how men see only by regarding the eye as an organ to which a ray of light bears the same relation that a stick does to the hand. To him sight is merely a more refined species of tact; he thinks of the thing seen as touching the eye, just as a thing felt touches the skin. Oculists have observed the perplexing and painful effects of this illusion. One of the most skilful projectors of highways in a rugged district of England was a blind engineer, who obtained all his topographical information by means of a long pole. Indeed, so fine does this sense become, that it takes cognizance of things through the medium of aerial vibrations. Professor Saunderson of the University of Cambridge, who lost his sight when he was only a year old, could feel an object passing before his face, though at some distance, and determine its form and magnitude with wonderful exactness. He could also tell the size and shape of a room the moment he entered it. Doubtless we pos-

sess other supplemental senses which might be so improved as to become substitutes for sight. It would not be impossible to arrange an alphabet of odors, so that a man might scent out his knowledge. In such a case, that much-abused member, the nose, might become the chief organ of intellectual communication.

But we need not appeal to any abnormal condition of man in order to show the importance of the sense of tact. The growth of civilization and the progress of the race depend upon it. "Man," says Carlyle, "is a tool-using animal." This is a precise and comprehensive definition, since on the one hand it excludes every lower order of animals, and on the other includes all stages of human savagery and enlightenment. Man is the only creature on the planet that employs implements for the attainment of his purposes. Feeblest and most helpless of bipeds at his birth, he devises tools; "with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him, he kneads glowing iron as if it were soft paste, seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do we find him without tools. Without tools, he is nothing; with tools, he is all." But the capability of using implements depends not only upon the muscular strength of the arms and hands, but chiefly upon the fineness of our sense of touch, combined with an extraordinary ease and accuracy in the association of ideas, by which we are enabled to extend this sense beyond our bodies, and receive impressions from objects with which we do not come directly into contact, so that the implement becomes, for the time, a part of ourselves, a new organ. Thus the blind man's staff is a prolongation of his arm; and, by a beneficent illusion, his sense of touch is concentrated in the end of the stick with which he feels his way. The same is true of the surgeon's probe, wherewith he detects the presence of a bullet or any other foreign substance in a wound, just as effectually as though he could put his finger on it. So with the pen of the writer, where it comes in contact with the surface of the paper; likewise with the pencil of the painter, not only does he feel it where it touches the canvas, but his sense permeates every particle

of it, so that he is even conscious of that slight curvature which all elastic implements receive under the pressure of the hand in using them; and with the knife and fork, not only do we feel the handles in our grasp, but also the blade and tines, as they penetrate what we are cutting. The knitter, too, with every motion of the knitting-needle, feels the yarn as it is looped around it, just as truly as though it were wound around her own finger: without this consciousness it would not be possible for her to form a single stitch. Also in sewing, the sense of touch is present in the very point of the needle, which the seamstress feels as it presses against the heavy cloth, pushes it out to a vertex, and then penetrates it with a sudden puncture; she is likewise conscious of the slight bending of the needle under this pressure. So the wood-chopper not only feels the vibration of the helve after the blow, but also the hissing incision of the sharp steel edge into the sappy wood: it is this sensation that constitutes a great part of the pleasure which the work affords him.

This delicacy of the sense of touch, upon which depends so much of our knowledge as well as of our power over physical nature, is most perfectly developed in the hand, and especially in the tips of the fingers; it belongs, however, in different degrees of susceptibility, to the whole surface of the body. If, for example, we step on an object, we obtain at once an idea of its form, size, solidity, and elasticity. Stone steps convey entirely different impressions from those produced by wooden stairs or the rounds of a ladder. Likewise, when we come against a horizontal pole, in the dark, we can tell, by an immediate sensation, whether the pole is fastened at one end, or at both ends; and also whether we have come in contact with it near the end which is free, or near that which is fixed. The knowledge in this case is imparted directly by the tactual sense, and not by any ratiocinative process. We do not affirm that the soul, like an electric fluid, goes out on these objects, and thus takes cognizance of them in all their relations. We speak of facts, without entering into a physiological or psychological explanation of them, which would be foreign to our present purpose. Indeed, it matters not whether

this feeling be a reality or an illusion: enough that it is universal.*

To this same delicate intensiveness and extensiveness of the sense of touch, upon which depend man's power of using tools, and consequently his capability of being civilized, is to be referred also the pleasure which he takes in dress. Of course, in this discussion, we make no allusion to the useful offices which clothes perform, in concealing and protecting the person, but consider solely their æsthetic worth and the connection which they have with the inner life. The idea of mere physical comfort and commodity does not here come into the account. We do not, as is commonly supposed, bestow care upon our wardrobe for the simple gratification of vanity, for the sake of being admired by others; but it is to amplify and beautify our own individuality, to extend and ennoble our personal existence. Clothes are not mere hulls or *exuviæ*, but in their use become a sensitive tissue of organic filaments, in which a fine nervous circulation is kept up. They are real adjuncts of the wearer, and bear to him the relation not only of contiguity, but also of continuity. They are not to be regarded as things hanging upon or floating about him, with no closer connection; else the "human form divine," instead of being dignified by them, would be degraded to a clothes-horse, or to a lay-figure for the exhibition of dry goods.

The true philosophy of dress may be elucidated by a few simple experiments. Take a pole of uniform thickness, and lay it horizontally across the palm of the hand. If it be perfectly at rest, we shall feel only the weight of the pole; but if it be disturbed, or if the centre of gravity be not in the middle of the hand, so that the pole tips and is constantly tending to fall, and a slight though continued muscular effort is required to keep it in a horizontal position, then we obtain at once a clear conception of its length. If, now, we set the pole endwise on the tip of the finger, so long as it stands perfectly perpendicular, we feel only its weight; but as soon as it inclines, and the upper end is thrown out of the centre of gravity, "even in the estimation of

* For a full and clear metaphysical elucidation of this topic, see the chapter entitled *Die Menschliche Sinnlichkeit*, in Lotze's *Mikrokosmus*, Vol. II. p. 168.

a hair," making a slight movement of the hand necessary in order to keep it in an upright position, then we feel its height, and immediately receive an idea of the distance of the free movable end from the resting-point on the finger. Again, if we take a thread, with a ball attached to the lower end, and hold it perpendicularly in a state of rest, we shall be sensible only of the weight of the ball. If, however, we swing it in a horizontal plane, so that the thread by its movement is brought into contact with a series of nerve-points in the tips of the fingers, our knowledge is at once greatly enlarged, — we get a conception of the length of the thread, the weight of the ball, the radius of the circle which it describes, and the velocity with which it moves through the periphery of this circle. The same principle may be illustrated by pressing the finger on the bottom of a bowl, or of any other hollow vessel; then let this bowl be struck, and we shall be able to determine, by an immediate sensation, the direction in which the blow tended to move it, the distance of the point struck from the end of the finger, the size of the vessel, as well as the hardness and elasticity of the material of which it is made. Like results would be obtained by inverting the bowl, and poising it on the finger.

It would lead us too far from our present purpose to elaborate any philosophical theory of these phenomena. The simple fact is, that whenever any object comes in contact with any part of our bodies, immediately our personal consciousness is, as it were, extended into that object, permeating it, and there arises the feeling of a prolongation or amplification of our own self. The application of this principle to clothes is obvious. We see it illustrated most strikingly in the various coverings for the head: the flaring aigrets of the Orientals, the huge coiffures of the Roman ladies satirized by Juvenal, *la fontange altière* which Boileau ridiculed, the stately tower of lace with which every rustic beauty of Normandy still aspires to crown her head, the famous Elizabethan hat, rising like the "shaft of a steeple," and surmounted by lofty plumes, and that gay, flaunting head-gear called "the tire-valiant," which Falstaff thought was so becoming to the arched brow of Mistress Ford. Indeed, every covering for the head, when re-

duced to its simplest elements, is nothing more than the perpendicular pole of which mention has already been made: its worth, i. e. the pleasure that it affords, depends upon its height, its form, and especially upon the manner in which it is worn. A tall hat, set perfectly perpendicular on the head, gives to the wearer only a sense of its weight. In order to get the full benefit of it, we must adjust it at a greater or less inclination, so that the centre of gravity shall be thrown without the base. The equilibrium being thus disturbed, the hat has a constant tendency to fall, and must be kept in position by a slight muscular effort at the point where it comes in contact with the head. Thus worn, the head-dress is something more than a mere protection against atmospherical accidents; it is the summit of pride and the climax of emotion. The African chief who wore upon his dusky brow

> "The round
> And top of sovereignty,"

in the form of a long tin can, picked up as a waif on the seashore, and labelled "concentrated gravy," no doubt was more kingly in his thoughts with this "likeness of a kingly crown" upon his head.

The Indian warrior, who dresses his head with long, stiff feathers, does not thereby seek merely to terrify the enemy, but also to increase his own estimation of himself. He identifies himself with the lofty appendage, and not only *seems*, but actually *feels*, more formidable by reason of this majestic prolongation of his personality. The civilized soldier fosters a like feeling by means of the tall helmet, the glittering crest, the nodding plume, and the huge fabric of bear-skin which towers above the head of the grenadier. The object of these is certainly not protection, since in modern warfare they are rather a real source of danger. And indeed, dress, like all the other fine arts,* originated, not in the physical necessities, but in the spiritual wants of mankind. The first care of the primitive man, in this respect, was not comfort, but decoration. The tattoo is the oldest kind of raiment;

* See the North American Review for October, 1866, Art. "The Philosophy of the Fine Arts."

and the process of putting it on is painful. The end sought after, in this aboriginal vesture made up of punctures and paint, was neither warmth nor decency, but simply ornament; and that, too, not merely for the purpose of gratifying vanity by an appeal to the eyes of fellow-barbarians, but as a means of strengthening and intensifying the consciousness of worth in the wearer himself.

What has been said of coverings for the head is also true of encasings for the feet. Boot-heels are miniature stilts. We feel the pressure of one end against the foot, and of the other end against the earth; and thus, at every step, we realize the whole distance between these two points. Thus we actually add to our stature. In the ancient drama, the buskin gave heroic dignity to the character, and was associated with high tragedy; whereas the sock was the synonyme of low comedy. And the present generation of young ladies in high-heeled bootees walk through the world with much greater assurance than their mothers and grandmothers did in flat-soled slippers.

On the principle of the experiment with the ball and string are to be explained all drapery, flowing robes, and fluttering ornaments. We have an illustration of this in the sports of a child, who attaches to his person a long train or tail, which drags at some distance behind him, and affords a pleasurable sensation by its contact with the ground; and when, as he runs, it rises and flaps in the air, he is conscious of every vibration, even to the remote end. For the child the enjoyment is the same as if his being had been really prolonged in that direction by the development of a new organ. The modes of dress reducible to the principle of the ball and string are peculiarly feminine, and capable of a highly poetic and ideal refinement. Herein has the toilet art in all ages attained its greatest perfection. Nature herself has furnished a model in adorning the head with long, flowing hair, in surrounding "the seat of reason" with this wavy mass, which can be piled up into towers, or rolled on "rats," or allowed to float in ringlets, or flow in waterfalls; in short, can be combed, puffed, plaited, curled, twisted, frizzled, crimped, braided, and knotted so as to afford

the greatest variety of sensations. It is remarkable how states of the mind make free with the hair. Fear sets it on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Courage and energy crisp it like wire, manly frankness lifts it from the clear forehead, and baseness combs it down and crops it across the low brow by "instinctive logic of correspondencies." It also marks certain stages in the growth of races, as seen in the woolly fleece of the prolific and young-blooded African, and in the lank and drooping locks of the decaying tribes of our aborigines. Long hair, which St. Paul styles a shame to man but the glory of woman, is, at the same time, with her a powerful weapon for good or for evil, — the most formidable of all

"The warlike things
That make up beauty's magazines."

It preserves this talismanic influence through all transformations, from the sunny curls of childhood to the snowy hairs of age. In no part of her toilet does a lady more unmistakably, though perhaps unconsciously, reveal her character, than in her coiffure. Her idiosyncrasies will peep out through her tresses. Besides, the distinctive habiliments of the sexes are predetermined in the hair, and descend from it. Its undulating luxuriance suggests the graceful folds of the robe, so that the entire costume is really only a continuation of the *chevelure*.

In obedience to this hint of Nature, the maiden of the American forest or of the South Sea Islands decorates herself with drooping feathers and fringes, puts long pendents in her ears, or perhaps, if a princess, suspends a pearl from her nose, and adorns her neck, wrists, and ankles with tinted shells and strings of coral, and a variegated wampum of beads and ivory and polished bones; whilst the young girl of civilized countries ornaments her person with fluttering ribbons and tassels, girdles, loops, chains with crosses attached, and other dangling paraphernalia, all productive of the most graceful effect. The floating veil, the flowing sleeve, the mantle, and the ample decorum of the skirt, derive their charm from the graceful illusion that in all these appendages and expansions a part of the existence and personality of the wearer waves and flutters with every breeze, rising and sinking in rhythmic sympathy with

every movement. This sensation is capable of extreme refinement by the use of lawns and laces, and those innumerable delicate textures which play such an important part in dress, considered as a fine art. To the same feeling are attributable also the various rejuvenating artifices of the toilet. The borrowed curls, the pencilled eyebrows, the ghastly enamelled skin,

> "The steely-prisoned shape,
> So oft made taper by constraint of tape,"

and all the cosmetic legerdemain by which declining age conjures away the ravages of time, are intended not so much to impose on others as to soothe the person thus embellished. When wrinkles begin to furrow the cheeks and crow-feet beleaguer the eyes, it is natural that a lady should wish to banish the painful thought that her youth is flown, and by a little rouge and powder seek to restore the rose and the lily, and cheat herself into the illusion that

> "'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

To a mother, indeed, such arts are unseemly; but to the fading spinster, whom adverse fate has grudged the happiness of seeing her youth renewed in any dearer image of herself, why should the captious scoffer deny this poor "surcease of sorrow"?

To the principle illustrated by the hollow vessel are to be referred all closely fitting garments and enveloping supports of the body, such as waistcoats, pantaloons, coats, corsets, and, on a smaller scale, bands and bracelets. The sole difference is, that, in the experiment, the vessel rested only on the tip of the finger, whereas these vestments come in contact with the body at many points. They produce, in a greater or less degree, the sensations of tension, firmness, inflexibility, concentrated and elastic strength; and the qualities which belong to the clothes we transfer to ourselves, and the imagination gives us credit for them as personal properties. With the fairer sex, however, this rigidity is modified, as we have already intimated, by those fine wavy and airy fabrics with which the maiden loves to encloud her form. The pleasure which these things afford her is purely subjective, and would be the same even if

there were not an eye in the world to admire their gracefulness. They appeal immediately to her consciousness; in the phraseology of the Schoolmen, the *circa quam* and the *in qua* are one and the same. This sense of manliness is excited in the boy, on that gala-day of his existence when his long clothes become short, and he puts on his first trousers; and it is still further intensified by fastening them under his boots with straps, although even this adjustment falls below his ideal, and he looks forward to the time when he shall wear an iron armor or a panoply of steel, in which he imagines himself absolutely invincible.

It is thus that apparel develops in us new graces and new powers. These woven integuments in which we are encased become a part of ourselves, living tissues, a body round the body. Every fibre in our raiment, like every hair on our head, carries a streamlet of our life. *Kleider machen Leute*, is a maxim of far broader significance than Herr Rabener ever dreamed of. Milton may sing of a poetic Paradise, where our great progenitors were free from

> "These troublesome disguises which we wear";

but the truth is, that, without these "disguises," there could have been neither valor in man nor modesty in woman. They are not only envelopes of the body, but also emanations of the soul. The Adamitic fanaticism of the fifteenth century was not a return to angelic innocence, but a relapse into primitive brutishness. As regards his consciousness, the man and his clothes are one. The spirit of the prophet was in the prophet's mantle, and the healing virtue of our Saviour extended even to the hem of his garment which the woman touched.

It is striking to observe how many phrases in daily use have reference to this feeling: to be *clothed* with authority, with beauty, or with curses; to wear "a cloak of maliciousness," or to *palliate* a crime; the manners and customs of a people are reflected in their *costumes* or characteristics of dress, and, according to Paley, "man is a bundle of *habits*," all his high spiritual functions being summed up in this one word savoring of broadcloth and the sartorial goose. Language itself is the vesture of thought, and metaphors are the holiday attire. The human

body is only the flesh-garment of the soul; and in Goethe's sublime drama, the spirit evoked by Faust tells him that nature is but an ever-changing web, the living and visible vestment of God woven in the roaring loom of time. We cite these common forms of speech to show how intimate and almost organic is the connection between the creature and his clothes, and how this relation is unconsciously recognized even by those who may have never thought of their garments otherwise than as adventitious wrappages to protect them against the inclemencies of the seasons.

> "À la mode Kleider, à la mode Sinnen;
> Wie sich's wandelt aussen, wandelt sich's auch innen,"

wrote Frederic von Logau more than two centuries ago. Not that the mind is always shaped by the clothes, (although to dress a child like a monkey or a motley fool must be detrimental to its impressible character,) but that the inner is expressed by the outer; or, as old Polonius says in his paternal advice to Laertes, "the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Individual, national, and sectarian eccentricities are very liable to crop out in the habiliments. The romantic and courtly chivalry of the Middle Ages is as clearly seen in costume as in art and poetry. Especially by symbolical colors were represented all phases of feeling, — the green of budding hope, the yellow of reciprocated affection, the red of passionate love, the white of purity, the blue of constancy, and the black of grief and mourning. By a skilful blending of these colors, the hero or the victim of love was enabled to publish the whole history of his passion. Thus an intermixture of green and black would tell how his tender hope had been "nipped in the bud." Not only did he wear "his heart upon his sleeve," but his whole raiment was variegated with his emotions. The *tout ensemble* of his toilet was an erotic poem. Others, more susceptible to family pride than to a sentimental passion, blazoned their garments with their coats of arms, and walked abroad as living books of heraldry, "known and read of all men." To this whimsical custom Heine wittily alludes in the following lines: —

> "Das mahnt an das Mittelalter so schön,
> An Edelknechte und Knappen,
> Die in dem Herzen getragen die Treu'
> And auf dem Hintern ihr Wappen."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Custom of the Country" (Act II. Sc. 3), Rutilio says to his brother Arnoldo,

> "Sure you should not be
> Without a neat historical shirt."*

That smocks were also embellished in the same way is evident from "The City Match" of Jasper Mayne, in which this poetic chaplain to Charles II. thus describes the "hollie worke" of a lady's wardrobe: —

> "She works religious petticoats; for flowers
> She 'll make church-histories; her needle doth
> So sanctify my cushionets! besides,
> My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
> And are so learned, that I fear in time
> All my apparel will be quoted by
> Some pure instructor."

It was also common to adorn the habiliments with riddles and rebuses, so that every man presented himself in society as a conundrum to be guessed, and women became more enigmatical than ever. A notable instance of this kind was Bernhard Rohrbach, a fashionable lion of the fourteenth century. On his cap he wore a silver scorpion with four V's, and on his right leg a similar scorpion with four M's, by which combination he meant to express the following sentiment, *Mich Mühet Mannich Mal Unglück Untreu Und Unfall.* The same mediæval dandy informs us in his diary that one sleeve of his coat was embroidered with six pounds of silver thread.

The Protestantism of the sixteenth century is represented in the slashed party-colored *Pluderhosen* of the German *Landsknecht*, as well as in the theses which Luther nailed on the doors of the Wittenberg cathedral. Throughout all Europe the new doctrine was identified with voluminous bag-breeches of the most variegated hues,† which continued to be the pre-

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* A shirt adorned with worked or woven figures, generally illustrating historical themes.

† A single pair of these fantastic trousers often contained two hundred yards of silk, so that when a troop of *Landsknechte* marched by, it was like the noise of many waters, or, as an old writer observes, "Like the river Elbe rushing over a dam." The princes were very hostile to this costume, and endeavored to make it disreputable by clothing hangmen in it; and it is related of Joachim II. of Brandenburg, that at church, in the midst of an imposing service, he cut the girdle of a nobleman, and

vailing mode till during the latter half of the century, when the political and religious ascendency of Spain not only put the minds of men in a strait-jacket, but also invested their bodies with the narrowest, stiffest, and dreariest of costumes. With the seventeenth century came a reaction, and a return to freedom both in dogmas and dress, which during the Thirty Years' War degenerated into extreme license, until in 1650 the French resumed the place which they had occupied three hundred years before,* as the legislators of fashion. This was the age of Louis XIV. and of perukes. The whole civilization of the epoch is rococo, of which Le Nostre is the genius, and Versailles, Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau, Meudon, and Chantilly are the monuments. It is the Flora of the Renaissance run wild, as the subsequent period of the queue is the same Flora dried and pressed in an herbarium.† Around these two articles of dress — the periwig and the pigtail — cluster the art, the poetry, and the culture of Europe during more than a hundred and fifty years. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The concussion of the French Revolution broke up all routine in thought and dress, and men ceased to associate

> "Wisdom with periwigs, with cassocks grace,
> Courage with swords, gentility with lace."

But not only do peculiarities of costume serve to distinguish great historical periods, but they also indicate the idiosyncrasies of individuals within narrower circles. When Mr. Smirke, the curate, "cut off his coat-collar, and let his hair grow over his back," it was evident that the tide of his thoughts was setting Romeward, and that his affections had been taken in the snare of the Scarlet Woman. Eccentricities of opinion on religious or social questions are quite sure to show themselves in apparel. On the other hand, the love of fashion is a safety-valve for many internal forces, which other-

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thus let his bulky "inexpressibles" all down about his heels, to the great amusement of the spectators.

* From 1350 to 1415, when Burgundy took the leadership, and dictated the dress of Europe till 1480.

† The queue, or *Zopf*, is of German origin, and was invented by Frederick William I. of Prussia. It superseded the periwig in the same year (1720) in which that monarch acquired the province of Pomerania, and founded the royal residence of Potsdam.

wise might explode very destructively to social continuity and comfort. The leader of the *ton* seldom clamors much about her political rights, or searches very deeply into the grounds of her religious faith; whereas the women of those sects which are restricted in dress are apt to amplify in other spheres. The Quakeress may be narrow in her skirts, but as a compensation she will be "very large in the ministry." The fiercest controversy now raging in the bosom of the Anglican Establishment is about — clothes. The whole Church is agitated by a question of clerical millinery. At this very moment thousands of rational men and women pin the eternal hopes of mankind to this holy haberdashery. Perhaps the pious fervor of many would wax cold, and a multitude of illusions be dissipated, if by historical inquiry it were shown from what a lowly origin these ecclesiastical vestments have been raised to their present sacred associations, through what centuries of foulest muck they have been draggled, and how many spiders and unclean beetles have successively tenanted their folds. The alb is only a *white* shirt, and the mysterious chasuble is derived from the slang term by which the Roman peasant designated his smock-frock worn on a rainy day over his coat, and encasing him like a little house or *casula*,* just as a hat is metaphorically called a *tile*.

The office of drapery in art is an obvious corollary of the principles which we have set forth in this paper. Only so far as dress springs from and illustrates character can it be admitted to the realm of art. If our apparel originate in physical necessities, then there can be no greater absurdity than a draped statue. The true use of drapery is not to conceal, but to repeat in a more fluent material the flowing outlines of the human form. It is to the body what the clouds are to the sun, — hiding it from view, but at the same time reflecting its brightness, and augmenting its beauty a thousand-fold. It is only by drapery that the grace and dignity of the figure can be fully expressed. Compare the gentle and harmonious undulations in which Praxiteles has clothed the Venus of Cos, with the heavy and majestic folds that shroud the statue of Juno

* "Quasi minor casa, eo quod totum hominem tegat." — Isidorus.

Lucina, and we see how drapery, so far from obscuring the beauty or grandeur of the form, coalesces with it to a common effect. The truth is, garments are as natural to man as feathers are to birds. The former spring from the constructive faculties of the mind, as the latter do from the constructive forces of the body; and as the organic energies of the mind are higher and more comprehensive than those of the body, so human clothes are more free and various than animal clothes. The fine tact of the human skin is a better defence than the tough hide of the pachyderm, or the impenetrable mail of the armadillo. Each of the lower animals is by its structure predestined to a certain zone or habitat. Man modifies his organization by raiment, and thereby adapts himself to the burning of the line, or the freezing of the pole. His cosmopolitism depends upon his clothes. It is an observation of Wilkinson, that under the tropics, where the climate tends to blacken and thicken the skin, white and thin garments are worn; whereas the inhabitant of temperate or frigid regions wraps himself in dark and heavy woollen fabrics. Thus clothing comes in as a supplemental force to preserve the equilibrium between man and nature. Clothes, like arts, manners, laws, and everything that beautifies our earthly estate, are but new creations and broader extensions of our human nature. The vestures of the spirit are immortal, like the spirit itself. The Ancient of Days has "a waistcoat of white wool"; "fine linen is the righteousness of saints"; and the promise for all is of "garments that wax not old."

ART. VII. — *Life and Letters of John Winthrop, from his Embarkation for New England in* 1630, *with the Charter and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, to his Death in* 1649. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. 8vo. pp. xii. and 478.

WHEN the first volume of Mr. Winthrop's memoir of his distinguished ancestor was published, three years ago, we took occasion to express our high appreciation of his diligence and fidelity as a biographer, and to trace at some length the personal history of Governor Winthrop, from his birth to his embarkation for New England. In resuming our narrative at the point where it was interrupted in our previous article,* we have again to recognize, at the outset, the interest and importance of the documents recently discovered among the Winthrop papers, and to bear renewed testimony to the clearness and candor uniformly exhibited by Mr. Winthrop in recording the various incidents of the Governor's public and private life, and in discussing the vexed questions with which it was occasionally necessary to deal. If his new volume is of inferior interest to its predecessor, it is only because the new material brought forward is less striking and characteristic than that which was contained in his first volume, and because there was not much more to be learned about Governor Winthrop's life in New England. The Governor's own journal, with Mr. Savage's invaluable notes and appendices, had made that subject familiar to every student of our Colonial history. It is mainly from this source that Mr. Winthrop has drawn his materials; but he has neglected no known source of information, and in the body of his work, or in the Appendix, he has incorporated many letters and other documents hitherto unpublished, and of much historical interest.

It was on the 10th of April, 1630, that Winthrop and his little company, in the Arbella and her three consorts, passed the Lizard, and, entering the open sea, bade a last farewell to their native land. The voyage was long and tedious; and it

* N. A. Review, No. CCII. Art. VI.

was not until Saturday, the 12th of June, that the Governor's ship came to anchor in the mouth of Salem Harbor. Three weeks afterward, the Talbot, in which was his second son, Henry, also arrived at Salem; and on the very day of the landing of this youth, says an old family record, cited in the volume before us, "he and the principal officers of the ship, walking out to a place now called, by the Salemites, Northfield, to view the Indian wigwams, they saw on the other side of the river a small canoe. He would have had one of the company swim over and fetch it, rather than walk several miles on foot, it being very hot weather: but none of the party could swim but himself; and so he plunged in, and, as he was swimming over, was taken with the cramp a few roods from the shore, and drowned." The death of his son, who is described by Hubbard as "a sprightly and hopeful young gentleman," was a severe blow to Winthrop, in the midst of the cares and anxieties with which he was burdened. "We have met with many sad and discomfortable things, as thou shalt hear after; and the Lord's hand hath been heavy upon myself in some very near to me," he wrote in the first letter to his wife. "My son Henry! my son Henry! ah, poor child! Yet it grieves me much more for my poor daughter. The Lord strengthen and comfort her heart, to bear this cross patiently. I know thou wilt not be wanting to her in this distress. Yet, for all these things, (I praise my God,) I am not discouraged; nor do I see cause to repent or despair of those good days here which will make amends for all."

Previously to his arrival there had been, beside the successful venture at Plymouth, several attempts to form settlements within the present limits of Massachusetts; but nearly all of them had come to naught, and only one, that at Naumkeag, or Salem, had attained a healthy existence. At the beginning of 1630, it is supposed, the whole number of persons in the Colony was about three hundred, of whom two thirds were settled at Salem, and the rest at Charlestown. The chief magistrate of these little communities was John Endicott, who acted under the authority of a commission, issued to him in the previous year, as "Governor of London's Plantation in the Massachusetts Bay in New England," and who was subordi-

nate to the "Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." It will be seen, therefore, that Endicott possessed only a delegated authority, for the proper exercise of which he was responsible to a superior power residing in England. By the election of Winthrop as successor to Cradock in the government of the Company, and his subsequent removal to this country in accordance with the terms of the memorable agreement at Cambridge, the whole system was changed, and a vigorous impulse was given to the great work of colonization. Seven or eight hundred persons came over in the ships which accompanied him, when the chief government of the Company was transferred from England to America, or which followed immediately afterward as a part of the same expedition, beside two or three hundred who came in ships not belonging to the Company's fleet; and, at a little later period, another thousand were added to the population, as the direct fruit of the important change which had been introduced in the management of the Colonial affairs. "Henceforth," as our author remarks, "instead of two or three hundred pioneer planters, thinly scattered around the Bay, looking to a Governor and Company across the wide and wintry ocean for their authority and instructions, two or three thousand inhabitants are to be seen, with a Governor and Legislature upon their own soil, and of their own selection; erecting houses, building ships, laying out villages and towns, establishing churches, schools, and even a college; and laying broad and deep the foundations of an independent republic."

Winthrop and a large part of his associates first established themselves at Charlestown, where "a great house" had been built in the previous year; and here the first Court of Assistants was held, on the 23d of August. The first question discussed was, "How the ministers shall be maintained"; and it was ordered, "that houses be built for them, with convenient speed, at the public charge," and that fixed salaries be paid to them. Charlestown did not, however, possess the advantages which were desirable in a place for permanent residence, as the new settlers "could finde but one spring, and that not to be come at but when the tide was downe"; and accordingly they determined to remove across the river to a place called by the

Indians Shawmut, where, as they were told, there was an excellent spring. "Whereupon," say the Charlestown Records, "after the death of Mr. Johnson and divers others, the Governor, with Mr. Wilson, and the greatest part of the church removed thither: whither also the frame of the Governor's house, in preparation at this town, was also (to the discontent of some) carried; where people began to build their houses against winter; and this place was called Boston." The exact date of Winthrop's removal is unknown; but it was probably in October, four or five weeks after the passage of the order that the name should be changed to Boston.* The change of residence appears to have been a very satisfactory one; and in his first letter to his wife from his new home, the third or fourth written from America, he says: "We are here in a paradise. Though we have not beef and mutton etc., yet (God be praised) we want them not; our Indian corn answers for all. Yet here is fowl and fish in great plenty." Nevertheless, the following winter was one of great hardship; and so early as the 5th of February, the Governor is described by Cotton Mather as distributing "the last handful of meal in the barrel unto a poor man distressed by the wolf at the door." On that very day, however, the ship Lion arrived, having on board Roger Williams and about two hundred tons of goods, "all in good condition," says Winthrop's journal; and on the 22d a day of Thanksgiving was held, "by order from the Governour and Council, directed to all the plantations." This, as Winthrop's biographer remarks, must have been the first regularly appointed Massachusetts Thanksgiving; and probably no festival of the kind has ever been celebrated with more grateful hearts.

Meanwhile, the Governor's wife and eldest son, with the younger members of the family, remained in England, preparing for their embarkation as soon as the necessary arrangements could be completed.†

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* Governor Winthrop's house was at the corner of Milk Street and Washington Street, near where the Old South Church now stands. The first two or three summers after his arrival were passed at Mistick; but afterward, it is believed, he resided wholly in Boston. Mistick, where he owned a farm known as the Ten Hills Farm, was within the present limits of Somerville, near Medford. It was here that the first vessel launched in Massachusetts was built.

† Beside the letters already printed in Mr. Savage's Appendix, Mr. Winthrop

While they were engaged in these preparations, the Governor's third son, Forth Winthrop, sickened and died. We know little of him, excepting from his own letters, several of which are printed for the first time in the volume before us; but he was evidently a young man of excellent promise, and warmly interested in the success of his father's undertaking. A letter from his cousin, Ursula Sherman, to whom he was engaged to be married, has also come down to our time, and is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. It shows that she was a woman in every way fitted to be the wife of such a man, and well merits the strong commendation which Mr. Savage bestowed on it in one of the notes to his edition of the History.* An undated letter from Margaret Winthrop, which was probably written in November or December, 1630, and is now printed for the first time, gives so graphic a picture of his last sickness, and is so characteristic of the writer, that we cannot refrain from citing it. It is addressed to John Winthrop, Jr., who was then in London.

"To my very loving sonne Mr. John Winthrop at Mr. Downings house in Fleete Streete neere the Conduit at the signe of the Bishop these deliver in London.

"LOVINGE SONNE, — I am sory I can not right to thee so cherefully as I should if God had not visited us with this stroke of my sonnes death. The thoughts of him doe so take up my minde, that I am not fit for other imployment. But it is the Lord that hath done it, & we must submit to his will. I did not expect the ende of his dayse had bine so neere; if I had I would have sent for you, to have taken your last leave of him. I thanke the Lord he dyed very comfortabley, and was all the time of his sicknes very well affected, and did use many good speaches to myselfe and others, that gave us assurance that he was the child of God, and that God had fitted him for himselfe. He told me the onely cause that he did desyre life for was that he mite gloryfy God, and spend those gifts which God had given him to better use then formerly he had done; with many promyses that if God did spare his life he would never folloe the vanytyes of this world. The

prints several characteristic letters from Mrs. Winthrop, John Winthrop the younger, and from other members of the family, which have never before been printed, and which are scarcely less interesting and suggestive than those contained in his first volume.

* "If our language can exhibit any letter of a female hand," are his words, "earlier in date than this, and more likely to be read with delight a thousand years after, it is not within my recollection."

day before he dyed he sayd that Sathan was busy with him to laye some sines to his charge; but the Lord gave him powre against him, so as he told me not many owres before his death, that his fayth was steadfast in God through Jesus Christ for his salvation.

"I will not saye any more of him at this tyme; the Lord give us grace to make good use of this afflicktion. I received thy loving letter by my brother Gostlinge and the things you sent this weeke, and I have nothinge but my thanks to returne to thee. I blesse God for the good nuse from N: E:. I send up Mr. Nuttalls bond by this bearer. My mother Clopton would entreate you that if you sell y^{or} brothers land hir cosin Hubbart may helpe you with a chapman for it, or if you let it he desyres to hire some part of it. I thinke longe to heare of my sister Downings recovery. I pray remember my love to them both, and all my cosins, and thus with my love and blessinge to thy selfe, desyringe the Lord to keepe thee, I rest

"Your assured lovinge mother

"MARGARET WINTHROPE.

"This sad time hath made me I have not spoke with M^{r} Le, but I doe not forgette it, but will at convenient time know what he will doe."

It was several months after this letter was written that Mrs. Winthrop embarked for America with the rest of her children, except Deane, who remained in England to complete his education. The voyage was even longer than her husband's, and was saddened by the death at sea of an infant daughter, who was born after the Governor left home. Among the passengers was the saintly John Eliot; and it was with more than the wonted demonstrations of joy and gratitude that the newcomers were received. As the Governor's family went on shore, a salute was fired from the ship; and "at their landing," says the History, "the captains, with their companies, entertained them with a guard, and divers vollies of shot, and three drakes; and divers of the Assistants, and most of the people of the near plantations, came to welcome them, and brought and sent, for divers days, great store of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, etc., so as the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England." A week afterward, on the 11th of November, a day of thanksgiving was kept at Boston; and Governor Bradford of Plymouth speedily took occasion to pay a visit of con-

gratulation to his "much honored and beloved friend." So great was the Governor's personal popularity at that time, and so cordially did the whole community sympathize with his private happiness.

But Winthrop was soon to learn how little reliance can be placed on the popular favor; and so early as the following April, only a year and a half after his arrival, we find the evidence of a personal difference between the Governor and the Deputy Governor, Thomas Dudley, which subsequently attained considerable importance, and enlisted numerous partisans. Nearly all that is now known about this early controversy is derived from Winthrop's own record; but it has been often and justly remarked, that his narrative has too many of the marks of candor and truthfulness to permit us to doubt its entire accuracy, or to suppose that the writer has, in any respect, failed to do justice to his opponents. It was natural, perhaps, that Dudley, who was a man of a strong will and many years older than the Governor, should be somewhat impatient under the inflexible administration of his superior; and that Winthrop, who felt the weight of heavy responsibility and saw how great was the effect of example, should freely express his disapprobation of everything which tended to weaken his authority or to breed discontent. The first public notice of the breach was the presentation to the Court, on the 3d of April, of a letter from Dudley resigning the offices of Deputy Governor and Assistant. The resignation was not accepted; and on the 1st of May a meeting was held at Winthrop's house in Boston to consider the subject. At this meeting hot words passed between the Governor and the Deputy Governor about a bargain which the latter had made with some poor members of the congregation, to whom he had agreed to sell seven bushels and a half of corn for ten bushels to be returned when the harvest was gathered. This the Governor and some others thought was oppressive, and an infraction of the law against usury; but Dudley maintained that it was lawful, and told the Governor "that, if he had thought he had sent for him to his house to give him such usage, he would not have come there; and that he never knew any man of understanding of other opinion; and that if the Governor thought otherwise of it, it was his weak-

ness." Exactly what Winthrop replied we are not informed; but afterward a question arose about the manner in which Dudley's house was built, the Governor having told him "that he did not well to bestow such cost about wainscotting and adorning his house, in the beginning of a plantation, both in regard of the necessity of public charges, and for example, etc." This matter and the other points of difference, however, appear to have been satisfactorily adjusted for a time; and at a General Court in the following week, Winthrop and Dudley were both elected to their old offices.

The reconciliation did not last long; and in August, the Deputy Governor being still dissatisfied, a conference was held at Charlestown by several of the principal persons in the Colony, at which both parties were present. After the conference had been opened with prayer, Dudley began his complaints, alleging as his first grievance "a breach of promise, both in the Governor and others, in not building at Newtown." After a protracted discussion, the ministers withdrew for consultation, and on their return they delivered an opinion partially condemning the Governor, and at the same time admitting that there were some extenuating circumstances; whereupon Winthrop, "professing himself willing to submit his own opinion to the judgment of so many wise and godly friends, acknowledged himself faulty." The afternoon session opened in a very unpromising manner, as both parties were much exasperated. Almost at the outset, "the Deputy rose up in great fury and passion," the History tells us, "and the Governor grew very hot also, so as they both fell into bitterness; but, by mediation of the mediators, they were soon pacified." Dudley then presented seven separate charges against Winthrop's administration of the public affairs, to each of which a satisfactory reply was given on the spot. No decision was pronounced at that time, and the conference broke up, after "commending the success of it by prayer to the Lord"; but subsequently the ministers ordered the Governor to procure a minister for Newtown, and to pay a portion of his salary; or, if he was not able to do this before the next spring, to give Dudley twenty pounds toward the expense which he had incurred in building there. About the same time Winthrop's daughter Mary was married

to Dudley's eldest son, and at a little later period a complete reconciliation was effected, — a reconciliation equally honorable to both parties.

At the election in May, 1634, a change was made in the office of Governor, and Dudley was chosen Winthrop's successor, apparently in deference to that principle of rotation in office of which we have heard so much in our time. Winthrop did not, however, retire from the public service, but was chosen one of the Board of Assistants, an office which he held for two years, until May, 1636, when he was chosen Deputy Governor. On his retirement from the chief-magistracy, a committee was appointed "to take an accompt of John Winthrop, Esq., for such commodities as he hath received of the common stock." The account which he rendered in pursuance of this order has come down to us, and is one of the most important and instructive documents of the period, both for the light which it throws on the character of our first Governor, and as an authentic picture of the actual condition of the Colony. By order of the Court, at its September session, this account was entered at length on the Colonial records, and it has been so often reprinted that it need not be inserted here. It is enough to say, that, whatever may have been the object in calling for an account, the statement which Winthrop presented is a full and conclusive vindication of his official conduct; and no one can read it without an increased feeling of respect for his character. The simple and heartfelt expression of his most cherished sentiments appears in these noble words at the end of his account: "In all these things I refer myself to the wisdom and justice of the Court, with this protestation, that it repenteth me not of my cost or labor bestowed in the service of this commonwealth; but do heartily bless the Lord our God that he hath pleased to honor me so far as to call for anything he hath bestowed upon me for the service of his church and people here, the prosperity whereof, and his gracious acceptance, shall be an abundant recompense to me."

A year after this account was rendered, several important persons joined the Colony. Of these the most distinguished was the younger Henry Vane, who soon afterward became one of Winthrop's most active rivals and opponents. Vane was at

that time only twenty-three; and, with the enthusiasm of youth and the zeal of an ardent temperament, he entered at once into all the petty jealousies and controversies of the new community. Admitted a member of the Boston church on the 1st of November, 1635, he speedily became one of the leaders of the party opposed to Winthrop, and so early as the following January he procured a meeting at Boston, ostensibly to bring about "a more firm and friendly uniting of minds, etc., especially of the said Mr. Dudley and Mr. Winthrop, as those upon whom the weight of the affairs did lie." After a statement by Vane of the professed object of the meeting, Winthrop rose, and, expressing his surprise at what he had heard, solemnly declared "that he knew not of any breach between his brother Dudley and himself, since they were reconciled long since." Dudley followed with a similar declaration, "that for his part he came thither a mere patient, not with any intent to charge his brother Winthrop with anything; for though there had been formerly some differences and breaches between them, yet they had been healed, and for his part he was not willing to renew them again." The Governor, Haynes, then stated some grounds of objection to the policy pursued by Winthrop, as being remiss in point of justice. To this Winthrop replied with a memorable declaration, which is the key to his whole character and conduct, and which can never be cited without calling forth a new tribute to his wisdom and moderation. "It was his judgment," he said, "that in the infancy of plantation, justice should be administered with more lenity than in a settled state, because then people were more apt to transgress, partly of ignorance of new laws and orders, partly through oppression of business and other straits; but if it might be made clear to him that it was an error, he would be ready to take up a stricter course." On the conclusion of Winthrop's speech, the ministers were requested to consider the subject, and to report the next morning; which they accordingly did, to the effect, "that strict discipline, both in criminal offences and in martial affairs, was more needful in plantations than in a settled state, as tending to the honor and safety of the Gospel." Under the weight of this opinion Winthrop acknowledged himself convinced, and avowed his intention of being more strict in future;

and thereupon fifteen articles were drawn up as a basis of reconciliation. The first of the articles provided, "that there should be more strictness used in civil government and military discipline"; and the last declared, that "all contempts against the Court, or any of the Magistrates, should be specially noted and punished."

In reading these rules, and the record of the discussions which led to them, no one, we think, can fail to agree with Mr. Savage, that, "though several principles of sound policy were established, the general result of the conference must be regretted." Mr. Winthrop points out in the volume before us an incident which happened only seven days previously, and which affords an instructive commentary on the whole transaction. On the 11th of January, the Governor and Assistants had met at Boston to consider about the case of Roger Williams, and had determined to send Captain Underhill to Salem to arrest him, and carry him on board a ship then lying at Nantasket, and ready to sail for England. We do not learn from Winthrop's journal what was his opinion of this order; but as he had always maintained kindly relations with Williams up to this time, and was afterward in frequent and friendly correspondence with him, it is not improbable that the "difference in judgment" which Vane alleged as the occasion of this memorable conference may have been exhibited in the case of Williams.

However this may have been, Vane was on the flood-tide of popularity; and at the next election, May 25, 1636, he was chosen Governor, and Winthrop Deputy Governor. His administration, as Mr. Upham well says in his excellent "Life of Sir Henry Vane," was "brief, stormy, and perplexing," and will be ever memorable in our annals for the great Antinomian Controversy, in which both Vane and Winthrop took so prominent a part, and which exceeded in violence every other controversy of the kind mentioned in our history. It had its origin in the teaching and influence of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, perhaps the ablest woman then in America, who had brought with her from England two opinions which our fathers regarded as very dangerous heresies; namely, that the Holy Spirit dwells in the heart of the believer, and that sanctification is no evi-

dence of justification. Shortly after her arrival, she had opened at her own house a weekly meeting, at which she discussed the sermon preached on the last Sunday, or at the Thursday Lecture. As similar meetings had already been held in Boston, and as she was known to be a woman of great learning, rare intellectual acuteness, and a ready wit, she soon attracted a numerous audience, and at one time so many as eighty of the principal women of the town and the neighborhood attended her lecture. As her opinions were gradually unfolded, parties began to be formed, and sharp things to be said on the one side or the other. Foremost among her supporters were Vane, Cotton, and her kinsman, Wheelwright; on the other side were Winthrop, Wilson, and the other ministers of the Colony. From the "two dangerous errors," as Winthrop called them, were deduced many other opinions deemed of fatal tendency; but it can scarcely be doubted that Mrs. Hutchinson's most grievous error was the opinion which she was believed to entertain of the great body of the ministers. "Briefly," said Hugh Peters, when she was on trial before the Court, "she told me there was a wide and broad difference between our brother Mr. Cotton and ourselves. I desired to know the difference. She answered, that he preaches the covenant of grace and you the covenant of works, and that you are not able ministers of the New Testament, and know no more than the Apostles did before the resurrection of Christ."

The first mention of Mrs. Hutchinson's obnoxious opinions in Winthrop's journal is under date of October 21, 1636, a little more than two years after her arrival; and a few pages afterward we have an account of a discussion in the Boston church growing out of the desire of some of the members to have Wheelwright appointed a teacher there. In this discussion Vane, Winthrop, Cotton, and Wheelwright were the principal speakers; and so great was Winthrop's interest in the matter, that he not only addressed the church on the subject, but the next day he delivered a long argument before the congregation, and afterward "wrote his mind fully," and sent it to Cotton. As time passed on, the controversy waxed hotter, and new matters of dispute arose. But we need not enter into the details of a subject already amply discussed by others, and on

which no new light is thrown by the recently discovered papers of Winthrop.

It was, however, while this controversy was raging, that he wrote the record of his "Christian Experience," to which reference was made in our former article. The immediate occasion of its preparation, and the feelings under which it was composed, are sufficiently shown by the following extract from one of his memorandum-books, bearing date December, 1636, and apparently referring to the discussion about the call to Mr. Wheelwright: —

"1636, 10ber.] Upon some differences in o^r Churche about the waye of the Spirit of God in the worke of Justif: myselfe dissentinge from the reste of the brethren, I had occasion to examine mine owne estate, wherein the Lord wrought marveylously upon my heart, revivinge my former peace & consolatiō w^th muche increase & better assurance then formerly; & in the middest of it (for it continued many dayes) he did one tyme darte a beame of wrathe into my soule, w^ch strucke me to the heart, but then the Lord Jesus shewed himselfe & stood betweene that wrathe & my soule. Oh how sweet was Chr^t then to my soule. I thought I never prized him before, I am sure never more, nor ever felt more need of him. Then I kept him close to my heart & could not parte w^th him. Oh how my heart opened to let him in. Oh how was I ravished w^th his love! my prayers could breathe nothinge but Christ & Love & mercye, w^ch continued with meltinge & teares night & daye."

In this document, which covers eight pages and a half of the volume before us, and is composed in the peculiar phraseology of the period and of the religious body to which Winthrop belonged, we have a curious and instructive picture of his inner life from his childhood to his fiftieth birthday. As it has never before been printed, we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity to cite a few passages. It begins: —

"In my youth I was very lewdly disposed, inclining unto & attempting (so far as my yeares enabled mee) all kind of wickednesse, except swearing & scorning religion, which I had no temptation unto in regard of my education. About ten years of age, I had some notions of God, for in some great frighting or danger, I have prayed unto God, & found manifest answer; the remembrance whereof many years after, made mee think that God did love mee, but it made mee no whit the better: After I was 12 yeares old, I began to have some more savor of Relig-

ion, & I thought I had more understanding in Divinity than many of my yeares; for in reading of some good books, I conceived, that I did know divers of those points before, though I knew not how I should come by such knowledge, (but since I perceived it was out of some logicall principles, whereby out of some things I could conclude others,) yet I was still very wild, & dissolute, & as years came on, my lusts grew stronger, but yet under some restraint of my naturall reason; whereby I had the command of myself, that I could turne into any form. I would, as occasion required, write letters etc. of meer vanity; & if occasion were, I could write others of savoury & Godly counsell."

Of his youth and college life he gives an equally unfavorable account; but after his marriage there was a marked improvement.

"Now I began to come under strong exercises of conscience, (yet by fits only). I could no longer dally with religion. God put my soule to sad tasks sometimes, which yet the flesh would shake off, & outwear still. I had withal many sweet invitations, which I would willingly have entertained, but the flesh would not give up her interest. The merciful Lord would not thus bee answered, but notwithstanding all my stubbornnesse & unkind rejections of mercy, hee left me not till he had overcome my heart to give up itself to him, & to bid farewell to all the world, & until my heart could answer, 'Lord! what wilt thou have mee doe?'

"Now came I to some peace & comfort in God & in his wayes, my chief delight was therein. I loved a Christian & the very ground hee went upon. I honoured a faythful minister in my heart & could have kissed his feet: Now I grew full of zeal (which outranne my knowledge & carried mee sometimes beyond my calling), & very liberall to any good work. I had an unsatiable thirst after the word of God & could not misse a good sermon, though many miles off, especially of such as did search deep into the conscience. I had also a great striving in my heart to draw others to God. It pitied my heart to see men so little to regard their soules, & to despise that happiness which I knew to be better than all the world besides, which stirred mee up to take any opportunity to draw men to God, & by successe in my endeavors I took much encouragement hereunto. But these affections were not constant, but very unsettled. By these occasions I grew to bee of some note for religion (which did not a little puff mee up) & divers would come to mee for advice in cases of conscience;— & if I heard of any that were in trouble of mind I usually went to comfort them; so that upon the bent of my spirit this way & the success I

found of my endeavours, I gave up myself to the study of Divinity, & intended to enter into the ministry, if my friends had not diverted me."

But this calmness and peace of mind did not last. His inward struggles were again renewed, until at length he was brought to perceive "the difference between the covenant of grace and the covenant of works."

"I was now about 30 yrs of age, & now was the time come that the Lord would reveale Christ unto mee, whom I had long desired, but not so earnestly as since I came to see more clearly into the covenant of free grace. First therefore hee laid a sore affliction upon me wherein he laid me lower in myne own eyes than at any time before, & showed mee the emptiness of all my guifts & parts; left mee neither power nor will, so as I became as a weaned child. I could now no more look at what I had been or what I had done, nor be discontented for want of strength or assurance, mine eyes were only upon his free mercy in Jesus Christ. I knew I was worthy of nothing, for I knew I could do nothing for him or for myself. I could only mourn, & weep to think of free mercy to such a vile wretch as I was. Though I had no power to apply it yet I felt comfort in it. I did not long continue in this estate, but the good spirit of the Lord breathed upon my soule, & said I should live. Then every promise I thought upon held forth Christ unto me, saying, I am thy salvation. Now could my soul close with Christ, & rest there with sweet content, so ravished with his love, as I desired nothing, nor feared anything, but was filled with joy unspeakable & glorious, & with a spirit of adoption. Not that I could pray with more fervency or more enlargement of heart than sometimes before, but I could now cry, My Father, with more confidence. Meethought this condition & that frame of heart which I had after, was in respect of the former like the reign of Solomon, free, peaceable, prosperous, & glorious, the other, more like that of Ahaz, full of troubles, fears & abasements. And the more I grew thus acquainted with the spirit of God, the more were my corruptions mortifyed & the new man quickened. The world, the flesh, & Satan, were for a time silent, I heard not of them: but they would not leave mee so. This Estate lasted a good time, (divers months,) but not always alike, but if my comfort & joy slackened awhile, yet my peace continued, & it would returne with advantage. I was now growne familiar with the Lord Jesus Christ, he would oft tell mee he loved mee. I did not doubt to believe him. If I went abroad, he went with me, when I returned, he came home with mee. I talked with him upon the way, he lay down with me, & usually I did awake with him. Now I could go into any

company & not lose him: &, so sweet was his love to me, as I desired nothing but him in Heaven or Earth."

From this state also there was a gradual decline; and then came "continuall conflicts between the flesh & the Spirit, & sometimes with Satan himself, (which I have more discerned of late than I did formerly); many falls I have had, & have lyen long under some, yet never quite forsaken of the Lord." He ends by a reference to the recent controversies in the Boston church, to which he ascribes a fresh awakening of his conscience, and which opened a new era in his religious life.

"The Doctrine of free justification, lately taught here, took me in as drowsy a condition, as I had been in (to my remembrance) these twenty years, & brought me as low (in my own apprehension) as if the whole work had been to begin anew. But when the voice of Peace came, I knew it to be the same that I had been acquainted with before, though it did not speak so loud nor in that measure of joy that I had felt sometimes. Only this I found, that I had defiled the white garments of the Lord Jesus. That of justification in undervaluing the riches of the Lord Jesus Christ & his free grace, & setting up Idols in mine own heart, some of them made of his silver, & of his gold; & that other garment of sanctification by many foul spots which God's people might take notice of, & yet the inward spots were fouler than those.

"The Lord Jesus who (of his own free grace) hath washed my soul in the blood of the everlasting covenant, wash away all those spots also in his good time.

"Amen, even so doe, Lord Jesus.

"JOHN WINTHROP.

"The 12th of the 11th month, 1636.
in the 49th year of my age just compleat."

These extracts show how thorough were Winthrop's habits of self-examination, and that he did not enter on this memorable controversy without an adequate understanding of the points at issue. There are many persons at the present day who are inclined to condemn the course pursued by the Magistrates and ministers in dealing with Mrs. Hutchinson; but no one can doubt the depth and sincerity of Winthrop's convictions, and if it be thought that he sometimes passed the limits of that moderation and impartiality which it was his duty to observe, yet it must be admitted that his conduct at her trial was in honorable contrast with that of most of his associates.

In this great controversy, Governor Vane and the party of Mrs. Hutchinson were warmly sustained by a large majority of the Boston church, while Winthrop and his friends had their chief support in the conntry towns; and so fiercely did the controversy rage, that it was determined in March that the next Court of Elections should be held at Newtown, instead of Boston, which had been regarded heretofore as the best place for such purposes. Accordingly, on the 17th of May, 1637, the Court was held at Newtown; and, after a considerable wrangling over a petition from Boston for the revocation of the sentence of the General Court against Mr. Wheelwright, Winthrop was chosen Governor, Dudley Deputy Governor, and "Mr. Vane, Mr. Coddington, and Mr. Dummer (being all of that faction) were left quite out."

It was on this exciting and memorable occasion that one of our Boston ministers, Wilson, made the first "stump speech" of which there is any account in American history; for Hutchinson tells us, that in his zeal "he got up on the bough of a tree (it was hot weather, and the election, like that of Parliament men for the counties in England, was carried on in the field), and there made a speech, advising the people to look to their Charter, and to consider the present work of the day."

It was probably while absent from home in the midst of these political agitations and conflicts that Winthrop wrote the following characteristic letter to his wife, which is among the hitherto unpublished letters in the volume before us: —

"ffor Mrs. Winthrop at Boston.

"Deare [*torn*], — I am still detayned from thee, but it is by the Lord, who hath a greater interest in me than thy selfe, when his worke is donne he will restore me to thee againe to o^r^ mutuall comfort: Amen. I thanke thee for thy sweet Lre: my heart was w^th^ thee to have written to thee everye daye, but businesse would not permitt me. I suppose thou hearest much newes from hence: it may be, some grievous to thee: but be not troubled, I assure thee thinges goe well, & they must needs doe so, for God is w^th^ us & thou shalt see a happy issue. I hope to be w^th^ thee to morrowe & a frende or 2: I suppose. So I kisse my sweet wife & rest

"Thine "Jo: Winthrop.

"This 6: daye."

Shortly afterward he became involved in a new controversy with Vane, in consequence of the publication of a Defence of the Order of the Court "that none should be received to inhabite within this Jurisdiction but such as should be allowed by some of the Magistrates." In this remarkable document Winthrop gave a clear though brief statement of his views as to the fundamental rights on which the commonwealth was based, maintaining that, "if we heere be a corporation established by free consent, if the place of our cohabitation be our owne, then no man hath right to come into us, &c. without our consent," that "if no man hath right to our lands, our government, priviledges, &c. but by our consent, then it is reason we should take notice of them before we conferre any such upon them," and "if we are bound to keep off whatsoever appears to tend to our ruine or damage, then may we lawfully refuse to receive such whose dispositions suite not with ours and whose society (we know) will be hurtfull to us." To this statement Vane replied at considerable length, denying Winthrop's premises, and asserting that the Massachusetts law was "most wicked and sinful." Winthrop's answer was of even greater length, but added no new arguments of importance; and not long afterward Vane returned to England, to gain there a more honorable record than he had left in America.

The departure of Vane produced no lull in the greater controversy about the covenant of grace and the covenant of works; and two months afterward, in November, 1637, it reached its culmination in the trial and banishment of Mrs. Hutchinson, and the disfranchisement or disarming of her principal adherents, to the number of about seventy persons. A pretty full report of her trial has come down to us, and is printed in the Appendix to the second volume of Governor Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts. Winthrop presided, and took a prominent part in the investigation. His course must be pronounced moderate, if we compare it with the flaming zeal of Hugh Peters and Deputy-Governor Dudley. The trial lasted two days, and ended in the only way in which it was possible, under the circumstances, for it to end, — in a sentence which is thus recorded in our Colony Records: — "Mrs. Hutchinson, the wife of Mr. William Hutchinson, being convicted for traducing the

ministers and their ministry in this country, she declared voluntarily her revelations for her ground, and that she should be delivered, and the Court ruined with their posterity, and thereupon was banished, and the mean while was committed to Mr. Joseph Weld until the Court shall dispose of her." Only two members of the Court, William Coddington and William Colburn, both of Boston, voted against this sentence; and one other, William Jennison, a Deputy from Ipswich, declined to vote on either side, offering to give his reasons for this refusal.*

Though Winthrop's course had been marked by far greater moderation than was exhibited by many of the members of the Court, he did not escape censure from a considerable party in the Boston church, who "were earnest with the elders to have him called to account for it." On hearing of this purpose he took an early opportunity to address the congregation, partly in vindication of his own conduct, but mainly in denial of the pretended right of the church to call the Magistrates to account for acts done by them in their official capacity; and at the same time he wrote an elaborate and well-reasoned essay to prove "that a Church hath not power to call any Civill Magistrate to give Account of his Juditiall proceedings in any Court of Civill Justice; and what the Church may doe in such Causes." A letter of friendly rebuke to Coddington and others who had signed the remonstrance against the acts of the Court was the last document which Winthrop prepared in connection with this painful controversy; and it is pleasant to turn from the records of these fierce contentions to a hitherto unpublished letter from Winthrop to his wife, which was written early in this very session of the Court.

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* Though the course pursued by the Court in dealing with Mrs. Hutchinson cannot be in all respects defended, it must be conceded that Winthrop and many of his associates were actuated by a stern sense of duty, and that her conduct had been such as to justify, if it did not demand, exemplary punishment. It is certain that the continuance of her lecture was a standing peril to the new commonwealth, and that the Magistrates had a perfect right to abate it as a public nuisance; but her theological opinions and "revelations" were matters which hardly fell legitimately under their cognizance. The considerations which may be urged in defence of the Magistrates are stated with great clearness and force in the learned and eloquent pages of Dr. Palfrey's "History of New England."

"ffor Mrs. Winthrop at her house in Boston.

"SWEET HEART, — I was unwillingly hinderd from cōminge to thee, nor am I like to see thee before the last daye of this weeke: therefore I shall want a band or 2: & cuffes. I pray thee also send me 6: or 7: leaves of Tobacco dried & powdred. Have care of thy selfe this colde weather, & speak to the folkes to keepe the goates well out of the Garden; & if my brother Peter hath not fetched away the sheep ramme, let them looke him up & give him meate, the green pease in the Garden &c are good for him: If any lettres be come for me send them by this bearer. I will trouble thee no further, the Lorde blesse & keepe thee my sweet wife & all o.r familye: & send us a comfortable meetinge, so I kisse thee & love thee ever & rest

"Thy faithfull husband, "JO: WINTHROP.

"This 6th of the 9th, 1637."

The next subject of importance which claimed Winthrop's attention was an imperative order issued by the Lords Commissioners for Foreign Plantations, and directed to him, or to any other person in whose custody the patent might be, commanding him to send over to England the charter under which the government was then administered. On receiving this order he consulted the General Court, and it was very wisely decided that "a letter should be written by the Governor, in the name of the Court, to excuse our not sending of it; for it was resolved to be best not to send it, because then such of our friends and others in England would conceive it to be surrendered; and thereupon we should be bound to receive such a Governor, and such orders as should be sent to us." The letter which he wrote in accordance with this decision was a frank and manly statement of the evils likely to arise from a compliance with this order, without a hearing on the charges presented against the Colony, and an humble petition that they might still be allowed to live under the protection they had hitherto enjoyed. Some further attempts were made to resume the charter, but the growing troubles in England prevented any energetic action for this purpose; and the venerable parchment which Winthrop's policy had preserved still remains in the archives of the Commonwealth.

Passing over the next four years, which are chiefly memorable in Winthrop's history for the almost total loss of his prop-

erty in England, we come to one of the most famous controversies in our early history, — the protracted dispute about "the stray sow and the negative voice." The story in brief is as follows. Captain Keayne, who was somewhat notorious in the early annals of Boston for his sharp practices in trade, had found a stray sow. Like a good citizen he caused it to be cried several times, without discovering the owner; but about a year or more afterward it was claimed by the wife of Richard Sherman, who had lost such an animal. The matter was accordingly brought before the elders of the church, who acquitted Captain Keayne. Not satisfied with this decision, Mrs. Sherman next commenced an action against the Captain in the inferior court of Boston, where he was again cleared, and the jury awarded him three pounds for his costs. Thereupon he commenced an action for slander against Mrs. Sherman and one Story, with whom she lived "in a suspicious way" during her husband's absence in England, and recovered damages to the amount of twenty pounds from each of them. Smarting under this penalty, Story next brought the subject before the General Court by a petition in Sherman's name to have the cause heard again, which was granted; "and the best part of seven days," says Winthrop in his journal, "were spent in examining of witnesses and debating of the cause; and yet it was not determined, for there being nine Magistrates and thirty Deputies, no sentence could by law pass without the greater number of both, which neither plaintiff nor defendant had, for there were for the plaintiff two Magistrates and fifteen Deputies, and for the defendant seven Magistrates and eight Deputies. The other seven Deputies stood doubtful." This result created great dissatisfaction; and as Keayne was in very ill repute in the community, the opposite party did not scruple to cast grave aspersions on the Court, and especially the Magistrates, asserting "that their negative voice had hindered the course of justice, and that these Magistrates must be put out, that the power of the negative voice might be taken away."

The dispute which grew out of this petty affair had now assumed gigantic proportions, and, as Mr. Savage says in his Genealogical Dictionary, "shook the Colony that year and the next to its foundations." Impressed with the gravity of

the circumstances, Winthrop drew up and published a "breviate" of the case, designed to show what were the real facts, and to vindicate the course pursued by the Magistrates. This paper did not, however, produce the desired effect; and it was not until another year had passed, and several additional tracts had been published on the one side or the other, that the subject was finally set at rest in March, 1644, six or seven years after the beginning of the strife, by the adoption of an order of the General Court to the effect that in future the Magistrates and Deputies should sit and deliberate as separate bodies, that each body should have the right to originate all laws, and that no measure should be adopted without the concurrent action of both. "This order," says Winthrop in his journal, "determined the great contention about the negative voice," and laid the foundation, we may add, of that system of two co-ordinate branches in one legislative body, which has been one of the main safeguards of American liberty.

During a considerable part of the period covered by this memorable controversy, John Winthrop, Jr. was in England, whither he had gone in August, 1641, to congratulate the Parliament on its recent successes, and to satisfy the creditors of the Colony about the causes of the delay in the payment of the debts due in England. While he was abroad his mother wrote to him the following letter, — charming in its spirit and simplicity, — which is the last production of her pen that has come down to us.

"To my good Sonne Mr. John Winthrop, Jr., in London.

"Loving Sonne, — Your long abcence gives me opertunytye of manyfestinge my love to you, w^{ch} I have too much neglected by the former shippes, expectinge yo^{r} desyred presence longe before this time; but we must wayt still, till God see good to let us enjoy you. I have sent my sonne Stephen to despach some businesse w^{ch} he wil acquaint you with, and I hope we shall, in God's time, see you both to our comfort. Your wife thinkes longe for your cominge, yet it pleseth God to help hir to beare it prety cherfully; hir little boye is so mery that it puteth away many a sad thought from his mother. When I thinke of the trublesome times and manyfolde destractions that are in our native Contrye I thinke we doe not pryse our happinesse heare as we have cause, that we should be in peace when so many troubles are in most

places of the world. I wish we ware more sensible of the calamityes of others that we myte crye the more mytylye to God for them. I have no ocasion of businese to troble you with; I received a box with some aparel, and I doe thanke you for your care. My brother rote me word he woulde paye for them, I pray let Mr. Sm[ith] send him his bill, if he have not; and thus desyringe the Lord to preserve you in these perylous tymes, I commend my best affections to you & rest,

"Your loving mother

"Boston, 8^{ber} 10: 1642." "MAR: WINTHROP.

In May, 1643, Winthrop was chosen Governor for the ninth time, and in the course of the same year he took an influential part in forming that old New England Confederation, which has been justly described as the pattern for all the unions or confederations since established on this continent. A little while afterward the infant commonwealth was greatly scandalized by the kindly reception accorded by Winthrop and his fellow Magistrates to La Tour, a Frenchman and a Catholic, who had arrived at Boston, and asked their assistance in the further prosecution of his voyage, which had been hindered by D'Aulnay, his old rival and enemy. Like so many other subjects of contention in those early days, this matter created a lively commotion throughout the Colony, and Winthrop's ready pen and voice found sufficient employment in defending the course which it had been thought best to adopt. To the first acts of the Magistrates, indeed, there was really no well-founded objection; but their subsequent proceedings undoubtedly involved a violation of the neutrality of the Colony, and were productive of serious difficulties. It was partly owing, perhaps, to this controversy, and partly to the discussions of the next year, that Winthrop was induced to prepare and publish an essay on the nature of government, in which he set forth his own political views and principles at length. The original draft of this document is among the papers discovered at New London, and is printed in full in the Appendix to the volume before us. It is too long for citation here; but it will well repay a careful examination by every one who would understand the principles on which the Massachusetts Colony was founded, and by which Winthrop himself was uniformly guided. It did not, however, escape severe criticism at the time, and some of Winthrop's opponents

having obtained a copy, a committee of the Deputies was appointed to examine it. This committee reported that several parts of it were "pernicious and dangerous," and their report was then sent up to the Magistrates for their assent; but it does not appear that any action was taken on the subject, and it is probable that the matter was suffered to drop.

At any rate, its importance was speedily overshadowed by the commotion which grew out of the double election of a train-band captain at Hingham, and which led to what has sometimes been called the impeachment of Winthrop. In the discharge of his official duties he had committed to jail two of the most violent of the Hingham men, "for speaking untruths of the Magistrates in church," and thereupon the aggrieved parties petitioned the General Court for a hearing, alleging that some of them had been bound over, and others imprisoned by some of the Magistrates, "for words spoken concerning the power of the General Court, and their liberties, and the liberties of the church." The Deputies granted the petition, and sent up a vote to that effect to the Magistrates, who "returned answer that they were willing the cause should be heard, so as the petitioners would name the Magistrates whom they intended, and the matters they would lay to their charge, etc." Winthrop was accordingly singled out, and two of the petitioners undertook to conduct the prosecution. At first the Magistrates demurred to the trial, from a fear that it might be prejudicial to the authority and reputation of the Court; but Winthrop was desirous that there should be a public hearing, "knowing well," he says, "how much himself and the other Magistrates did suffer in the cause, through the slanderous reports wherewith the Deputies and the country about had been possessed." On the appointed day the Court assembled in the meeting-house in Boston, a great crowd being present. When Winthrop came in with the other Magistrates, instead of taking his seat on the bench, he "placed himself beneath within the bar, and sat uncovered." After the petitioners had stated their grievances, he rose, and, pointing out the irregularity of the proceedings, avowed his willingness "to make answer to the particular charges, to the end that the truth of the case and of all proceedings thereupon might appear." The examination was then

opened, and was continued for nearly two months, with only a week's intermission. At length the Magistrates voted, — "1. That the petition was false and scandalous; 2. That those that were bound over, &c., and others that were parties to the disturbance at Hingham, were all offenders, though in different degrees; 3. That they and the petitioners were to be censured; 4. That the Deputy Governor ought to be acquit and righted." The Deputies were willing to accede to each of these propositions excepting the third, with which they would not concur; and finally the matter was adjusted by a mutual agreement that the Deputy Governor should be "legally and publicly acquit of all that was laid to his charge," and that "the chief petitioners and the rest of the offenders" should be severally fined and assessed for the costs of the Court. Accordingly, on the 3d of July, "after the lecture, the Magistrates and Deputies took their places in the meeting-house, and the people being come together, and the Deputy Governor placing himself within the bar, as at the time of the hearing, etc., the Governor read the sentence of the Court, without speaking any more, for the Deputies had (by importunity) obtained a promise of silence from the Magistrates. Then was the Deputy Governor desired by the Court to go up and take his place again upon the bench, which he did accordingly, and the Court being about to arise, he desired leave for a little speech."

The speech which he then delivered was alike worthy of the place and of the occasion, and exhibited throughout the characteristic magnanimity of the speaker. He began by saying that he did not intend to reopen the inquiry which had just been closed, or to speak of any of the persons concerned in it, while he blessed God that there was at length an end of it. "I also acknowledge the justice of the Court," he added, "and, for mine own part, I am well satisfied I was publicly charged, and I am publicly and legally acquitted, which is all I did expect or desire." This was enough for his justification before men, but not enough for his justification before God, and he had abundant reason to be humble; "for to be publicly and criminally charged in this Court is matter of humiliation, (and I desire to make a right use of it,) notwithstanding I be thus

acquitted." He then proceeded to speak on the great questions which had agitated the country in regard to the authority of the Magistrates and the liberty of the people; and he reminded his audience, "It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it. . . . . The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our best skill." Next he spoke of the twofold liberty which men enjoy, natural and civil or moral, pointing out the difference between the two kinds, and telling them that the latter kind "is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be." And he concluded by drawing some practical lessons from the principles which he had thus laid down.

The decision of the Court was confirmed by the popular voice, and at the next election Winthrop was again chosen Governor, which office he continued to hold until his death, about three years afterward. These years were not among the least eventful in Winthrop's life, but we must pass rapidly over the incidents by which their course was marked. On the 14th of June, 1647, he experienced the heaviest loss which had yet befallen him, in the sudden death of his admirable wife, whose virtues must ever insure for her a foremost place among the women of America. Her husband records her death in his journal in the following simple and impressive words: "14, (4.) In this sickness the Governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age: a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and specially beloved and honored of all the country." Our readers will not be sorry to see also a letter written by her son, Stephen Winthrop, immediately after he had heard of her death. The letter is dated from Reigate, in England, whither he had returned the year before.

"To his much honored ffather Jo: Winthrop Esq., Governor of ye Massachusetts these in New: England.

"Sr,—I received yours by my wife who (through God his goodnes) is safly arrived heere wth her litle ones, for all wch mercy I desire I may be found answerably thankfull: We heard before of my Deare Mothers departure; wch was very sad tidings to me: & my losse was as much in it, as any Sonnes could be in a Mother: but I know God calls me to submission: & to drawe more nearer to himselfe: whose providence over us is instead of all relations: or interest in him beinge only durable, ye consideration whereof quiets my spirit: & yt wch accompanied this sadd tidings, (as if this had not beene more than nature could have submitted quietly unto) was ye relation of yor owne sadd & dangerous Sickness; but seeing it pleased God yet to continue you to us, I shall say no more of yt: but rejoyce in Gods mercy & admire his Wisdome in yt he afflicteth not but by measure, & will not lay more upon us then we are able to beare. Sir, it saddens me when I thinke of ye remotenes from you, & ye rest of my ffrends wth you, & I question not but providence will so worke yt I may see yor fface againe: though I see a cleere providence likewise at present in my stay heere, & I find God ownes me in my Imploymt: but my thoughts worke much toward N: E: & if I see a call of God I shall be very ready to obay it. This Kingdome is in a very unsettled condition, & it is wonder all falls not in peices in one day: but at prsent I cannot give you so particular an acct of it as I would because some occation hinders me from being at London this six weeks: & ye Shipp I understand is goeing: for wch reason I shall write to fewe; nor about any buisnes, but desire you to remembr me to all or ffrends, & so earnestly beggeing yor prayers & blessings I rest

"Sir, Yor most Obeedient
"Sonne,
"Steph: Winthrop.

"Rigat: 2 March 47.

"Sir,—I thancke you for my Mother's Ring & Bible you were pleased to send me; my wife is at ye Downes wth hir brother at this time, I suppose she will prsent hir Duty to you in a Letter hir selfe, ye shipp goeing yt way."

Winthrop's grief was profound and sincere; but he found it impossible to live long alone, and in the following December he married for his fourth wife Martha, a sister of Increase Nowell, and widow of Thomas Coytmore of Charlestown. He did not,

however, long enjoy the society of his new wife. Early in February, 1649, he caught a severe cold, which brought on a fever and cough, and for more than a month he was confined to his bed. As he grew weaker he seems to have become aware that his sickness was likely to prove fatal, and about the middle of March his son John Winthrop, Jr. was sent for, but he did not reach home until after the Governor's death. That event occurred on the 26th of March, 1649, and information of it was immediately communicated to the younger Winthrop in a letter written by Wilson, in a tone of mingled love and admiration for the late Governor, and signed also by Bellingham, Cotton, and John Clark. The funeral took place eight days afterward, and is said by Morton, in the "New England's Memorial," to have been conducted "with great solemnity and honor." He was buried in a tomb in King's Chapel burial-ground; and in the same tomb were afterward laid the mortal remains of his honored son, John Winthrop, Jr., and of two grandsons, Fitz-John Winthrop and Wait Still Winthrop.

"Nineteen years intervened between Winthrop's landing at Salem and his death," says his biographer. "During that period, he had seen the Boston, which he founded, grow to be a thriving and prosperous capital; and the state, of which he brought over the charter, extended by successive settlements over a wide territory, and represented, in its little legislature, by deputies from nearly thirty separate towns. Other colonies had planted themselves around Massachusetts, and a New England Confederation had been formed under his auspices. Free schools had been established, and a college incorporated and organized. Above all, religion had taken deep root in all the settlements; and churches were gathered wherever there was an adequate population. Few persons have lived in these later ages who could have appropriated to themselves more justly than John Winthrop could have done the lines of the old Roman poet, which may have been familiar to him in the schools, —

> 'Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi:
> Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
> Urbem præclaram statui; mea mœnia vidi.'

"But, while he labored so long and so faithfully for the welfare of his fellow-men, he looked higher than to any self-applause, or any human applause, for his reward. Though he spent his strength and his sub-

stance in building up a city and a state of earthly habitations, — sparing nothing for his family, and leaving but a single hundred pounds, out of his whole estate, to be the subject of an inventory at his death, — he was ever looking forward to a 'city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'"

In reviewing the life of Governor Winthrop, and attempting to estimate his character as it is exhibited to us in his public acts and his private correspondence, it is impossible not to recognize the elements of true greatness. Probably he was not a man of great intellectual force or originality of thought, as he was certainly not superior to several of his associates in learning and culture; but in the combination of qualities essential to the success of such an enterprise as that at the head of which he was placed, he surpassed them all. Like most of the men by whom he was accompanied, he was a person of deep religious principles and convictions; but in his religion there was nothing of narrowness or bitterness, and he was singularly free from those unamiable characteristics which in the next generation began to show themselves on our soil. He was firm and decided in his opinions, but those opinions were not extreme; and though he took part in all the religious controversies of the day, he is generally entitled to the praise of moderation. That he sometimes erred on the side of severity is doubtless true; but he is more often charged by his contemporaries with a too great lenity toward offenders. Justice and generosity, indeed, were happily blended in his character; and the well-known anecdote of the poor fellow who helped himself from the Governor's wood-pile is only one illustration of his natural bent.

To the depth and firmness of his religious convictions, tempered as they were by a natural moderation and generosity, he joined a moral purity and an integrity in his dealings with his associates and with the public which were above reproach. No breath of suspicion ever rested on his private life; and no public servant ever exhibited cleaner hands than did Winthrop when he was called on to render an account of the money which he had received and disbursed for the infant Colony. He was a faithful husband, an affectionate parent, and a steadfast friend, through all the vicissitudes of a long and checkered life. Mod-

erate in his opinions, he was not less temperate in his habits; and his own table afforded a fit example of wise economy without parsimony, while he never failed to exercise that hospitality which was incumbent on the first magistrate of a growing community. At the same time it was often necessary for him to draw on his private resources to defray the ordinary expenses of the government, and to neglect his own interests in a watchful regard for the general welfare. After a long and successful administration of our public affairs, he died a poor man.

These qualities lay at the very root of his character, and without them no one could have placed so broad and deep the foundations of such a commonwealth as our forefathers sought to establish here. They were united, however, with an organizing and executive ability scarcely less essential to success. He was a wise and prudent legislator, as well as an upright magistrate. His studies and his experience at home had made him familiar with the laws of England and with the principles of equity on which all laws should be founded; and both in act and speech he showed the fruits of this previous education. The laws which were enacted while he was our foremost man, and the decisions which he pronounced, were based on much sounder principles, and are far less obnoxious to criticism, than those which are met with at a later period, and in some of the other Colonies. The policy which he advocated was in its main features broad, liberal, and judicious. Never yielding to popular clamor, and always accustomed to habits of rigid self-examination, he was at once firm and modest in the discharge of his public duties.

In his business habits he was orderly and methodical, though much of his private fortune was lost through the dishonesty of his bailiff in England, and the want of care on his own part. His "History of New-England" affords many striking proofs of the systematic manner in which he was accustomed to execute any undertaking to which he gave his personal attention, and of his sleepless devotion to the public interest. As a writer he was uniformly clear and concise; and the few fragments of his oratory which have been preserved are scarcely less remarkable than his writings for their directness and their

freedom from exaggeration. They have much of that strong Scriptural phraseology which was in favor with his fellow-religionists; and though they are sometimes tinctured with the superstition of the age, a sterling common-sense is their most marked characteristic.

It was essential to the establishment of the Pilgrim commonwealth that the leader of the enterprise should possess such a character as we have endeavored to portray; and it is one of the crowning glories of English Independency, that, when the time came for the great emigration, such a man was ready to guide it to a triumphant success, — a man thoroughly informed with its spirit, and earnestly devoted to the prosecution of its work.

ART. VIII. — *The Election of Representatives Parliamentary and Municipal. A Treatise by* THOMAS HARE, ESQ. Third Edition. London: Longman. 1865.

THE constant and apparently irresistible tendency of modern society towards democracy, which is now witnessed throughout Christendom, has banished from the minds of even the most conservative Europeans all hope of successful resistance to the movement. The expectations which were excited by the secession of the Southern States on anti-democratic grounds have been rudely destroyed by the result of the war, and the course of events in Italy and Germany has naturally tended to strengthen the impression already widely diffused, that we are witnessing the last days even of constitutional monarchies, and that the next century will probably see the whole Western world ruled by a numerical majority, exercising its power either through the medium of one man or of an elected assembly. Some of the acutest political thinkers of the day are, accordingly, busily occupied in making preparations for the coming flood. Some, such as Mr. Robert Lowe, propose simply to dam up the torrent, making the barrier as strong as possible, and leave the rest to Providence. Others believe that, by a judicious arrangement

of aqueducts, it can not only be prevented from doing any damage, but can be converted into a fertilizing agent of great value. The earlier croakers over the progress of democracy, of whom it may be said, without disrespect, that M. de Tocqueville was the chief, gave up the struggle in despair, and, while deeply impressed with the evils which the government of the majority would, in their opinion, bring on the countries in which it might be established, saw no way of meeting them, and comforted themselves with the reflection that God would take care of society in his own way and at his own time. De Tocqueville did not believe that civil liberty would in any country exist very long without an aristocracy to protect it. But for an aristocracy he knew of no substitute.

The liberals of the present day are not so faint-hearted, and have produced various devices, more or less complicated, for preventing the majority, whenever it comes to rule, from having everything its own way. The theory on which these contrivances are generally based is that society is divided into classes, and that the natural state of these classes, like that of Hobbes's men, is one of war; that the largest class will, if left to work its will, inevitably eat up the others; that no moral or legal considerations will have the slightest effect in restraining it, if it is once allowed to get hold of power. They therefore propose, before extending the suffrage, to secure for each class under the constitution a certain share of power, which will enable it to hold its own against the other classes. In other words, the minority is to be protected by the constitution, but what is to protect the constitution we have never seen clearly explained. What the majority would do, in what manner and to what extent it would tyrannize, has never, we believe, been clearly set forth, even by those who are most afraid of it. Lord Macaulay hinted, in his brilliant though not very weighty attack on James Mill and the utilitarians, and more recently declared openly in a letter to a friend in this country, his belief that this tyranny of numbers would take the shape of wholesale robbery of the rich, either by means of simple confiscation or of heavy discriminating taxation. Others, again, seem to confine it to the legal or moral enforcement of certain standards of propriety in dress, manners, or opinions. Mr.

J. S. Mill's apprehensions seem to run in this direction, but he at most only anticipates what some of the Tories consider actually begun.*

Foremost amongst those who have undertaken the task of fortifying society against the majority stands Mr. Thomas Hare, an English barrister, who has now for some years devoted himself with great energy and enthusiasm to the task of devising a scheme which he thinks would not only deprive democracy of all its terrors, but would bring the representative system out of its present rude condition, as near to perfection as the vices and weaknesses of human nature will permit. The plan has attracted a great deal of attention in other countries as well as in England, and is urged upon public notice by the author himself with remarkable persistence. It has also secured the cordial approval of many political philosophers of high standing, such as Mr. J. S. Mill, who are certainly not enemies of democracy.

Mr. Hare's scheme, stripped of details, is an arrangement by which all shades of political opinion would be represented in the legislature, instead of, as now, only one or two sets of opinions. He proposes that, the number of the electoral body having been ascertained, members should be apportioned to it, in the same way that representatives are apportioned to population in this country. The total number of the electors having been divided by the number of members, the quotient are to elect a member, without any regard either to his or their place of residence. All territorial divisions, such as districts or counties, and all corporate bodies, such as boroughs, disappear under this system; numbers only, irrespective of place, are represented. For instance, Wendell Phillips can at present represent nobody in Congress or the State Legislature except the inhabitants of the district in which he is domiciled; and as the majority of

* We remember reading an article in the Quarterly Review, in 1861, on the social condition of the United States, in which the writer, by way of illustrating the kind of rule the rule of the majority is, mentioned, as "a fact" of which he happened to have personal knowledge, the case of a wealthy man in Boston who had put up a very fine lamp over his front door. "The many," believing this lamp to be an indication of a desire on the part of the owner to exalt himself above his fellows, at once sent a committee to him to request him to remove it, which he immediately did!

these are not of his way of thinking, there is no chance of his representing anybody at all. Under Mr. Hare's system, however, anybody in any part of the State or Union might vote for him, and if the sum total of the votes he received equalled the quotient required for each representative, he would have a seat. The machinery by which the plan is to be made to work is rather complicated, but its leading features are simple enough. Each candidate has to give notice beforehand to the proper officer of his intention to "run," paying, say $250, as a guaranty of his good faith. The list of candidates thus registered is duly published before the election, and printed copies provided to voters on application. In making out the list, precedence is given to those who have served already. The voter, before depositing his ballot, erases the names of anybody he pleases, and indicates by figures or otherwise the order in which he wishes to vote for the others; that is to say, if, on coming to count the votes, it is found that the first candidate has already received the requisite number, the vote is passed to the credit of the next in order on the ticket; if he has received the requisite number, then to the next; and so on, until one is reached, if any there be, whose quotient is still not made up. In this way every body of persons, however peculiar or unpopular their opinions, who could in the whole community muster in a certain force, would have at least one representative to speak for them in the legislature. If, for instance, — there being one representative apportioned to every one hundred thousand voters, — the Abolitionists, or any other sect, could collect that number of votes anywhere from Maine to California, they would have one voice in the House of Representatives, and their member they might find where they pleased.

What would be gained by this is readily seen. The minority under the present system is represented, but not nearly in proportion to its numbers. In most districts the minority is absolutely unrepresented. For instance, if the minority were fairly represented in the Fortieth Congress, the Democrats would send about two fifths of the members; as it is, they do not send one tenth, and the House of Representatives, consequently, although it represents the majority, does not fairly reflect the popular sentiment. In so far as Mr. Hare's plan

would make the representative system more symmetrical, make congresses and parliaments more real and complete representatives of the whole people, and of all varieties of opinion and feeling, it has our hearty approval. That all opinions have a right to legal expression, as far as is practicable, there is no denying. Of course it would not be practicable, or even desirable, to represent the opinions of single individuals, or of small knots of individuals. That all legislatures would be improved by being made, what they are not at present, centres at which all the currents of the national life, all the popular impulses, aspirations, prejudices, and crotchets even, if you will, would meet, originate, mingle, or at least modify each other by collision, is also certain. Let a minority be ever so weak, the majority cannot but be the better for hearing what it has to say for itself. There would be instruction even in its own exposition of its follies. And let it be ever so pig-headed, it could hardly fail to have its range of vision widened by being brought into recognized official contact with its opponents in the legislature.

But the main question is, after all, not whether Mr. Hare's plan, or any other, would make the representative system more logical, or give the minority a more conspicuous field in which to fight its battles or tell the story of its wrongs, but whether such a plan would furnish the minority with any, even an incomplete, protection against what is called "the tyranny of the majority." What the nature of that tyranny would be which the minority would suffer from it, more than the majority has suffered from the tyranny of the minority in all countries, has, strange as it may seem, never been explained to us. That it would be something peculiarly odious and vexatious may be safely inferred, however, from the character which is given of the majority by its enemies. We propose to show that, if the majority in a popular government is disposed to tyrannize, there is no way of preventing it except by the use of force; and, moreover, that, in the long run, a majority which has had the courage and ability to gain power without resorting to violence, or by organized violence simply, is no more likely to tyrannize, and does not tyrannize, any more than any other body of men in whose hands the absolute sovereignty of a country

is lodged. The very arguments which Mr. Hare brings forward to show the necessity of his plan, and the dreadful consequences likely to result from the failure to adopt it, or something like it, proves that, for all practical purposes, it would be in no respect an improvement on the written constitutions of American States. These the majority of Englishmen, we know, do not consider, or at least talk as if they did not consider, of any value whatever, inasmuch as the majority make them, and can of course unmake them. Mr. Hare's scheme has no virtue of its own in it. It must rely for all its efficacy, like every other constitutional arrangement, on the virtue and self-restraint of those possessing the real sovereignty.

Mr. Hare, however, labors under the difficulty by which most European writers are beset, of being unable to conceive of a state of society in which there would be no force or authority outside of the popular will, — no point on which to rest the machinery necessary to keep the majority in check. And yet it is only in such a society that his plan would be needed. If there were a power outside the majority strong enough to see that his plan was carried out, and that the rights of the minority to representation were respected, the same power could protect the minority without representation. In any country in which the minority are in danger of oppression, no law or constitution can have any weight except what it derives from the sanction of the majority. But according to Mr. Hare and those who agree with him, the sanction of the majority could not be expected for anything which promised to impede the gratification of its passions. If the majority be what Tories and even many Liberals describe it to be, all attempts to keep it within bounds by mechanical arrangements must be as futile as trying to control a Bengal tiger by moral suasion. Supposing the majority to be — what the opponents of universal suffrage insist that it must be — unscrupulous, reckless, unreflecting, and needy; supposing Macaulay's division of society — the only one which he considered permanent and universal — to exist in a democratic country, the poor and the rich, would the poor be restrained from plundering the rich, which they would be sure to want to do, by the presence in the legislative chamber or constitutional convention of a few

wealthy men defending their own interests by denunciation or argument or entreaty? Would the poor be likely, in fact, supposing the rich men to prove an annoyance or hindrance, to allow them to stay there? Suppose they drove them out and restored the electoral divisions, to what tribunal would Mr. Hare have his minority apply for redress?

Or suppose another division of society, also a real one, into the ignorant and intelligent, or, more accurately, into the unlettered and the educated, — say, into laborers, mechanics, and small shopkeepers on the one side, and professional and cultivated men on the other. Suppose the former of these classes — of course the larger — to be what Mr. Hare will tell you it is sure to be, — blinded by prejudice, swayed by passion, unreflecting and conceited, distrustful of everybody with more knowledge than itself, — would it be likely to be turned from its course by any speeches which Mr. Hare, or Lord Derby, or Mr. Gladstone, or any other representative of the learned minority, would be likely to deliver to it in the legislature? If the influence of these gentlemen was not sufficiently great out of doors to prevent the majority from hatching schemes hostile to property, or to high civilization, why should it be sufficient to arrest them by speeches to delegates chosen, as they would surely be, for the single purpose of carrying these schemes into effect? If the learned could exercise any such influence as this in the legislature, they could exercise it on the country; and, in fact, if the character of the majority were what we are assured it is, the minority would have to confine itself to appeals to posterity, or "eternal justice," or "eternal truth." But the majority would be hardly likely to be terrified into submission or retreat by weapons of this sort.

The remaining hypothesis which the friends of Mr. Hare's scheme have to offer, that its representatives, if they got into the legislature, would be able to defend their constituents by regular parliamentary tactics, it is hardly necessary to discuss. A minority which is so nearly equal to its opponents in numbers, and divided from them in opinions or in policy by so faint a line that it can fairly hope to win them over, or, in other words, take their places, and become the majority itself, can hardly be said to be in any danger of oppression, or need much sympathy

from political philosophers. At the last Pennsylvania election, for example, the minority numbered 285,000, the majority numbered 300,000. Now would any candid person believe that these 285,000 stood in any danger of oppression from the 300,000? that it would be possible for the latter to frame and carry any measure or series of measures into effect having for their object the spoliation or vexation of the 285,000? If any such thing were attempted, of course a thousand considerations would arise to carry over 15,000 or 20,000 of the majority to the other side; or if not, the resisting power of the minority would be so developed by vexation, or fear, or despair, that it would be more than a match for its necessarily less energetic or determined enemy. A large minority, then, one so nearly equal to the majority that it could hope to win in a regular parliamentary fight, does not need any bulwarks for its protection which it does not possess in abundance already. A small minority, on the other hand, which could not hope for victory in a regular parliamentary contest, might, in our opinion, for all practical purposes, be just as well unrepresented as represented, provided always that the press be free. Suppose it had been determined twenty years ago by the majority in the United States to gag the Abolitionists, — to condemn them to silence under pain of fine and imprisonment, — the latter numbering in all say one million; would the presence of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips in Congress, and of eight others like them, have offered any material obstacle to the passage of the measure?* They would no doubt have uttered some splendid and stirring protests against such tyranny, and we admit that such protests would not have been utterly thrown away. They would have been fine contributions to the literature of liberty and progress. But these protests could have been uttered with just as much effect out of doors, would have been heard just as widely, and would have produced just as great result. That the immediate result would have been very valuable, we do not assert; a majority, without conscience or scruples or

* It must again be remembered that we are not talking of a state of things such as exists in France, where the legislature is the only place in which speech is free, but of a democratic republic, to the existence of which for a single year free speech is an essential condition.

sense of decency, is not likely to be much influenced by the eloquence of its victims.

The assertion that, if the press be free, a small minority would, for all practical purposes, be just as well off unrepresented as represented, may at first sight seem a very bold one. But it is, on the showing of those who are most solicitous about the safety of the minority, strictly accurate. For the reasons already given, it cannot be pretended that their votes would accomplish anything, or that their speeches would have a weight in congress or parliament which elsewhere they could not have. Legislative debates are becoming every year in every country of less and less consequence. In the English Parliament debating powers are now of very little value compared with what they were fifty years ago. Votes are rarely changed by speeches. This may be said with still greater accuracy of debates in Congress. In the days when meetings were unknown, and when newspapers did not exist, or existed only to record the gossip of taverns and coffee-houses, the legislature was the only place in which a full and fair discussion of the merits of a policy or measure, by the best minds of the nation, could take place. It contained the *élite* of the population; the public behind it was comparatively ill-informed and unreflecting. But in our day the circumstances are totally changed; the multitude of books and periodicals is so great, that no question of morals or politics or religion can ever present itself without its being instantly analyzed, turned over, and examined in every possible light by thousands of writers, whose observations are laid before the whole public within a few hours of their appearance in print, and become the theme of discussion in every household. Everybody has something to say upon them, and says it with a knowledge of the facts and arguments which a century ago only very few could boast. The consequence is, that a measure of importance is rarely introduced into Congress until the principles on which it is based have received a thorough sifting at the hands of the public, and until every member of the legislature has read in his home every argument that can be produced for or against it. His speech in the House is simply a *pro forma* rehearsal of propositions with which everybody is familiar, and on which nearly

everybody's mind is made up. The other members are sure to have heard them, and to have come to a decision as to their value. Legislatures in our day are, therefore, rather machines for giving formal expression to the popular will, than real law-makers. The judgment is formed by the country, the legislature simply registers it. The latter performs one other function of great value, no doubt, but still of secondary importance, that of a school in which public men are trained in the transaction of public business, and in which an opportunity is afforded to the country of judging of what stuff they are made. But so far as the formation of public opinion and the fate of measures submitted to the legislature is concerned, the speech-making on the floor counts for very little.

It must be remembered we are not arguing against the probability of Mr. Hare's scheme improving the character of public men, or diminishing electoral corruption, or increasing the popular interest in politics, or lessening the violence of party feeling. It might do all of this and more, although there is something to us very singular in the simplicity with which, after showing that it is the vices and defects of human nature which render necessary his "perfect" system, as he does not hesitate to call it, he admits that it is, after all, on the virtue and self-restraint of these very sinful mortals that his system must depend for its success. It may be a great help to good government to have members represent unanimous "quotients," rather than discordant territorial divisions; but the goodness or badness of the member will after all depend on the character of those who compose the quotient. There will, under any system of election, still be parties; and parties in a free country will always consist of a majority and a minority, no matter in what way the voting may be arranged; the character of the party will be formed by the character of the individuals of whom it is made up. There are in New York City, for example, one hundred thousand voters. They send, say, twenty members to the municipal government. Suppose these twenty members, instead of being elected by wards, were elected under Mr. Hare's plan, each by a squad of five hundred unanimous voters. We should then have in the Common Council twelve Democratic and eight Republican members, or, in other words, a

"perfect" instead of an imperfect representation. According to Mr. Hare and John C. Calhoun, whom he quotes with reverence on almost every page, we should now witness a wonderful state of things.

"Each division of the constituents, in order to advance its own peculiar interests, would have to conciliate all the others, by showing a disposition to advance theirs; and for this purpose, each would select those to represent it whose wisdom, patriotism, and weight of character would command the confidence of the others. Under its influence and with representatives so well qualified to accomplish the object for which they were selected, the prevailing desire would be to promote the common interests of the whole; and hence the competition would be, *not which should yield the least to promote the common good, but which would yield the most.*" — p. 234.

Most people will, on reading this passage, naturally ask on what Mr. Hare bases the supposition that the two parties will behave under any circumstances in the saintly manner above described. The new system of representation, let it be ever so good in itself, will not change men's natures,—will not make the corrupt pure, the selfish public-spirited, the foolish wise. Why, therefore, should the majority elect its best and ablest men to the legislature when it comes to vote by quotients, any more than when it votes by districts? Because, according to Mr. Hare, the minority, being always fully represented, instead of, as now, totally excluded, would offer such a formidable opposition, either by its speeches or its votes, that the majority would be compelled to conciliate it, or, in other words, to "compromise," in order to carry any of its measures; and the work of compromise, all would perceive, could be best done by those in whose character friends as well as foes had most confidence. The fallaciousness of this is apparent to anybody who has paid close attention to party conflicts, either in this or any other country. An unscrupulous majority seeks to conciliate a minority only when the minority is so large that there is danger that any abuse of power on the other side may convert it into a majority, or lead to physical resistance, as in the case we have supposed in Pennsylvania; or when the consent of the minority is necessary to the passage of certain measures, as when a two-thirds vote is required by our own Constitution.

In both these cases a minority is just as well off under our system as under Mr. Hare's. In the first, Mr. Hare can add nothing to the defences the minority already possesses; in the second, the veto possessed by the minority must have originated in the consent of the majority, and must depend for its maintenance on the forbearance of the majority. So that under all circumstances we have to rely, in the last resort, no matter what checks we may devise, on the good sense and good feeling of the greater number. The twelve Councilmen elected under Mr. Hare's system in New York would be the unscrupulous rascals they now are, and would have things their own way as they now have, unless the minority of eight were furnished by the State Legislature, or some other power outside the municipal system, with extra powers of resistance. In so far as it depended on its own moral influence, its failure would be just as signal in the one case as in the other.

"In order," says Mr. Hare, "to complete that constitutional security which depends on a real, and not on a nominal partition of power, the representative body should be composed of every distinct variety and combination of thought, of sentiment, of feeling, of opinion, and of interest which exist in the constituent multitude. All these diversities form so many pillars to support and give unity to the constitutional edifice. If the representative body be the creature of numerical majorities, the constitution will be ultimately drawn into the vortex to which governments by such majorities are exposed. In such a case Mr. Calhoun cautions the minority not to indulge in the folly of supposing that the party in possession of the ballot-box and the physical force of the country could be successfully resisted by an appeal to reason, truth, justice, or the obligations imposed by the constitution." — p. 233.

Here we see it taken as an indisputable fact, that the majority, if it finds itself in possession of power, will abuse it grossly, and that there will in such case be absolutely no remedy for its oppression. It will not only be as bad, but worse, than most despots, — a kind of many-headed Caligula, insensible to "reason, truth, justice, or the obligations imposed by the constitution." Now how does Mr. Hare propose to meet this difficulty? Simply by giving the minority a full representation in the legislative body. The measures passed would then be passed by a majority of all, or of two chambers representing

two different classes, or what Mr. Calhoun calls a "concurrent majority." This simply means, however, that Mr. Hare would have the minority rely for the protection of their rights on arguments addressed to men whom he has just pronounced insensible to reason, on the forbearance of men whom he has just declared insensible to justice, and on the respect for constitutional forms of men whom he assures us would, the minute they got hold of power, pay no regard whatever to their constitutional obligations. A majority utterly devoid even of the moral sense would, he would have us believe, lay aside their most cherished schemes of violence or oppression, until such times as they could get the consent of the minority to their own spoliation.

Now a constitution must be framed in the first instance either by a majority or a minority of the population who are to live under it. If framed by the minority, it must be because the minority is in possession of the physical force; and as long as it can keep possession of the physical force, of course all provisions it may make in the constitution for its own safety are so many superfluous forms, of much the same value as mail armor in a police-office. The dangers arising out of the bad character of the majority can of course be best guarded against as they are guarded against in England, and have been guarded against in all other countries in the world, by excluding the majority from all share in the government. But if the minority can do this, they can very well dispense with constitutional protection altogether. If it cannot do this, it becomes at once dependent for the enjoyment of its rights on the good-will of the majority; or would, in short, have to trust itself to that reasonableness and love of truth and justice of which Mr. Hare denies the existence. Mr. Hare's plan, and, we may add, Mr. Calhoun's plan, for restraining the majority, is very like that of a traveller on a prairie, who, well knowing that his companions were robbers or murderers, should, in order to protect himself against them, frankly communicate to them his opinion of their character, and, having induced them to sign an agreement not to molest him, should flatter himself that all danger was over. Shuffle the cards as you may, however, the pack remains the same.

Abolish privilege, disregard tradition, and commit to the people of a country the shaping of their own government, and you must let the majority do pretty much as it pleases. You may deny ever so stoutly that it has any conscience or sense of honor or justice, but to its honor and justice you must in the last resort trust everything. You cannot keep from it the secret of its strength; and once it knows it, you are at its mercy. The most cunningly devised provisions for the protection of the few must, after all, derive their whole force from the willingness of the many to let the few alone. In times of excitement, when great questions are agitated, when the divisions between the two great parties become so deep and wide that argument has ceased to make conversions, and the stronger of the two is tempted either by passion, or confidence in the justice of its cause, to use its superiority in physical force, the few undoubtedly very often stand sorely in need of some more effectual protection than appeals to the reason of their opponents. If political philosophers would provide us with some check or restraint which would be operative at such crises, they would confer a great benefit on the world. But they neither do this, nor profess to be able to do it. Mr. Hare and Mr. Calhoun both tell us that at such times nothing can restrain the majority. Not only will it set justice at defiance, but also the constitution; so that what Mr. Hare offers us is in fact a bit which will keep the animal under perfect control as long as it is pleased to stay under control, but will prove perfectly useless in case it should take it into its head to plunge or run away.

We are far from denying that the possession of uncontrolled power is full of temptation for the many, as well as for the few. We share in the general desire felt by all thoughtful and far-seeing men for some means of securing the minority — the dissenters from the prevailing creed, whether political or religious or social, the utterers of unpopular speeches, the weak, the poor, the odd and outlandish — complete freedom and immunity; but this is tantamount to saying that we long for the reign of pure justice. It will be time enough, however, to reproach democracy with not having established this *régime* when we witness it under some other form of government. The lamentations of Mr. Calhoun or Mr. Hare, and many

other modern writers, over the tyranny of the majority, would seem much more reasonable, if they were able to point out to us a single country of ancient or modern times in which a minority in power had made a display of those virtues which are so rigidly exacted from the majority.

There are three ways of finding out what kind of government the government of the majority is likely to be in any modern nation. One is *a priori*, by a deduction from principles of human nature; another is induction from the facts of history; and the last is a combination of both. Mr. Calhoun, who is Mr. Hare's great authority on the tendencies of democracy, and nine out of ten English writers on the philosophy of politics, rely almost exclusively on the second of these methods, and the particular portion of history on which they draw most abundantly is, we need hardly say, that of ancient Greece. This is due somewhat to the prominent part played by the Greeks in the production of the ideas on which the polity of all Western nations is based, and in a greater degree to the large share of the literature of antiquity in modern education. But, unfortunately, there are two conclusive reasons why ancient history cannot afford us much aid in speculating on the political tendencies of modern society.

The one is, that we know very little about the democratic states of antiquity, — enough, perhaps, to whet the curiosity of studious men, but no more. We get from the extant Greek writers but a very shadowy outline of ancient Greek society and government. The other reason is, that, even if we knew twice as much as we do of the phenomena of ancient society, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to decide in what proportion the form of government and the state of civilization, the religion, and the influence of surrounding communities entered into the production of these phenomena. When a man talks of the follies or excesses of the Athenian democracy as the result of "the rule of the many," he shows that he has still to master the very rudiments of political science.

It seems to be taken for granted by most conservative philosophers, that, whatever effect the advance of civilization, the spread of Christianity, and the growth of sentiments of justice and humanity may have on the few, the many always re-

main impervious to these influences. Of the wide interval, moral and intellectual as well as material, which separates the life of republican Athens from that of republican America, they take no account whatever. It is enough for them that the two republics had, as a point of resemblance, the rule of the many; the thousand points of difference between Athenian and American or English society they treat as if they did not exist. For instance, the experience of very small communities, as everybody knows, is of very little use to a large one. A party in a small community is almost always a faction. The knowledge which every man possesses of his neighbors, and the large part played in politics by particular families, give local differences of opinion the character of regular feuds, and give party spirit a bitterness and an intensity which in a large community would be impossible. Everybody who has studied well the history of the ancient Greek states, or of the states of mediæval Italy, or even who has watched the workings of municipal governments in our own day, is very familiar with this effect of mere size on the spirit with which a community carries on its political contests. But one hardly ever sees it noted in conservative speculations upon the probable use a majority would make of its power in countries like the United States. It is assumed without hesitation that the rancor, unscrupulousness, bigotry, and indifference to considerations of justice and humanity, which were so often displayed by the majorities of little states like Athens or Corinth, would be displayed in our own time by republics numbering as many millions as the Greek states numbered thousands of inhabitants.

It was not the government of the majority which made the ancient or mediæval republics what they were, — which gave tone to their public life, or character to their policy. The civilization of the age did something, the character of the states by which they were surrounded did something, their religion did something, and their antecedents and traditions did something. But who is competent to set down on paper an accurate calculation of the part played by each of these agencies in shaping any one feature in the national life? Which of us would attempt, even with the far more complete knowledge which we

possess of modern nations, to account accurately for the social and political conditions of any one of them, — of France, for example? Who does not acknowledge, when he is called upon for an analysis of the character or genius of any people, that the elements which enter into the composition of national life are so subtile, so minute, so varied, and so recondite, that neither study nor insight can qualify one to give more than a very partial and incomplete answer, to say with even more than an approach to correctness in what proportions origin, or climate, or government, or laws, or religion, or history, have contributed to the formation of any national trait. And if we understand so little about what lies before our eyes, with what hesitation should anybody laying claim to the character of a philosopher attempt to draw on ancient sources for aid in predicting modern phenomena?

If we were to argue that, because Xerxes attempted to chain the sea, or Caligula had himself worshipped as a god, the French or Russian throne would be sure to be occupied before long by bloodthirsty and crazy tyrants, over whom neither religion nor humanity nor justice would throw any restraint, we should be deservedly laughed at. We should be told that, although the influence of absolute power on human character was still corrupting, modern civilization differed so greatly from the civilization of the ancient world, that no man born under the former could be guilty of the excesses and cruelties and follies which, under the latter, were very common; that absolutism, like everything else, changes with the ages; that, to judge what kind of government a monarchy is likely to furnish in any particular country, it is not enough to know that the monarch is absolute, and a man. You have to study the character of his time, the ideas of the people he is to rule, their manners, their education, their religion, and their history. And this one must do, also, who undertakes to discover the tendencies or dangers of modern democracy. That such and such things happened in any other republic, is but a very small, insignificant portion of the data on which a theory may be constructed of what is likely to happen in this. The political economists, as well as the political philosophers, have an ideal man, who has the same hopes, fears, and desires, virtues and defects, in all

ages and under every sky, and is supposed to behave with scientific uniformity under all circumstances; but the actual man is not so adaptable. Macaulay made very merry over Mr. J. S. Mill's attempt to deduce from this ideal the probable conduct of monarchs and oligarchs, and pointed out with great shrewdness the extent to which the kings and lords of ordinary life were affected by agencies of which the philosophers took no count; but he did not hesitate himself to reason in just the same way about the majority, which is after all simply a certain number of men acting together.

Can there be any justification for the Calhoun-Hare theory, deduced from principles of human nature? We think not. The world has been governed for many ages on the theory that the larger portion of every community was desperately wicked, and only restrained from rape, arson, and robbery by the efforts of an enlightened few. This theory owed its origin in the desire of class governments, founded on force, to provide a moral reason for their existence. There was not a state in Europe at the close of the last century, except Switzerland and Scandinavia, in which the actual political *régime* was not based on conquest or brute force,—in which either the monarch or the nobles did not carry their title to power in their scabbards. In the earlier days, superiority of force was an abundant justification for using it. The "good old rule, the simple plan," was the fundamental law of politics. That a man was able to subdue a country, was taken in a rough way by the community, though perhaps never completely by the Church, as proof of his right to rule it. As the doctrines of abstract morality began to gain force, and the necessity of showing the justice of one's acts became more pressing, sovereigns and nobles laid aside the character of conquerors, and assumed that of tamers or civilizers of a depraved multitude. They represented themselves, and most of the publicists of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries backed up their theory, as a kind of framework for society, the destruction or removal of which would lead to instant and complete anarchy. The ignorance and degradation of the people, and the restlessness with which they bore laws which they had no part in making, and which were generally framed, partly at least, with a

view to their spoliation and oppression, lent a certain color of support to the aristocratic description of their character. And joined with this gloomy picture of their moral condition was a still gloomier one of their mental capacity. The poets and orators and historians had difficulty in finding words strong enough to describe their cowardice, meanness, servility, and want of enterprise. Nine tenths of the population of Europe were for ten centuries, in the estimation of the upper classes, "base lackey peasants," of whom nothing good could be said. The "villein" was held in such disrepute that his name became gradually a synonyme for rascality of the deepest dye. For many ages there was nothing better established in European political philosophy than that, if the king or the country gentlemen withdrew their protecting hand for a day, the peasants and *bourgeoisie* would do nothing but plunder, ravage, and slay. And this theory of popular morals lasted long after the "divine right" had been shaken or abandoned. It has lasted in most countries in Europe down to our day, and has colored the speculations of some of the most learned and candid writers of our time.

The truth is, however, that, if this were a correct account of the disposition of the majority, civilization would have become extinct long ago in every country in the world, or, to speak more accurately, would never have existed in any country. We owe civilization, not to any one man's genius or authority, but to what may be called the social and constructive instincts of the race. Society itself — the living together of men in communities, interchanging protection and other good offices — was not invented by anybody in particular: it was the result of a natural impulse felt by all. Of the "natural man" we know nothing, except what we fish out of the romantic portion of the writings of Hobbes. If there ever was a time when the race was torn by anti-social passions, there remains no trace of it in history. However far back we go, we find, not the minority, but the majority of men eager for the society of their fellows, unable to live without it, and cheerfully submitting to all the sacrifices and incurring all the obligations which it imposes. If the great mass of men in every community were not, and had not been from the earliest times, and in the very worst

times, animated by respect for property and law, society could not have held together. In fact, the history of society, or at least of modern European society, is the history of the efforts of the majority to substitute law for force, to secure protection for one another against fraud and violence and wrong. The enemies of society, that is, of the enjoyment by every man of the fruits of his toil, and of the gratification of his social and domestic affections, and of the development of his faculties, have always been a minority, and a small minority. The curse of the majority, the thing which has blasted its reputation, and which has caused it to play the inferior and even ignoble part assigned it in history, has been the difficulty it has always had in organizing or combining, — a difficulty inseparable from its size, and which has always made it an easy prey to the minority.

The town communities of the Middle Ages — which were the first examples of equal rights, and of respect of persons and property without regard to the antecedents or station of the individual — furnish a splendid illustration of the way in which the popular instinct, the instinct of accumulation, works. There is no impulse implanted in human nature so strong and constant as the impulse to accumulate, to store up the fruits of one's industry for the purpose of procuring future enjoyment. In any country in which it becomes weak, or dies out, barbarism and anarchy instantly follow; but if there have been any examples of such a calamity, they have been very rare. On the contrary, so powerful and steady a force has this impulse been in nearly all countries, that it has carried civilization steadily forward through every variety of social and political vicissitude, and has enabled society to survive wars, famines, pestilences, — every evil which the cruelty of man or inclemency of nature could inflict on it. Monarchs and oligarchies have in all ages wasted and destroyed; the many have toiled on, steadily repairing the loss, and increasing the world's store of good things and valuable experiences, showing by every movement that their very strongest passion was the passion for property, and showing by the whole tendency of modern progress (which many writers constantly forget is the work of the many) that the great peculiarity of democracy

is not a taste for the spoliation of individuals or minorities, but for excessive individualizing, for over partition of rights, for giving to each man immunities and privileges which have in past ages belonged to classes only. We may safely challenge any candid investigator to declare whether, in this country, there is not amongst the majority a growing indisposition to use its power, — a growing tendency to leave things to nature, rather than regulate them by comprehensive legislation; and whether there is not to be witnessed in political life an increasing difficulty in keeping majorities together, and in preventing their dissolution either after the first success or the first defeat. A majority bent on spoliation, and indifferent to reason, justice, generosity, or constitutional obligations, is something, in fact, of which it is as difficult to conceive in our day and generation, as of a congress capable of ordering captive women and children to be put to the sword. That an untried, inexperienced, or ignorant majority may, on suddenly finding itself in possession of power, abuse it grossly, we do not deny; but we do deny that a majority in a large and Christian community is likely to persevere in any such course.

In talking of a majority as the depositary of the sovereign power, we of course compare it with either an oligarchy or a monarchy; and its temporary excesses or mistakes we shall consider proofs of its unfitness to rule, when we are shown the guaranties by which an aristocracy or a king is kept permanently wise and enlightened. To admit that majorities may be guilty of misgovernment, is simply to admit that they are composed of men. What we claim for them is as great sensibility to considerations of justice and humanity and sound policy as any other holders of power. We maintain that they are just as open to conviction, just as easily moved by argument or entreaty, just as full of sympathy for the weaknesses of men, and just as full of tolerance for differences of opinion. People who talk of "the tyranny of the majority" seem to forget that the first government in the modern world to establish complete religious freedom, to discard even that disguised form of intolerance called a "state church," that is, a church of a portion of the community supported by contributions levied on all, and the first to recognize in the fullest extent the absolute

right of individuals in their property, by removing as far as possible all artificial difficulties in the way of a free disposition of it, has been a government of the majority. The three things in which a minority finds itself most exposed to attack are property, religion, and social consideration; and singular as it may seem, the United States is, of all countries in the civilized world, that in which the law meddles least in a man's disposal of his possessions, in which religious worship is freest from legislative control or interference, and in which a man's religious or other opinions, his manners, his calling or mode of life, expose him to least reproach from his neighbors. There is probably nothing more curious in the whole history of speculation, than the persistence with which most political philosophers of Mr. Hare's school overlook these facts, and with which they continue to hold up America as a warning to the minority in their own country, — a minority which treats dissent as a crime, and punishes it by civil and social disability, and makes the most honest callings a ground of social disgrace and discredit. Granted that all this is the result of feudalism; but what was or is feudalism but an elaborate contrivance for perpetuating the government of the few?

Every artificial restraint on the use of a man's faculties, every obstacle opposed by law or custom to his filling any position in politics or society for which his natural qualities fit him, or to his buying or selling property of any kind, is in a certain sense oppression, and evinces a disregard of individual rights, or, at all events, the subordination of individual rights or tastes to the prejudices or tastes or interests of the greater number. It is nevertheless true that the most democratic countries are those in which fewest of these exist. And although it is quite true that all great ideas have been first conceived and all great reforms first proposed by the few, it is equally true that they could never have accomplished anything for the human race, if the majority had not been what Messrs. Hare and Calhoun deny it to be, — open to conviction, ready to receive the truth, and disposed to admire justice. All great abuses have perished out of the land, not simply because the few denounced them, but because the many were willing to hear and be won over. Take the case of witchcraft, — an ex-

treme and perhaps even grotesque case, we admit, but still sufficiently apt for our purpose. There was a time, and it lasted many ages, when the mass of every community were disposed to suspect all plain-looking old women of being magicians, and hundreds of them expiated every year their fancied guilt at the stake and on the scaffold. On Mr. Hare's theory, the only hope for this unfortunate class would have lain in their being represented in the government. On our theory, the deliverance was sure to come in the end from the growth of the majority in knowledge and humanity. Witches ceased to be burned or hanged when the majority, by becoming more enlightened, ceased to believe in witchcraft. Religious toleration, the improvement in the condition of prisoners, the mitigation of the horrors of war, and a hundred other reforms, have been brought about, not by the direct agency of a few reformers, but by the success of reformers in persuading the majority into their way of thinking. The cases are very few indeed where a righteous cause has been won by a courageous and enlightened few in open hostility to a malevolent, ignorant, or bigoted majority. The greatest individual benefactors of mankind have been those who gave expression to a popular opinion, or showed the majority the way to the goal it already longed to reach.

Some of the results of the prevalent tendency of the "intellectual aristocracy" to worship the minority would be painful, if they were not ludicrous. Even such minds as that of Mr. Maurice, "Professor of Casuistry" though he be, are liable to be thrown into the most lamentable confusion by the traditional faith in the weakness and ignorance of the majority of one's fellow-creatures or countrymen. Mr. Maurice, in his late work on "The Workingman and the Franchise," is betrayed by this prejudice into an apparent forgetfulness of the distinction between right and wrong, and gives way to his feelings in the extraordinary asseveration, "that, so help him God, he does not mean to follow the will of the majority; that he hopes never to follow it, always to set it at naught"; * — which means simply that, right or wrong, he will stick to the minority. In other words, that he will be guilty of the very same species of immor-

* The Workingman and the Franchise, p. 201.

ality which is constantly imputed to the worshippers of mere numbers. A superstitious and unreasoning obedience to the minority is of course just as great an offence against God and society as a superstitious and unreasoning obedience to the majority; and that such a man as Mr. Maurice should not see this, is a very remarkable illustration of the power of tradition. We see traces of the influence of the dogma that minorities are always right, or at least far more likely to be right than majorities, even amongst ourselves, where the majority lies under some of the discredit which attaches to it in Europe. A great many tolerably sensible men flatter themselves that the mere fact of their holding opinions different from those of the majority of their neighbors creates a strong presumption that they must be nearer the truth; but it creates nothing of the kind. The number of people who hold an opinion proves nothing whatever as to its truth or falsehood. Even in a calculation of probabilities, based on the facts of history, we fear the minority would gain not a whit more credit for wisdom than the multitude. There have no doubt been many shining examples of the discovery of truths by the few before the many were prepared for them; but in calculating probabilities, we have also to take count of the delusions hatched and preached and believed in by thousands of little cliques and sets and coteries, who in their day and generation conceived themselves the sole depositaries of the priceless gem, but whose creeds and keys have all passed into the same oblivion with themselves. "To be one with God" is often spoken of amongst us as a very fine thing; but being alone in our opinions renders us no more likely to be with God, than having thousands of our fellows at our back. To agree with a million may call for less courage than to agree with two; but God is just as likely to be with the million as with the two.

There is nothing in history more curious than the attempts of lecturers and philosophers and "scholars" and "gentlemen" and statesmen to save the human race from itself. For ages back a learned minority has constantly and solemnly been announcing that society was going to the dogs, that the "demos" was going to devour itself alive, and that the end was near. In the Middle Ages "the end" generally meant the

day of judgment; in our time it means "the reign of anarchy," an equal division of goods, closing with the retreat of the whole civilized world to the almshouse. In the United States the last hope of government and society used to lie in the South. If the Northern numerical majority ever got the upper hand, civilization itself was to disappear. The numerical majority has got the upper hand, and life is still sacred as ever; the laborer still enjoys the fruits of his toil; the schoolhouses and churches are still crowded, and society remains as firmly welded together as of old. In England, the terrible moment when the majority are to get hold of power is apparently at hand, and "the few" are in great alarm about property and civilization. The press teems with devices for taming the coming monster or driving him away. The Church dignitaries are all preaching against him, and the dinner-tables are all talking against him, and the House of Commons rings with accounts of his beastly tastes and propensities. But the future, after all, belongs to "the many."

Mr. Maurice, as he says in the work from which we have already quoted, may not understand "what is meant by the greatest happiness of the greatest number"; but "the greatest number," having pursued that happiness in the teeth of every obstacle for countless generations, and having founded society and civilization for the purpose of aiding it, is not likely now to give up the quest in despair. It is filled with the idea that the possession of the government in all countries is necessary to the completion of its work. It may be mistaken, but the experiment will assuredly be tried; and we confess, for our part, we think the world, having watched the blundering and brutality of the minority for two thousand years, can very well afford to stand by and see what the majority can do. There could hardly be a finer illustration of the strength and trustworthiness of the social instinct of the race, than the way in which the multitude has in all ages, when conscious of its inability to rule wisely, refrained from ruling at all. The desire of every ignorant or uncivilized people is not for the government of the greatest number, but of a leader or leaders. The clansman follows after his chief, the serf after the Czar; the half-feudal and half-commercial nations worship the king.

When a community deliberately desires power to be lodged in the hands of the majority of its own members, it will generally be found to have reached that stage of knowledge and civilization in which the government of the many is possible. The reaction which followed 1793 and 1848 in France was simply the sorrowful confession of the people that their political and moral education was not yet sufficiently advanced for a democratic republic. The efforts that some European politicians make, therefore, to stem the democratic tide, in the interest of society, remind us of those opponents of emancipation in this country who justified slaveholding on the ground that it helped the Almighty to fulfil his curse on the children of Ham. God may be safely left to see to the execution of his own decrees. He has not, we may be sure, committed society or civilization to the care either of church, or king, or the Universities, or the House of Commons, or any of the hundred little "leagues" and "associations" of sages which are constantly set on foot here and in England for the salvation of the deluded majority. We may say of democracy, as was once said of a still mightier movement, "If this counsel or work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *History of the United States.* By George Bancroft. Vol. IX. [*The American Revolution.* Vol. III.] Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1866.

Mr. Bancroft's new volume, extending from July, 1776, to April, 1778, includes the crisis of the American Revolution. In point of style, it does not differ from its predecessors. It is marked by acuteness and rapidity, not infrequent felicities of figure and sentiment, and occasionally an impressive generalization. There are certainly, however, very grave defects in it, — words and sentences to tempt an easy criticism, statements to excite doubt or denial, and vaporous phrases to make one long for more simplicity of mind and pen.

The weakest parts of the work are its portraits. Mr. Bancroft paints what Mr. Palgrave calls an "external kind" of likeness. He hits the attitude of his subject, paints in the features warmly, throws in a variety of ornamentation, and leaves us contemplating a man sitting for his portrait, not a man in action. No brilliancy of color or antithesis can make up for imperfect perception of a nature, or imperfect analysis of its traits and powers. Mr. Bancroft's sketches of Washington are strong in expression, and many of them felicitous. But we do not get the insight into that great soul which is essential to understand, not only Washington, but the Revolution; and thus, while he is fully honored, he is not fully portrayed. On the other hand, the objects of censure — and there are a good many of them, English and American — are not so clearly delineated that we can judge from these pages alone whether they deserve the treatment they receive. In short, Mr. Bancroft seems to us to fail in doing justice to those whom he likes, as to those whom he dislikes, for want either of penetrating judgment or discriminating feeling.

He is more successful in narrative. The general progress of events is perfectly intelligible, and the different lines of the story are made to converge in points where their combinations are natural and effective. An animation often rising to fervor gives fresh interest to many incidents with which we are familiar, while others less generally known are brought out in striking aspects. By far the best chapters, to our apprehension, are those which treat of political topics. The fifteenth chapter, on "The Constitutions of the several States of America," is remarkably well written, and gives the volume claim to a high rank among the histories of the period. Some of the political disquisition is of doubtful value, and there are numerous assertions which should be modified; but considering the difficulty of the subject, the politics of the Revolution, or of that part embraced in this volume, are well handled.

With regard to the new material which Mr. Bancroft has employed, we are not distinctly informed. He speaks in the Preface of very full collections from the archives of England, France, and Prussia, of Hessian journals and reports derived from private sources, and of diplomatic documents from the governments of Europe, particularly from Spain. With these means, he approaches his subject with great advantages, and there is no reason to question his having used them advantageously. There are, however, some gaps in the treatment of the American relations with European powers; as, to take a single instance, respecting the part of Lafayette in forwarding the French alliance, which, it is very generally admitted, would have been delayed but for the exertions of that enthusiastic friend of our country. Whatever

the material Mr. Bancroft may have used for the first time, the general tenor of his history agrees with that of all the best preceding authorities.

He has formed some new judgments concerning individuals, but not, apparently, on grounds heretofore inaccessible. The animadversions upon General Greene will probably excite the most general attention. He is charged with holding Fort Washington in November, 1776, against the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief, and therefore with incurring the losses which ensued upon the capture of that fortress. He is again arraigned for causing the failure of the attack upon the British at Germantown, in October, 1777. These are serious accusations; and if they are sustained, one more name must be added to the list, already too long, of incompetent Revolutionary commanders. We question the possibility of sustaining them. Greene undoubtedly wished to hold Fort Washington when Washington preferred to have it evacuated; but Washington was willing to give him the opportunity, and if it turned out disastrously, the responsibility did not rest with Greene alone. In the battle of Germantown, Greene has always been described as acting with vigor and retaining control of himself and his troops, even after the sudden panic which was in no degree attributable to him, and which cost the Americans the victory they had unconsciously won. More might easily be said, if this were the proper occasion, in defence of one whom we have been taught to regard with something of the confidence given him by Washington after as well as before the losses of the fort and the battle. Irving is right, when speaking of the favor in which Greene stood with the Commander-in-Chief, in saying that "it arose from the abundant proofs Washington had received, in times of trial and difficulty, that he had a brave, affectionate heart, a sound head, and an efficient arm, on all of which he could thoroughly rely." *

We are constantly struck, in reading Mr. Bancroft's volume, with the fact that the experiences of the late civil war help us to enter more fully into the experiences of the Revolution. We have been living over the lives of our fathers. Periods of elation and despondency, insufficient plans and their imperfect execution, personal and political intrigues, aversion toward the true leader and attraction toward the false, the jealousies of civil and military authorities, the mistakes of the government, the looking abroad for countenance, the disaffection of large numbers at home, and through all the unerring fidelity of the

* Life of Washington, Vol. III. p. 361. Since these remarks were written, Mr. George W. Greene has published a complete and satisfactory vindication of General Greene against the charges and insinuations of Mr. Bancroft.

loyal people,— these are things with which we have been familiar in our time, and we go back to them in the elder time with greater capacity of comprehending them there. It is to Mr. Bancroft's credit that he has so understood the events around him as to be able to avail himself of the present in interpreting the past. We follow him with all the greater confidence, as well as the greater interest.

Just as the inspiration of the national cause in our recent struggle was political rather than military, and loyalty to our principles was the motive which animated our councils, filled and refilled our armies, and led us on, through all misconceptions and reverses, to the regeneration of the Union, so in our fathers' conflict it was the resolve to maintain their liberties that enabled them to work out the national salvation. Merely military impulse would have exhausted itself; even the endurance of the brave soldier and the devotion of the incomparable leader would have failed, but for the constant support of political principles, which, whether the battle was lost or won, were equally inspiring. For though they were political, they were also moral, and they rested upon foundations older than the nation, older even than man himself, because laid by the Divine hand. Mr. Bancroft remarks, that, "of the American statesmen who assisted to frame the new government, not one had been originally a republican." But the system of almost all the thirteen Colonies had been virtually, if not titularly, republican, and the mere insubstantial pageant of the monarchy which they had respected faded almost without the lifting of a finger. Besides, it was not republicanism merely for which American statesmen contended, but the law of right, the fundamental law of equity and liberty. It was the same with American soldiers. When Baron Steuben came to Valley Forge, in the early part of 1778, and saw the suffering in those sad winter quarters, he said that no army in Europe could be kept together for a month in such a state of trial. The whole nation, or the whole patriotic portion of it, felt the majesty of their cause, and it consoled them in their sorrows, quickened them in their struggles, and elevated them in their aims. Mr. Bancroft quotes the charge of Jay, first Chief Justice of New York, to the grand jury at Kingston, in September, 1777, when Burgoyne was threatening on the North and Howe on the South, and the sky was dark in every quarter: "Free, mild, and equal government begins to rise. Divine Providence has made the tyranny of princes instrumental in breaking the chains of their subjects. Whoever compares our present with our former constitution will admit that all the calamities incident to this war will be amply compensated by the many blessings flowing from this glorious revolution, which in its rise and progress is distinguished by so

many marks of the Divine favor and interposition, that no doubt can remain of its being finally accomplished."

The political inspiration of the Revolution embodied itself, so far as institutions were concerned, in those of the States rather than the nation. Mr. Bancroft, in a chapter already commended, points out the principles on which the State Constitutions were formed, laying stress upon freedom of worship as their chief corner-stone, and describing the right of suffrage and its qualifications, the organization of the legislative, executive, and judicial offices, the similarity of which throughout the country was not only a sign of unanimity in these matters, but a presage of unanimity upon those relating to the general government. This, it need not be confessed, was still in embryo. Massachusetts entered upon her State organization in 1775; eight other States established theirs in 1776, and two more in 1777; Rhode Island and Connecticut remaining content with the institutions developed under their charters. It was not till near the close of 1777 that Congress adopted the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States," and not till more than three years afterward that the States accepted them, and a national government was set up, at least in form. Throughout the period embraced in Mr. Bancroft's volume, the critical period of the Revolution, the only government of the nation was in Congress, "a nominal head," as Washington called it, without departments, without resources, without the power to tax, or to raise an army, or to do anything in its proper province, except to keep up the show of a navy and to make as much of diplomacy as Europe would allow. The Confederation, when adopted, professed to be nothing more than a league of States, "a firm league," according to the second article, and according to the thirteenth, not to be altered, "unless such alteration be agreed to in a Congress of the United States, and be afterwards confirmed by the Legislature of every State." This was certainly not State sovereignty, neither was it national sovereignty. Like the prophet's day that was "not day nor night," the Confederation was not a general government, for it rendered Congress even weaker than before by requiring a majority of nine States, instead of the former majority of seven, for the adoption of a measure; and not a government of independent States, for it took from them all "power, jurisdiction, and right .... expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." No wonder that Hamilton insisted, even before the articles were ratified, that Congress must assert itself, either "by resuming and exercising the discretionary powers originally vested in them," or "by calling immediately a convention of all the States, with full authority to conclude finally upon a general confederation."

Mr. Bancroft says something to explain the imperfections of the national organization. "For more than a century, and even from the very foundation of the settlements, almost every English administration had studied to acquire the disposal of their military resources and their revenues, while every American Legislature had had for its constant object the repression of the encroachments of the crown. This antagonism, developed and confirmed by successive generations, had become the quick instinct and fixed habit of the people." (p. 48.) "The confederacy was formed under the influence of political ideas which had been developed by a contest of centuries for individual and local liberties against an irresponsible central authority. Now that power passed to the people, new institutions were required strong enough to protect the state, while they should leave untouched the liberties of the individual. But America, misled by what belonged to the past, took for her organizing principle the principle of resistance to power, which in all the thirteen Colonies had been hardened into stubbornness by a succession of common jealousies and troubles." (p. 437.) But we must go beyond this in explaining the weakness of the Confederation. It was a jealousy not so much of the crown as of one another that had wrought upon the Colonies, and then upon the States, until the idea of a government in which some of them might get an advantage over the rest, or any one might have greater influence than any other, was something like the Scarlet Woman of the old controversialists, ablaze with peril and with wrong. The differences between State and State, sometimes local, sometimes social, sometimes industrial, and in all cases rather aggravated than allayed by the trials of the time, were the great hindrances to a national power. Only Washington, or a spirit kindred to his, could claim that "all distinctions are sunk in the name of an American," and even he soon found that it was vain to press the claim.

The obstinacy of the States in insisting upon their separate rights and liberties was not without a certain advantage. While they would have done far better to stand abreast, and meet the foe as with the heart of one man, it was not without effect that they confronted him, almost singly. "The self-asserting individuality," says Mr. Bancroft, "of every State and of every citizen, though it forbade the organization of an efficient government with executive unity, imposed on Britain the impossible task of conquering them one by one." As Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia said after the defeat on Long Island, "We have lost a battle and a small island, but we have not lost a State. Or why should we be discouraged even if we had lost a State? If there were but one State left, still that one should peril all for independence."

So Major Shaw, after the battle of Germantown: "Were I to see twelve of the United States overrun by our cruel invaders, I should still believe the thirteenth would not only save itself, but also work out the deliverance of the others."

With all this, it is impossible not to regret the want of unity, the want, it may be termed, of consistency with the principles for which the Americans were in arms. Distrustful of one another, divided against themselves, they were so far unfaithful to the cause of human rights; for that is a cause to which justice can never be fully done while its supporters are contending with one another. Our fathers paid the penalty of their wranglings. Their political history is full of warning against allowing a government to be formed out of just as little material as may keep up an appearance of authority, and no more. Not only did the nation suffer as a whole, but every part of it; every State, every township, was the worse, politically, for the mere shell that had been fashioned and called a Confederation. But it is in the military annals of the period that we most clearly see the consequences of so defective a national organization. The half-recruited, half-officered, half-provided armies, the intrigues among generals, the quarrels among troops, the disaffection of large masses of the inhabitants, the constant discouragements, the frequent suggestions of submission not only from individuals but from States, the quickness to doubt and condemn, to try new expedients and new leaders, to forsake even Washington for such as Lee or Gates, and, more than all, the overwhelming proofs which Congress was accumulating against itself of its unfitness to conduct the war, and of the unfitness that was increasing instead of diminishing with experience, — these all were crying for relief, and crying in vain.

In fact, our fathers had to form their lines on two fronts, the one against an enemy in arms, the other against an unarmed but not less dangerous array of the captious, the suspicious, and the disaffected among themselves. "I begin to fear," wrote Lafayette to Washington at the close of 1777, "that America may be lost by herself and her own sons." It was somewhat the same with Great Britain. George III., as is well known, insisted on prosecuting the war after its issue was clear, not merely to punish his revolted colonists, but to humble the opposition in England. But the divisions among the Americans were far more serious in themselves, and far more embarrassing to their leaders. A strong government would not have prevented them from existing; but it would have prevented their existence from threatening the life of the nation.

Yet, notwithstanding all dissensions and weaknesses, the conquest of

America was impracticable. Impracticable territorially, because the country was too remote from Great Britain, and too vast in itself to be overrun by British armies. Impracticable politically, because the United States, however imperfect their union, were still united, while their strength, perpetually renewed by their cause, could not be exhausted within the limits of any war which the foe could wage against them. Moreover, it was a contest of Englishmen with Englishmen; and Englishmen on the side of tyranny could not subdue Englishmen on the side of liberty, except by a combination of circumstances morally and physically impossible. Mr. Bancroft quotes from the memoir read to Louis XVI. by the Count de Vergennes, as early as August, 1776: "Now that the United States have declared their independence, there is no chance of conciliation unless supernatural events should force them to bend under the yoke, or the English to recognize their independence."

To these considerations we may add, without exaggeration, the impracticability of conquering such a leader and such a people as were engaged in the Revolution. "I cannot hope," wrote Washington from Valley Forge to Patrick Henry, "that my services have been the best; but my heart tells me they have been the best that I could render." Washington's best was more than a match for his inferior opponents, had their resources been a hundred times greater, or his a hundred times less. Nor were the American people unequal to their responsibilities. Their very foes became enthusiastic in describing them. "The great bulk of the country," wrote Burgoyne, "is undoubtedly with the Congress in principle and zeal, and their measures are executed with a secrecy and despatch that are not to be equalled." "They stood like soldiers," wrote the Hessian Schlözer from the field of Saratoga, "and with a military air in which there was but little to find fault with. . . . . Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind Nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at the sight of such a handsome, well-formed race."

Thus much was decided before the treaty with France, at the close of the period embraced in Mr. Bancroft's volume, that Great Britain could not conquer America. The French alliance undoubtedly hastened, but as undoubtedly it did not decide, the recognition of American independence. To this termination of the strife there were many obstacles, some of which a careless or desponding judgment would have pronounced insuperable, but none that were not in course of yielding to the deep and resistless impulse in favor of liberty. A greater crisis than that through which the Americans had passed could hardly befall them, nor could any, greater or less, be more heroically met than this had been, by all who were worthy of their name.

2.— *The American Conflict: a History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America*, 1860–65. *Its Causes, Incidents, and Results: intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from* 1776 *to the Close of the War for the Union.* By HORACE GREELEY. *Illustrated by Portraits on Steel of Generals, Statesmen, and other Eminent Men: Views of Places of Historic Interest: Maps, Diagrams of Battle-Fields, Naval Actions, etc.: from Official Sources.* Vol. II. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. 782.

MR. GREELEY has brought to a close, in the second volume, his History of the great Rebellion. The enormous task has been carried through with fairness of intention and industry; the narrative is condensed, the language plain and intelligible. It is fortunate that a work to which the author's reputation and position are sure to give wide circulation possesses such merits. To have written this book constitutes not the least of the services which Mr. Greeley has rendered to the country, and which place him among the conspicuous men of his generation. The second volume is devoted chiefly to military, as the first volume was to civil events. It is the clearest and most compendious account yet published of the operations of the war from the beginning of the year 1862 to the suppression of the Rebellion. Mr. Greeley's power of condensed statement and his great skill in dealing with details are evident throughout its pages. But the volume is as a whole less interesting than the preceding one, and contains nothing equal in worth to the historic summary which occupies the first half of the first volume. Few men are more competent than Mr. Greeley to trace the history of the great contest between the principles of liberty and those of slavery, which was foreshadowed in the debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1789, but was, by a series of compromises then agreed upon, postponed for a few years, to be carried on more and more fiercely in Congress and on the platform, until it was happily fought to a close upon the battle-field. Few men possess a more thorough acquaintance with the minutest details of the conflict, or are better qualified to estimate justly the relative importance of events and the relative influence of prominent men during this period. Few have a clearer insight into the causes that conspired to bring about those events, or to shape the policy of those men; and few are better able to understand, and to make others understand, the nature and varying fortunes of the struggles of parties. In his position as editor for nearly thirty years of an influential journal, Mr. Greeley has been obliged to apply to the questions of the day the knowledge acquired by careful

study of American history from his point of view, and to submit it to the test of friendly and of hostile criticism, as well as of events. His intimate personal acquaintance with the prominent men of his own party, and in some cases with prominent opponents also, and his familiarity with the working of the wires that, invisible to the ordinary spectator, control the action of apparently automatic persons or assemblies, constitute additional qualifications for the writing of our political history from the moment when the several States met together to devise a frame of government under which they might "form a more perfect Union," to the moment when the writer, having to deal with living persons and existing political organizations, is exposed to the influence of partisan and of personal prejudices and prepossessions.

But whenever and wherever such prejudices or prepossessions come into play, those of Mr. Greeley's qualifications for the work in hand which are due to the proximity of his post of observation or to his actual participation in the events with which he has to deal become positive disqualifications. He would be more or less than human, if he were able in his history to treat with entire impartiality matters with regard to which he was, even during the period of its composition, daily taking sides in his journal. He cannot reasonably be expected to do exact justice to political organizations of which he still espouses one and assails the other; nor, with the best intentions in the world, to be uninfluenced by personal sympathies and antipathies in what he has to say of members of his own or of the opposite party; nor to estimate at its just value the share of the several actors in scenes wherein he took a leading part himself.

With regard to questions no longer in issue, and to persons who have no present political importance, a conscientious writer might be expected carefully to review and seriously to modify opinions expressed in the heat of the moment; and this Mr. Greeley has done. The questions that arose between the Administration and General McClellan, for example, seem to be treated with fairness, and a disposition is shown to do justice to the military qualities and achievements of officers with whose political opinions and manner of conducting the war the writer had no sympathy. Whatever defects characterize the narratives of military campaigns, which form so considerable a portion of this volume, are justly attributable to incompleteness of materials, haste in composition, and the eminently pacific character of Mr. Greeley's temperament.

So, also, Mr. Greeley seems now to admit, as he would not have done at the time, that the result of elections in the Border States during the war was due to military interference, and that the Administration

majority in Indiana in 1864 was swelled "unfairly," though he has made in neither case a serious effort to investigate the nature and extent of such interference or unfairness. In speaking of the technically illegal arrests of persons or seizures of property by the Administration, he manifests a candid desire to represent the facts as they occurred, but has failed to set them forth with fulness and precision, or to attribute to them so great an influence as they really exercised upon the elections. And in general, where the personages or the events spoken of have ceased to possess political significance, — have become from Mr. Greeley's point of view historical, — he deals with them in the spirit, if not entirely with the faculty, of an historian. We are bound, therefore, to presume that in all cases where he writes in the spirit of the conductor of a political journal, or of a party leader, or of a man with personal ends in view and personal sympathies or hostilities to gratify, the fault lies less in his will than in his temperament.

But, desiring the reader to bear in mind that we would in no wise impugn Mr. Greeley's motives, we are obliged to add, that the instances in which he seems to forget that he has undertaken to write a history, not editorial articles for the New York Tribune, are neither few nor unimportant. While, for example, he does not deny that some hearty supporters of the war were to be found in the ranks of the Democratic party, he indicates on many pages a belief that the mass of that party was hostile to its prosecution; and he interprets its successes in the elections of 1862 as indicative, not so much of dissatisfaction with the conduct of military operations, with the policy of the Administration in the matter of slavery, or with its arbitrary interference with rights of person or property, as of opposition to the further prosecution of hostilities. Thus he says: "It is quite probable that, had a popular election been held at any time during the year following the 4th of July, 1862, on the question of continuing the war or arresting it on the best attainable terms, a majority would have voted for peace." And again: "The fall elections of 1862 had resulted in a general Opposition triumph; because the reflecting and unimpassioned had been led, by our recent reverses and our general disappointment, to doubt the ability of the government to put down the Rebellion."

But Mr. Greeley neglects to advert to the important fact, that the victories of the Democratic party in 1862 were gained, save in one or two instances, and those of slight importance, not by the augmentation of its own vote, but by the falling off in the Republican vote; as the successes of the Administration in 1863 were gained, even in Ohio, not by the diminution of the Opposition strength, but by the coming out of Republican voters; that thus in both cases the results indicate an in-

crease of absolute, and not of relative strength; showing that, even on Mr. Greeley's hypothesis that the Democratic party was as a party hostile to the war, its victories in 1862 prove nothing more than that the floating mass of voters, who determine almost all our elections, stayed at home in order to indicate dissatisfaction, not with the purpose to prosecute the war, but with the manner in which it was prosecuted. So their coming to the polls in 1863 indicated a contrary feeling, and also indicated in Ohio and some other States strong opposition to the opinions avowed by such men as Vallandigham, the vote for whom was, however, undoubtedly swelled by many who, disagreeing with his views, yet regarded him as a martyr in the cause of freedom of speech.

But even if the result of the elections of 1862 can properly be regarded as proof that the Democratic party comprised at that time an absolute majority of the electors, (exclusive of those who were serving in the army or navy,) it still remains to be shown that such majority was composed wholly of men who believed that the further prosecution of the war was either undesirable or hopeless. Now Mr. Greeley assumes, throughout the volume, that the soldiers were believers in the desirableness and in the sureness of eventual success; yet according to his own figures, which are not so complete or so conveniently tabulated as could be wished, one sixth of the army vote was thrown for Democratic candidates in the earlier stages of the war, and nearly one third for General McClellan in the Presidential election of 1864. If we presume — which seems only fair, considering the influences, direct or indirect, likely to have been brought to bear upon the soldiers by their Republican superiors — that a similar proportion at least of the home vote for the Democratic ticket was thrown by supporters of the war, we make the majority in favor of its prosecution much larger than that which the returns show for the Opposition. This would be a sufficient refutation of Mr. Greeley's statement, but is very far from doing justice to a great and patriotic political organization. The truth is, that the feeling of a nation is not expressed in the returns of elections. Nothing lies like figures. The motives which determine men's action at the polls are too numerous and too complicated to admit of being thus reduced to one simple term. But Mr. Greeley is too old a politician, too thoroughly a politician, too old a political editor, too exclusively a political editor, to escape self-deception in this matter. He is accustomed to regard the American people as divided into two great parties; — the one, on the whole, decidedly right, that is, of the same general way of thinking with himself; the other decidedly wrong, that is, entertaining opinions diametrically opposed to his own. He mistakes party cries and the heated talk of the platform for settled

beliefs, and considers a party struggle as a contest between principles. He commits a similar mistake to that made by many of us during the war, who interpreted the opposition to the Jeff Davis administration of the supporters of Mr. Vance for the gubernatorial chair in North Carolina, to mean hostility to the Confederacy, when the contest was really upon the same party line on which political campaigns had been carried on in the old North State for many years.

We should resort to a very different class of proofs, and one more trustworthy, if less specious, than election returns, to establish the fact that the people of the loyal States, and the "most rational and unimpassioned" among them, were from first to last, by a decided majority, in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and were confident that success would come surely, however slowly, to the national arms. We should call attention to the sacrifices of blood, money, and time that were made in every State north of the Ohio and the Potomac, in every county, every township, and almost every family, for the national cause; to the noble services of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, — hastily dismissed by Mr. Greeley in two pages of the Appendix, — which, as organizations complementary to the regular service, receiving little countenance from the government, supported and carried on with wonderful efficiency by voluntary effort, have never in the history of any war been equalled; to the sympathy with the soldier in the field, with the suffering, the wounded, the bereaved, manifested everywhere; to the indications of the popular faith in ultimate triumph, even after sore defeat, afforded by the newspapers of city and country alike, and not of those only which held to the Republican faith, (for the thoroughly disloyal ones can be counted on one's fingers,) and by the more courageous language held by members of Congress on their return to Washington after a sojourn among their constituents. We should appeal to the recollection of every loyal reader, to say whether the instances of men of mark among his own neighbors who, having sincerely and heartily espoused the national cause at the outset, failed or faltered subsequently, were not very few. We should advert to the circumstance that scarcely a single representative of the people in State legislatures or in Congress, whose voice had once been given for the war, afterwards declared himself against it, but that, on the contrary, the number of prominent men who gave it their support increased from month to month. We should note, as important additional proof of the popular determination to bring the war to a successful close, at whatever sacrifice, the progress of public opinion in favor of emancipation as a means to victory, as evidenced in many ways, and as recorded in the votes of Congress from session to session. We should refer

to the very general complaints of the lack of vigor and of confidence in the people on the part of the Administration, which found expression through newspapers representing more than one shade of opinion, town-meetings, State legislatures and conventions, Congressional speeches and action, and the numerous deputations from various classes that visited the White House. There were certainly seasons of doubt, distrust, discouragement, even gloom, in which traitors who had been silent or hypocritically patriotic threw off all disguise; but those seasons were remarkably brief, and the reaction came with surprising promptitude and force. The leading Tories, moreover, had a very much more considerable following in their speech-making than they could ever have had in corresponding acts; and this is sufficiently shown by the fact that when in office, so far from venturing to take the shortest step toward a discontinuance of active effort by their respective States to support the Administration in the prosecution of the war, they sensibly moderated their language. Thus Mr. Greeley says: "Governor Seymour, who addressed a large gathering in the New York Academy of Music (in July, 1863) in language carefully weighed beforehand and *tempered by the obvious requirements of his official position*, was far more measured and cautious in his assaults and imputations than were the great majority of his *compatriots*." [*Sic!*]

In point of fact, the harangues delivered against the war during its continuance were of as little practical moment, as slightly indicative of the existence of an active feeling of opposition to its further prosecution, as was the talk of Democratic stump-speakers before the firing upon Fort Sumter. And had any attempt been made to condense the heated words of such men as Vallandigham or Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut into overt action against the government, there would have been a popular uprising against them only equalled by that which followed the discharge of Beauregard's cannon upon the national flag. The South, in both cases, mistook a party slogan for a declaration of principles, as did also a few patriots in the North, prominent among whom stands Mr. Greeley. His temperament, which is signally deficient in the large hope that is the soul of courage and the parent of success, as is shown by his proverbial habit of inferring defeat from the first returns of a contested election, contributed to fortify him in this error. His views before the breaking out of hostilities are well known. Of his feelings during the first two years of the conflict, we have the following candid confession in the pages entitled "Explanatory," at the commencement of the second volume of the History:—

"Up to the occurrence of those riots [the draft riots in New York city, of July, 1863] I had not been habitually confident of an auspicious immediate

issue from our momentous struggle. Never doubting that the *ultimate* result would be such as to vindicate emphatically the profoundly wise beneficence of God, it had seemed to me more probable — in view of the protracted and culpable complicity of the North in whatever of guilt or shame, of immorality or debasement, was inseparable from the existence and growth of American slavery — that a temporary triumph might accrue to the Confederates.

. . . . . .

"So long as it seemed probable that our war would result more immediately in a Rebel triumph, I had no wish, no heart, to be one of its historians; and it was only when — following closely on the heels of the great Union successes of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Helena — I had seen the Rebellion resisted and defeated in this city of New York, (where its ideas and vital aims were more generally cherished than even in South Carolina or Louisiana,) that I confidently hoped for an immediate and palpable rather than a remote and circuitous triumph of the Union, now and evermore blended inseparably with emancipation, — with the legal and national recognition of every man's right to himself. Thenceforward, with momentary intervals of anxiety, depresssion, and doubt, it has been to me a labor of love to devote every available hour to the history of the American conflict."

The habit of mind here indicated is exactly opposed to that evinced by Mr. Seward in his famous "sixty days" predictions. Apprehension, happily groundless, as the event has proved, was felt that the overconfidence of the Secretary of State might be prejudicial to our interests abroad; but there can be no doubt what effect a want of faith so absolute as that of Mr. Greeley would have had upon foreign powers, had Mr. Seward's portfolio been in his hands. Disguise it as he would, it must have colored his despatches. And its influence upon his associates in the Cabinet, and upon the President himself, might have been seriously depressing. It crippled, as it was, Mr. Greeley's influence as editor of a leading journal; and it led him into vagaries — such as his visit to the French Minister at Washington, with a view to the acceptance of Napoleon's proffer of mediation, and his interview with the Rebel emissaries in Canada — which might have been criminal, had he occupied an official position.

But when Mr. Greeley undertakes to declare that "the reflecting and unimpassioned" had as little faith as he, he commits a very grave error, — an error as grave as that of supposing, as he seems to do, that his Niagara expedition was approved by the people, and that Mr. Lincoln's course in that affair was disapproved. On this point he says: "There was a very wide-spread impression that the overture of the Confederates had not been met in the manner best calculated to strengthen the national cause and invigorate the arm of its supporters."

This unfortunate habit of mistaking his own opinions and sentiments for those of the nation colors Mr. Greeley's views of men as well as

of events, and leaves surprising gaps in his history. The sole quotation, for example, from the voluminous despatches of Mr. Seward (who when named, as he rarely is, is uniformly, with newspaper provincialism, not to say vulgarity, called "Gov." Seward, as Mr. Cameron is denominated "Gen." Cameron) consists of that unfortunate paragraph in the instructions to Mr. Dayton, of April 22, 1861, in which the Secretary of State declares that "the condition of slavery in the several States will remain just the same whether the revolution succeed or fail," — unfortunate as declaration of intention or as prediction, but representing, except in the use of the term "revolution," the popular belief at the time it was written, and corresponding with Congressional action up to that time. But not a page is given to the history of our diplomatic relations, and no word of acknowledgment of Mr. Seward's great services as Secretary of State is made. The names of Secretaries Stanton and Welles are barely mentioned, and no credit is given to either the War or the Navy Department for the promptitude and efficiency with which, all things considered, they organized and carried on hostilities. Nor are the great services rendered to the land forces by the navy, or the efficacy of the blockade, and its value to the final result, adequately acknowledged.

With regard to the Secretary of the Treasury, the case is different. The financial history of the war occupies, to be sure, only two or three pages, which are imperfect and vague in statement, and hasty, we had almost said slovenly, in style. But this unsatisfactory summary is thus prefaced: "Another and profounder shock to public confidence followed, in the resignation of Hon. Salmon P. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury. Gov. Chase had filled in the public service, through years of doubt, depression, and disaster, the second place in importance, and the first in the magnitude of its requirements, and had discharged its duties with pre-eminent ability, energy, and courage." Considering the differences of opinion which have from the first obtained, even in his own party, with regard to the soundness or the originality of Secretary Chase's financial policy, — considering the further facts that a change in the Treasury Department had been for months before it occurred urged by prominent business men, who were heartily in favor of the war, that there was a remarkable unanimity of opinion in the designation as Mr. Chase's successor of Senator Fessenden, and great gratification at his acceptance of the position, and that the beneficial effect of the change upon the condition of the finances was speedily and sensibly felt, — we cannot express sufficient surprise at so sweeping a statement.

But, moreover, if Mr. Chase filled "the second place in importance,

and the first in the magnitude of its requirements," what place did Abraham Lincoln fill? If the Secretary of the Treasury was at the head of the Administration, what position did the President of the United States occupy? We all know that in fact, as well as in the judgment of the people and of prominent men of all parties, Mr. Lincoln occupied not only nominally, but really, the first place, — first in all senses, — and that whoever in his Cabinet stood second was *secundus magno intervallo.* That there was dissatisfaction at various times with the course pursued by Mr. Lincoln is undoubted; but that dissatisfaction was much more general among politicians than in the Republican rank and file, and those who manifested it most strongly inveighed with greatest bitterness against the weakness of the Cabinet. A very small proportion of the grumblers believed in the superiority of Mr. Chase to Mr. Lincoln, as man, as politician, or as administrator of affairs. The malecontents were not only without popular support, but without a man upon whom they could unite. They may have thought of Mr. Chase as a standard-bearer at one time; but when the Republican Senators who strove to induce Mr. Lincoln to remove Mr. Seward from the State Department found Mr. Chase, upon whom they had counted, wanting at the critical moment, he ceased to have a party even in Washington. A few old friends, among them Mr. Greeley, between whose temperament and that of Mr. Chase there are strong points of similarity, clung to him; but the unanimous nomination of Mr. Lincoln at the Baltimore Convention showed them their weakness.

The paragraph quoted above is not the sole, although it is perhaps the most striking passage, in which Mr. Greeley shows absolute incapacity to appreciate Mr. Lincoln's incalculable services to the nation. Throughout the volume, our President — who with unfaltering hope, unflagging courage, truth to himself, reliance upon God, and trust in the people, performed the greatest labors that devolved upon any man during his administration with signal ability, and carried the greatest popular war ever fought to a successful termination — seems to be studiously kept in the background.

In like manner the services of other men who are known to be personally obnoxious to Mr. Greeley are ignored. Not only, for example, is no allusion made to Mr. Fessenden's short but successful administration of the Treasury Department, but his appointment is not even mentioned, so that a reader unacquainted with the facts would be unable to discover in this volume the name of Mr. Chase's successor.

These instances must suffice to show the great defect of Mr. Greeley's work. The accumulation of additional evidence to the same point would not be difficult, but no amount of it would be sufficient to

show one who had not read the book in how many or in how subtle ways that which we must, with all respect, denominate "Greeleyism" permeates its political chapters. In his editorial articles Mr. Greeley has frequently shown great skill in disposing of an adversary or of an argument, without appearing to notice its existence; but many weapons which are effective in party or personal warfare have no place in the hand of an historian. He who would write a "History of the American Conflict" that shall be read by "our grandchildren" — as Mr. Greeley hopes that his will be — must not only avoid the defects of a newspaper style of composition, but he must still more carefully refrain from regarding persons or events from the stand-point of an editor, of a politician, or of a partisan.

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3. — 1. *The Making of the American Nation, or the Rise and Decline of Oligarchy in the West.* By J. Arthur Partridge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. xxxvii., 523.
2. *On Democracy.* By J. Arthur Partridge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. xxiii., 418.

These two volumes, although bearing the name of an American publisher on their title-page, are of English authorship and manufacture. We know nothing of their author but what we have learned from the books themselves. His Prefaces are dated from the Reform Club, which affords an indication of his social position; and he shows himself in his writings to be a man who thinks for himself, who has made politics a study, who has uncommon political insight, and who possesses in an uncommon degree "the courage of his opinions." His books are not likely to receive that attention in England which they deserve, for the doctrines which they set forth are in utter opposition to the most deep-rooted English prejudices, and to the opinions of the mass of Englishmen. The style in which the author advocates his doctrines is not fitted to conciliate or to convert those who differ from him, or to attract those who might not be repelled by his creed. He dogmatizes upon open questions; he generalizes from imperfect data; he often makes assertion take the place of argument; and there is little logical precision and method in the arrangement of his discourse, while there is much needless repetition and restatement. The books are political pamphlets swollen into volumes.

But in spite of these defects, Mr. Partridge's works are contributions of value to political science. The author is a consistent and thoroughgoing democrat. His faith in democracy, and his sentiment con-

cerning it, inspire and invigorate his intelligence. His understanding shrinks from no conclusions to which his faith leads, for his faith has its source and support in reason. He believes, with De Tocqueville, that "the organization and establishment of democracy in Christendom is the great political problem of the time"; but, instead of sharing the dread which the spectacle of the gradual but irresistible development of social equality awakened in the mind of that illustrious thinker, he accepts the fact with joy, as indicating the advance of mankind to a happier condition, and as the promise that political institutions and national organization shall at last be founded on universal, immutable, final principles of right. The main object of the volume on Democracy is to show that there can be no complete nation that is not also a complete democracy, — that the thoughts and will of the whole people are the true governing and progressive power, — that true democracy is the end and aim of political science. "Respecting Democracy, or the manhood of a people, the only question is that of time and adjustment. There is no question of principle." "Democracy," or government of, by, and for the whole people, says Mr. Partridge, — "Democracy, as an organized system, maintains the maximum of the three essentials of government: *Security*, for the all consent; *Power*, for the all think, and act, and govern; *Honesty*, for they will govern for themselves. It makes a nation of men, instead of a nation of classes." "Democracy," he says again, "is a living organism of intense vitality and unmatched power, perfect in the completion of its individual forces, compact in a loyalty to itself, strong in an all-pervading habit of association, immutable in an equality which makes every man royal." Such democracy is not possible, except for men in an advanced social and political state; but every other form of government dependent on partial distribution of powers and unequal allowance of rights is obviously provisional and precarious. "Until the majority are fit for self-government," says Mr. Partridge, "democracy is impossible; and until democracy be possible, good government is not possible; for government *by* is always government *for*." "In all other systems, the institutions are not by the all, but *by* and *for* the one, the few, or the many." From these general theses Mr. Partridge's argument proceeds. It is in the main a discussion of the theory of democracy, with special reference to the traditions and future of England. His argument is pointed and enforced by continual reference to the example of America. However perfect may be the theory of democracy, as a fact it has hitherto always been on its trial; but in America it has now proved its case, in the completion of a nation upon the basis of individual political equality. The volume on "The Making of the American Nation" is "a study on this great

and indeed only, precedent of democracy, — its origin, history, qualities, conflicts, and reconstruction."

America has never had a warmer advocate than Mr. Partridge. No American has a heartier confidence in the institutions of his country. He finds here the solutions of problems previously propounded in vain. Democracy is the goal of progress, and here is a nation which is steadily approaching the goal. There are few Americans even who appreciate as clearly as Mr. Partridge the true grounds of confidence in the American system, or who understand as well the principles from which its virtue is derived. The distinctive peculiarity of the politics of America is the fact, that, resting upon ultimate universal principles of right, they become a branch of moral science; and the question in regard to the American system of government and society is, not as to the truth of the principles of democracy, but whether the American people is ripe for democracy, and capable of applying its principles to the conditions of their life, and of honestly embodying them in institutions, in forms of law, and in the relations of a complex society. As Mr. Partridge well says, "Democracy rests on Christianity, which taught the natural unity and equality of man, and the means to realize it; and, as a principle, democracy can never go on its trial till Christianity go with it." "The Americans are on their trial, not the principles."

And thus far he finds that the Americans have justified themselves by their works; — not that the ideal democracy is yet established; not that failures and shortcomings do not abound; not that there has been a consistent application of principles to practice; not that America has been great enough and pure enough thoroughly to work out the great and pure principle which she represents, — the principle of equality embodied in a government by and for the all; — but that, having at length cast out the alien, contradictory, and perverse element of slavery from her system, she is now more than ever capable of securing for herself a full and consistent development.

"Next to the Christian religion," says Mr. Partridge, "of which America is the most influential advocate, the American government and Constitution is the most precious possession which the world holds, or which the future can inherit." This is true; true because the American system is the political expression of Christian ideas. Ages of human effort, the struggles of former generations, the hopes, the disappointments, the wisdom of the past, have brought about this great result. There is at last a bright page in history; at last, the doctrine of human progress is proved true, and a limitless vista of peaceful advance opens to the eyes of men, in the foundation and ex-

istence of a society organized into a nation upon the basis of nature and right. A nation at length exists, prospers, improves, in which national unity and power are found not only compatible with individual freedom, but proportioned to it, — the first nation which deserves the name of commonwealth, — a nation founded upon the rock of religion, and rooted in the love of man.

The clearness of Mr. Partridge's appreciation of the characteristics of American democracy is illustrated by the fact, that nearly a third of his volume on the American nation was written and printed during the heat of our late struggle. He had such faith in the principles of freedom and equality, that he foresaw the sure triumph of the nation which rested its trust upon them. He saw that the North was learning and was teaching the world the strength of a nation of free men and free institutions. He declared that the South had no elements of nationality, and that by its secession and rebellion it was but assisting to establish the true American nation upon sure and eternal foundations; and he undertook the vindication of American nationality, in respect to its territory, or geographical unity; the freedom, character, and power of man; the balance of institutions, and their adjustment to national life; the individuality, character, and will resulting from these, and constituting the unity of the nation or the aggregate national life. In accomplishing this object, his thought is often original, his argument strong, and his style, as may be judged from the extracts already made, frequently pithy and pointed. He shows that man attains in America his greatest average value; that he is completer in himself, and of more effect and value for social or political combination; and he investigates the nature of the special institutions under which democracy is organized with a skill and understanding of the relations of people and government, and of the different parts of the system with each other, which make his work of not less value to American than to foreign readers and political students. Were his treatment of his subject more exact and compact, and his diction more restrained, his work would be of the highest importance as a political essay. The ability of a great part of the work, the wisdom of many of the author's intuitions, and the soundness of his general conclusions, go far to redeem the defects which spring from a *doctrinaire* tendency of mind, and from a deficiency in the logical development of his argument. And, indeed, the tendency to a rigid application of abstract principles and of theoretic considerations to practical politics, arises in great measure from the nature of the case, in the discussion of questions relating to the politics of America. For in this country speculative politics have a connection with applied politics such as has never existed elsewhere,

and cannot exist except where the science of politics is based, not, as in the old countries, upon a theory of force, but upon a theory of right. The test of a political measure here is consequently different from that which is to be applied elsewhere. The test here is in fact double: first, that of the correspondence of the measure to a principle, to an accepted theory; and secondly, the appropriateness of the measure to adapt the principle to the special conditions which it is designed to meet. The effect of this fact is already seen in a habit of mind characteristic of our people, and productive of consequences which have not as yet been sufficiently considered in its result upon the national development. "It is the unpardonable sin," said one of the cleverest of living English politicians, "to argue in English politics from special facts to general principles. Each case must be dealt with on its own merits." Here precisely the reverse is true, and the staple of our political argument is concerning the principle involved in the special instance under discussion. The contrast in the temper and habit of the two peoples is plainly shown in the recent debates in each country concerning the suffrage. In England the debate turns on matters of detail, which obscure the great principle which underlies and gives vitality to the agitation of reform. In America the detail is for the moment disregarded in the consideration of the great principle involved.

Mr. Partridge's books will not be less esteemed by Americans that they are written in an American spirit; that they partake of the theorizing disposition to which we are prone; and that they exhibit the vigor, freedom, independence, and animation of mind which are characteristic of our intellectual action and productions. The volumes are crowded with striking sentences and with bold statements of truth. We cannot take better leave of the author than by citing a few of the impressive passages scattered through his pages.

"Democracy demands development. Americans have to a certain extent been partially educated, uneducated, and wrongly educated. The South, a third part in numbers, has been *wrongly*, perversely educated. Another large division has been *partially* educated by and for frontier life. Immigrants are often partially educated, uneducated, and wrongly educated. In a word, democracy fails where it is not democracy. Other systems fail because *they are* those systems."

"Had slavery not been in the nation, this war had not been. 'The war' simply showed that the nation was on its promotion."

"The North has learned that in all compromises the right is in danger of losing, — has already lost its best vantage-ground. The North has chosen principle instead of defeat, and learnt how to do, as well as for what to die."

"Every government ought to be, or to be in the way of becoming, democratic

in its principles; because, in every country, good government tends to make the majority educated and orderly, conservative and free."

"Nature is the true propagandist [of freedom], and Nature has freer sway in America than elsewhere."

"Every constitution is in danger when the nation advances beyond it to great conquests in morality, in social science, and in statesmanship. But even this advance is not revolutionary in America; for the nation but reverts to the *raison d'être*, the sanctions and origin of the nationality, and to the Declaration, its first authentic formula."

"As to democracy, to overthrow *that* there must be found a power more universal than the people's."

4.—*With General Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign.* By a Staff Officer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 235.

This book takes us into the very heart of the army, from the 29th of April to the 9th of May, 1865. The story of the final military operations of the Rebellion, so far as they were directed or conducted by General Sheridan, is told here by one qualified to tell it well, alike by knowledge of the circumstances of the time and by acquaintance with the men by whom the great result was at last achieved. No one could have had better opportunities than the Staff Officer to obtain accurate knowledge of facts, and full understanding of the movements of that part of the army which, under General Sheridan, won so large a share of the honor of those eventful days. And in addition to these advantages, he possesses, as his book shows, the personal qualifications required for the due accomplishment of the task he set before himself. The frankness, candor, modesty, and manliness displayed in his pages win the confidence and regard of the reader. His style is rapid and vigorous, with the dash of the cavalry-man; and there are passages in the volume which indicate that its author has excellent purely literary abilities. A severe critic might find something to reprehend in an occasional flippancy of expression, and what might seem at first glance like levity of tone in dealing with serious affairs. But a careful reader will soon discover that these apparent defects are artifices intentionally adopted by the author, as a cloak to cover without concealing truth concerning passages in his story or individuals with whom he has to deal by name, which could not without impropriety or inconvenient consequences be set forth in its simple nakedness. Moreover, the air of a campaign is not that of a study or a drawing-room, and the Staff

Officer has done well in preserving the true local coloring, rather than to attempt to tone it down to the point required by the mere conventions of literature or good society.

The author is a friend and admirer of General Sheridan, and there are few of his readers who will not share with him his warm feeling in regard to the genius and services of this great commander. Next to General Grant in popular esteem, General Sheridan has secured for himself a sure place in the gratitude of his countrymen; and this little book, in its exhibition of his character and of his abilities, will deepen the public conviction in respect to the merits of a general not less distinguished by his modesty than by his gallantry and his military genius.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book, and of the most importance historically, is that which treats of the much-disputed facts concerning the relief of General Warren from command of the Fifth Corps, after the battle of Five Forks. The narrative of the circumstances attending this disgrace of an officer who had borne so high a reputation as General Warren, is conducted with such clearness of statement and such fairness of spirit, and is so confirmed by investigation of opposing accounts, as to convince the reader of the truth of the author's conclusion, that in this act "we may safely assume that General Sheridan was actuated by a simple and honorable desire to further the interests of the service." "General Sheridan, not doubting General Warren's entire loyalty, nor his gallantry, which was above suspicion, sincerely believed that he was not in a proper frame of mind to conduct vigorous operations; that he over-estimated the ability and strength of the enemy; that he hesitated to strike boldly, and impaired the efficiency of his corps by his own apathy; that, in fine, he was a millstone hanging about the necks of fifteen thousand men, and a clog to their steps toward victory."

The narrative of Sheridan's eager, breathless, and successful pursuit of Lee and the flying and dispirited Confederate army, of his fertility of resource, of his shrewd foresight, of his splendid rapidity and confidence during this final movement of the war, is inspired with the full spirit of those brilliant days. We share in the ardor of the chase, and in the joy and thankfulness of its triumphant close. There is no more interesting page in the military annals of America than that which records these events. The animated descriptions of the Staff Officer bring the scenes vividly before his reader's eyes. His account of the incidents of the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, and especially of the appearance of General Lee, is striking and picturesque. We cannot commend the book better than by citing it at length.

"Generals Grant, Ord, and Sheridan, with three or four staff officers each, went up to the Court-House, and of our staff there went three,—a senior aide, the chief of staff, and the adjutant-general. The town consists of about five houses, a tavern and a court-house, all on one street, and that was boarded up at one end to keep the cows out. On the right-hand side as we went in was the principal residence, owned by Mr. McLean; and to his house General Grant was conducted to meet General Lee. At the fence the whole party dismounted, and, walking over a narrow grass-plot to the house, noticed General Lee's gray horse nibbling there in charge of an orderly, who was holding his own as well. General Grant entered the house with one or two of his staff, and the rest of us sat down on the piazza and waited. Mr. McLean was out there, too, but so much excited by his appreciation of passing events, that he did not know where his pump was, or if he had any, and if not, could n't tell us where there was a spring. In a moment Colonel Babcock came out, smiling, whirled his hat round his head once, and beckoned Generals Ord and Sheridan to come in. They walked the floor silently, as people do who have the first peep at a baby; and after a while General Lee came out and signalled to his orderly to bridle his horse. While this was being done, he stood on the lowest step of the piazza (we had all risen respectfully as he passed down), and, looking over into the valley toward his army, smote his hands together several times in an absent sort of way, utterly unconscious of the people about him, and seeming to see nothing till his horse was led in front of him. As he stood there, he appeared to be about sixty years of age, a tall, soldierly figure of a man, with a full gray beard, a new suit of gray clothes, a high, gray, felt hat, with a cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding-boots, and a beautiful sword. He was all that our fancy had painted him; and he had the sympathy of us all as he rode away. Just as he gathered up his bridle, General Grant went down the steps, and, passing in front of his horse, touched his hat to General Lee, who made a similar salute, and then left the yard and returned to his own lines with his orderly and the single staff officer who had accompanied him to the interview, and who was said to have been Colonel Marshall, his chief of staff, a quiet-looking man in spectacles, looking more like one of thought than of action. General Grant presented something of a contrast to General Lee in the way of uniform, not only in color, but in style and general effect. He had on a sugar-loaf hat, almost peculiar to himself, a frock coat, unbuttoned and splashed with mud, a dark vest, dark blue pantaloons tucked into top-boots, muddy also, and no sword. His countenance was n't relaxed at all, and not a muscle of his face told tales on his thoughts. If he was very much pleased by the surrender of Lee, nothing in his air or manner indicated it. The joyful occasion did n't seem to awaken in him a responsive echo, and he went and mounted his horse and rode away silently, to send off a despatch which should electrify the North, and set all the church-bells ringing jubilant vespers on this happy Sunday evening."

5. — *Taxation: its Levy and Expenditure, past and future; being an Inquiry into our Financial Policy.* By Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M. P. for Finsbury. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. 255.

This work comprises an excellent and instructive summary of the operations of the British exchequer. The various sources of revenue are classified, and the effect of each separate tax is traced, both historically and deductively, to its effects upon the revenue of the government and the general interests of the nation. Those who mourn the ineffectiveness, the inequalities, and other short-comings of our own internal-revenue system, may perhaps be comforted by the knowledge that the British system, after all the labor and research devoted to its perfection, is about as bad as ours in nearly every point. The author's review of the expenditures of the kingdom is however more particularly instructive to the American reader.

Sir Morton makes no attempt to lay down any new general principles of taxation. He is a committee-man, — not an economist. But in considering the levy and expenditure of a tax as parts of one system, the work suggests inquiries both new and important. Under the title "Effects of Taxation," writers on finance employ themselves in investigating the effects of *levying* taxes, but do not think it necessary to include in the same category the effects of *expending* them.

Conclusions drawn from so one-sided an investigation are of no practical use; they are blind guides. Every government expends, in one way or another, all the taxes it levies, and it must levy, in the long run, as much money as it expends. So levy and expenditure necessarily go hand in hand. This is not all. The effect of taxation on the wealth of a country depends almost entirely on the manner in which it is expended, and very slightly on the manner in which it is levied, if the system is formed with only a decent regard to equity of assessment.

To some this may be a truism: to others, a paradox. For the benefit of the latter, we shall endeavor to show clearly how the truth of the proposition flows from first principles.

The tax-payer's money must all come back to him, directly or indirectly. He pays it into the treasury; the treasury pays it to government agents; the latter expend it in the purchase of commodities for their support from the tax-payers. The commodities thus purchased for the support of government are what the tax is really paid in. The effect of the tax depends almost entirely on the nature and final destination of these purchased commodities. If the money were expended in increasing the wealth and improving the capital of the nation, if gov-

ernment supplied all the tax-payers with buildings and machinery to the full amount of their tax, there would be hardly a limit to taxation.

But governments do not directly expend their revenues in this way. They wisely leave this to private enterprise. The general rule is, that the revenue is all expended in carrying on the government; that is, everything purchased with the revenue is employed in feeding, clothing, or enriching the soldiers, clerks, judges, and others who are employed by government, and nothing is expended in such a way as to satisfy any private want of the tax-payer himself.

It thus appears that the operation of levying and expending a tax is usually simply that of turning a certain amount of the industry of a community into a different channel from that which it would take if no tax were levied.

Is the tax spent in war? This industry is devoted to fighting, and making cannon, shot, and other war material.

Is it spent on a navy? The nation devotes its industry to building ships of war.

Is it spent in carrying on an expensive government? The industry is devoted to the support of the numerous officers engaged in administering that government.

In none of these cases does the industry in question enrich either the tax-payer or the country. But, in the present condition of the United States, any surplus revenue which the government may raise is devoted to none of these objects. It is used in paying off the national debt. Hence arises an important practical question. What channel is taken by the industry called into being by the tax in this case? Very clearly, it is not employed in equipping armies or navies, or supporting an expensive governmental establishment. It is employed by the government creditors in whatever way they choose. How will they choose to employ it? Let us see whether some light cannot be thrown on the question by starting from first principles.

In the first place, experience has shown that entire communities may, during a considerable length of time, greatly overestimate the real amount of their wealth. The usual source of deception in this respect is an inflated paper currency. We have a memorable example of such a deception in the delusive prosperity which preceded the financial revulsion of 1837.

A national debt gives rise to a similar deception. In reality, a country with a debt is neither richer nor poorer than it would be if that debt were destroyed. For, though the bond-holder may be the richer for having the bond, the tax-payer owes the entire debt, and is therefore so much the poorer. But, unfortunately, both do not include the debt in

their estimate of wealth. An individual who owes a note at bank always deducts it from his assets, and only considers himself worth the difference. Not so the tax-payer. He does not subtract from his assets the taxes he owes, and will have to pay for twenty or fifty years. Suppose, for instance, that, as is actually the case to a large extent, the tax-payer and bond-holder are one and the same person. A citizen who owns nothing but a thousand-dollar bond pays taxes, sixty dollars per annum of which go toward the interest on the national debt. He is really worth nothing at all. All the interest he receives goes out of his own pocket in the shape of taxes, and when the principal is paid him, it will simply be the accumulation of the extra taxes he has paid the government. Thus the bond is a piece of wealth as purely fictitious as the sixteen hundred extra dollars of the settler of Manhattan Island who "added up the year of our Lord among the pounds." Nevertheless, for a season, perhaps five years, perhaps a generation, — in fact until he finds out his mistake by experience, — he will spend his income on the supposition that the wealth is real.

The important point which we maintain is, that as government pays off the debt the deception will be removed, and the bond-holder will turn his fictitious into real capital, and thus add to the sum total of national wealth. Government levying heavier taxes, he will be compelled to economize. True, he need not continue this economy, for his taxes are returned to him in payment of the principal of the debt, and, if he chooses, he can spend them in the usual articles of consumption. But *he will not thus choose*, because, if he did so, he would find his fictitious wealth disappearing, and when the debt was completely discharged would find himself worth nothing, as he really has been all along. He will therefore "save" his money; in other words, he will directly or indirectly invest it in some form of productive capital, — railroads, storehouses, mills, or mines. He himself, or some one to whom he loans the money, will with it hire laborers to build the railroads, houses, or mills, and *this is the channel into which the labor diverted by the taxation is turned.*

Hence the operation of levying taxes to pay off our debt is not an exhaustive, but a recuperative process. The more heavy our taxes, and, in consequence, the more rapidly we extinguish the debt, the more rapidly we shall replace the capital we have expended in war.

Before considering further the effect of taxation on industry, let us compare the effect of the recuperative process we have described with the effect of war.

Before the war, the population of our country performed a certain amount of labor annually. Of the product of this labor one portion

was consumed within the year, in the supply of our current wants; another portion was added to the fixed capital of our country. When the war broke out, it was necessary that a large portion of our productive population should be employed as soldiers, or artificers in the manufacture of war material. But this would be absolutely impossible unless we should submit to one or all of the following conditions: —

1. To labor more, performing in addition to all our former labor all that was necessary to carry on the war.

2. To expend less on our current wants.

3. To lessen the rate of increase of our capital, or suffer a portion of what we already possessed to deteriorate.

Practically, our war expenditure was derived from all three of these sources. We labored more, consumed less, and, in reality, saved less. Here, however, was where the deception commenced. Men regulate their expenditure by the rate at which they conceive their wealth to be increasing. This increase each individual estimates by the nominal increase in the money value of his property. Government advancing the fictitious wealth of government debt to all who sacrificed capital for the war, the latter, individually, found their capital as they supposed undiminished, fictitious taking the place of real capital. For a while the deception was increased by the unfortunate paper-money policy, which inflated nominal values without adding to real values. Thus we took our war expenses from the interior of the pillars of our national wealth, leaving the outside to look as firm as ever. By the policy of heavy taxation and rapid payment of our debt, we shall once more make them solid. Our argument may be summed up as follows: —

When men are made to feel richer than they really are, they expend too much of their income on present wants. The national debt made them feel thus, and thus kept them from increasing their capital.

To make men replace the capital thus wasted, we must remove this deception. Paying the debt does this, and thus makes them lessen their present wants, and replace their capital.

Unfortunately, a policy which makes men feel poorer will be distasteful to them, and the government is therefore loath to inaugurate it. The only remedy for this difficulty lies in showing men that their pecuniary interests do not really suffer by heavy taxation. That this is true of the combined wealth of the nation has been shown already. But taxes are taken from the tax-payer and paid to the bond-holder. In so far as these are different classes, though the latter are enriched, are not the former impoverished? Certainly, in so far as the payment of a debt he owes can be said to impoverish one. But it must be paid, and makes very little difference to the debtor whether he pays it as rap-

idly as he can save the money, and therefore in a few annual instalments, or whether he pays in small sums for many years, with the continual addition of compound interest. Let every one reflect that, the lighter his taxes, the longer he will have to pay them.

Taxation, again, is supposed to cramp and discourage industry. On a superficial view, this seems very plausible. When you tax an article, it will be said, do you not at the same time discourage its production, and lessen the ability of men to purchase it? Certainly, we reply; this is the effect of the mere levy of the tax. But when the tax comes to be expended, as it must, a demand for labor or its products in some shape is necessarily created. If government expends the tax in war, a proportionate demand is made for soldiers, cannon, and muskets, and the production and consumption of these articles is encouraged to the same extent that the production and consumption of taxed clothing is discouraged. If the money raised by taxation is used to pay off the national debt, then the production of those things which the government creditors purchase with the money, namely, fences, farming implements, machinery, and other forms of permanent capital, is encouraged. It is quite true, then, that the production of some articles, especially those articles on which people are disposed to economize, will be discouraged, but the production of others will necessarily be encouraged to the same extent. That the production and consumption of some articles shall be diminished, is a necessity of our position, and not merely an effect of taxation. Some appear to think that, through the marvellous influence of paper money, we shall be enabled to live in as fine houses, eat as costly food, and wear as much cloth, as we would had there been no war, and at the same time repair the waste of wealth caused by the war. We apprehend that a clear and categorical enunciation of this doctrine will render its refutation needless.

A temporary stagnation in business, a cessation in the demand for labor, and other social disturbances, are almost unavoidable results of the transition from peace to war, or from war to peace, and have little to do with financial policy. As an actual fact, neither the demand for labor nor its wages are the less for our taxes, and we venture to say that neither would be lessened if the taxes were doubled. It is quite true that neither the laborer nor the professional man can purchase as much with his income as if there were no taxes, owing to the higher price of taxed commodities. But let him open an account current with the United States, marking himself debtor by his full share of the national debt, and henceforth credit himself with all the taxes he pays, and note that, the heavier the tax, the more rapid the payment, and he will complain less of heavy taxation.

Frequently those evils are charged to taxation which are only the legitimate effect of that state of things which made the tax necessary. A city or a state borrows largely to engage in digging a canal, which soon proves unprofitable. A tax is levied to pay for the work, and a severe pressure on the tax-payers is the result. They attribute it to the tax, and forget the canal. But the real cause of the evil is the labor diverted from useful to useless employment; and it would have been felt equally, though perhaps in a different way, had they never been called on to pay for it.

It is the government expenditures, and not its taxes, on which the people should keep the most vigilant watch. Every soldier and every establishment which demands the direct payment of money by government is a source of real exhaustion. But every dollar applied to the payment of the national debt, though unnecessarily, so far from being a dollar lost, is at least seventy cents clear gain to the capital of the country.

Thus far we have confined ourselves to the effect of expending taxes in various ways, because this is a branch of the subject little understood and entirely neglected. The principles on which revenue can best be raised are so much better understood, that we shall dismiss briefly the subject of raising revenue. In fact, if Congress should confine the object of its revenue bills to the collection of the greatest possible revenue in an equable manner, we should have nothing to say on the subject. But there is a disposition to legislate in such a way as to encourage exportation and diminish importation. This indicates a strange incongruity of ideas, for the imports and exports of every country necessarily balance each other in the long run. And if they did not, the individual common-sense of every man, if he would only think, would tell him that the only advantage of exporting goods comes from the imports which pay for them; and the greater the value of these, the greater the advantage.

It is supposed, however, that by manufacturing for other nations we shall become wealthy. Hence it is proposed to allow a drawback on manufactured goods which are exported. That is, we are to allow foreigners to purchase in our markets on better terms than our own citizens, and government is to pay the difference! A strange way this of becoming rich. Nations increase in wealth by employing their labor in that way in which it is economically most advantageous. If there are cases in which this way has been by manufacturing goods for export, it is only because the nations had so completely developed their home resources that they could find nothing more advantageous to do. Such is the case with England. But this, so far from being an

advantage, is a positive disadvantage, since a large portion of the cost of transportation, as well as of the duties which other nations choose to levy, has to be paid by the English manufacturer. If England could be supplied with land and other natural resources like ours, she would very soon either discontinue many of her manufactures, or charge a much higher price for them. Would she thus become the poorer? No more so than the laborer who would sell his spade at auction after coming into a fortune.

For the reasons we have given, we earnestly hope the efforts of our national legislature will be given with unabated energy to the rapid extinction of our national debt, with the certainty that the wealth of the country will thereby be increased in the only way within the control of government.

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6. — *The Science of Wealth: a Manual of Political Economy, embracing the Laws of Trade, Currency, and Finance.* By AMASA WALKER, Lecturer on Political Economy in Amherst College. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. xxx., 478.

THE author of this volume has made a valuable addition to the American literature of Political Economy. While he gives a fair share of attention to all the topics which the American reader needs to understand, in order to apply the science to the actual affairs of his country, he discusses the subject of the currency with such fulness and ability as to entitle his work to a foremost place among the many volumes which economical science, especially in Europe, has recently contributed to that subject. There is at this moment no branch of political economy which so engrosses the European mind as that of currency and banking. For more than two years past, a most animated, if not bitter, controversy has been waging in France between the advocates of the monopoly now enjoyed by the Bank of France in the issue of representative money, and the more radical school of economists, who seek to apply their favorite principle of commercial free trade to the creation of currency, as well as to all the other functions of banking. The controversy grew out of an attempt to erect the Bank of Savoy — an institution which, before the annexation of that Italian province to France, enjoyed the privilege of issuing paper money — into a rival of the Bank of France, which, under the laws of the Empire, enjoys the sole privilege of issue. The managers of the Credit Mobilier, Messrs. Émile and Isaac Pereire, who are, without doubt, among the ablest financiers of France, aided by their

co-director, Michel Chevalier, who, besides being an economist of high authority, is also a Senator of the Empire and an influential courtier, are the representatives of the no-monopoly party; while M. Louis Wolowski, lately President of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and the founder of the Credit Foncier, leads the defence on the part of the government and of the Bank, after the discomfiture of the Savoy party before the courts and the legislative assembly. An imperial commission has been appointed, which for nearly two years has taken testimony on the points of dispute, covering the whole field of currency, banking, and organizations of credit. Outside of the commission, the press has groaned under the contributions which have poured in from writers of all shades of opinion and degrees of influence. The volumes treating of the subject published since 1864 are very numerous.

While such is the state of the currency question in France, events have brought it into nearly equal prominence in England. The Bank Act of 1844, the financial Magna Charta of Great Britain, has been for a third time suspended by reason of the crisis which began with the failure of Overend, Gurney, and Company in May, and continued to disturb the tranquillity of Lombard Street during the entire summer. If the administration of Lord Russell had not been so busy with the cattle plague and reform, the currency question must inevitably have been discussed early in the last session. Such was the expectation of statesmen and bankers before Parliament assembled. As it happened, the subject slept till the rude awakening of the panic, and then it occupied only a passing attention amid the heated debates which were bringing one ministry to a close and putting another in its place. When the crisis was over, and the discomfited Liberals were trying to forget their defeat in plans for the early shooting, — about the 1st of August, — the Bank question came up in the House of Commons, and the accomplished Sir Stafford Northcote on the side of the government, (who should have been Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he had been enough of a politician, and there had been any other place for Mr. D'Israeli,) and the veteran Mr. Hubbard on the side of the Bank, discharged the arrows with which their quivers are always filled in readiness for such an occasion. From this debate it seems probable that the currency question will come up in the approaching Parliamentary session, if it is not again overshadowed by the pressing and formidable question of the suffrage.

If we turn now to our own country, we shall find no subject so agitating the minds of the people as that of the currency. The broader questions of financial policy which are supposed to disturb the sleep of

the Secretary of the Treasury — such as the funding of the seven-thirties, and the providing for the nation's other maturing debts — are of far less concern to the mass of the people than that of contracting the currency, by which an effect on prices will be accomplished, which is matter of hope or fear to every citizen of the Republic.

Mr. Walker has done well, therefore, to give us at this time the results of his life-long study into the characteristics and functions of money. He is not a new master in this field. He published, after the crisis of 1857, a pamphlet on "The Nature and Uses of Money and Mixed Currency," in which the doctrines of the present volume are foreshadowed; and he has been a frequent contributor to the Merchants' and the Bankers' Magazines on subjects of a kindred nature.

He is a "Bullionist"; not in the English sense, which applies that title to the supporters of the celebrated Bullion Report of 1810, but in the American acceptation, which gave to the late Mr. Benton the *sobriquet* of "Old Bullion." He believes in hard money only, rejecting not merely our present delusive currency of greenbacks, but the mixed bank currency, whether of the State or national system, as well. It is, however, but justice to say, that, emulating the wisdom of the English reformers, who take all they can get without relaxing their demand for the whole, Mr. Walker has, as a practical legislator, supported every measure designed to bring the mixed currency of the country nearer to the specie standard. He was a member of the Bank Committee in the Massachusetts Legislature of 1858, and did much to promote the passage of the law which, for the first time, required the banks to maintain a specific specie reserve.

In thus reviving the old Democratic doctrine of a specie currency, — the doctrine which destroyed the United States Bank, and established the Independent Subtreasury system in its stead, — Mr. Walker is not without the support of some very intelligent thinkers. The scheme of a bullion bank was a good deal discussed in New York after the crisis of 1857; and though its advocates are so small a body as not yet to have obtained a general hearing, they are imbued with so much faith and earnestness, that, if they do not accomplish their full desires, they can hardly fail to exercise a useful influence in giving to the mixed currency, which we hope some time again to enjoy, more of solidity and base than it has ever yet had. In Europe the opinion is certainly gaining ground, that the credit element in a mixed currency is one of extreme danger and difficulty. Two French writers, M. Juglar and M. Laveleye,* have demonstrated that, though commercial crises have their

* Des Crises Commerciales et de leur Retour Périodique en France, en Angle-

origin in an undue absorption of capital and overstraining of credit, they have been uniformly aggravated by an unsound management of the circulation, and by its connection with the other operations of discount and deposit banking. Let the cause of the crisis be what it may, it always imperils the banks as issuers of paper money; — in this country, by compelling them to redeem their notes in specie; in England, by draining them of notes which they cannot replace for the want of specie. The action on the public is the same in both countries. Debts due to the banks are summarily called in, and new discounts refused, and merchants are driven to failure, because, under a system which ordinarily furnishes an abundance of ready capital on approved credit, even the richest merchants do not keep money by them to pay all their maturing debts. If not ordinarily borrowers, they rely upon the debts due them to pay those which they owe; and if this resource fails, they expect accommodation at the banks, but the banks, having to protect their circulation, cannot discount. What, then, can the merchants do but fail, for they cannot long pay both sides of the bill-book? Nor is this the worst of it; for after putting a ruinous pressure on their customers, the banks always end by failing themselves, that is, by suspending specie payments. In this country there is no penalty for such failures, or where there is it is not exacted, for banks are necessary to trade, and the suffering public cannot do without them.

Now, so far as these things are the result of paper-money banking, they are a great evil, and criticism should not cease till a remedy be found for them. Such a remedy can only be found in restricting the issues of paper money on credit, or, it may be, by forbidding the use of it altogether. The most enlightened nations have generally adopted the former course, by legislating for certain specie reserves, or by putting artificial limits to the amount of paper which may be issued. Of this nature are the limitations of the English Bank Act of 1844, the Louisiana Act of 1842, and the Federal banking law now in force. The restrictions imposed by these statutes are unquestionably wholesome; but whether something more radical is not needed is still an open question. Mr. Walker says all systems of mixed currency are failures, and that credit has no place in the currency. So, too, says M. Cernuschi, an Italian publicist domesticated in France, who, in his recent book entitled *Mé-*

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terre et aux États-Unis. Par le Dr. Clément Juglar, Membre de Société d'Économie Politique et Statistique de Paris. Ouvage couronné par l'Institut. Paris: Guillaumin. 1862.

Le Marché Monétaire et ses Crises depuis Cinquante Ans. Par M. Émile de Laveleye, Professeur d'Économie Politique à l'Université de Liége. Paris: Guillaumin. 1865.

canique de l'Échange, debates the question on the side of hard money with such ability as to have won the applause, if not the suffrages, of Paris.

One of the most eminent of the French economists, whose name is an authority on the subject of banking, avowed to the writer that, after reading the treatises of Laveleye and Cernuschi, he inclined strongly to the opinion that we must come to hard money at last. And an English statesman, not less distinguished for his acquaintance with the theory and practice of banking, expressed a doubt whether the interest on fourteen millions sterling — the amount which the Bank of England is authorized to issue on the basis of public stocks, and not of bullion — was an adequate compensation for the anxiety and loss which the management of the circulation involved.

If, as Mr. Walker endeavors to show, the mixed currency of this country has always been, and will again be after we return to specie payments, even in the best of times, sensibly less valuable than the best currencies of Europe, by reason of its expansive influence on prices, and if, in addition to this constant disadvantage, it entails upon the people great occasional losses in times of crisis, by stopping the wheels of business, and compelling great sacrifices of property, then it is clear that the saving supposed to be effected by the use of credit-money instead of gold is a most wasteful sort of economy. What does that saving really amount to? Taking the future currency at three hundred millions, the limit fixed by the national banking law, — and this is for the present quite enough for a people which never, on a specie basis, used more than two hundred millions, — the amount of specie actually required to be kept will be about twenty per cent, or sixty millions. Two hundred and forty millions of the currency will therefore be paper, based on credit and not on gold. The interest of this sum at six per cent is $14,400,000. The population of the United States is in the neighborhood of thirty-five millions, and the rate of annual production has been ascertained to be $112 a head. This would give an annual production to the country of nearly four thousand millions. The cost of maintaining a purely metallic currency would be, then, about forty cents a head of the population, or about three eighths of one per cent on the individual and aggregate production. An average contribution of thirty-seven and a half cents a year for every man, woman, and child in the Union would, therefore, give us a currency which is admitted to be the best possible, because it is of the real money of which all other currencies are more or less the credit representatives. Now if there is any loss involved in the use of a mixed currency, — if it does in any marked degree inflate prices, — if, without being primarily responsible for com-

mercial crises, it at all aggravates them when they occur, — if it produces unnatural extremes in the circulating medium, causing a sort of fever and ague in business, — if any of these evils which are usually attributed to it are fairly chargeable to the use of paper money, and might be avoided under a specie currency, then the tax necessary to maintain the latter is insignificant in comparison with the burdens to be got rid of.

We have not followed Mr. Walker in his luminous presentation of this question, as it is not the purpose of this notice to review his book, but only to call attention to its leading topics, and to awaken interest in them. There is, however, one illustration of the fluctuations to which a mixed currency is subject which is worthy to be repeated. We have stated that under the national Bank Act a reserve of about twenty per cent on the entire circulation must be kept in coin, and such reserves are now regarded on all hands as of the essence of a well-regulated mixed currency. Here we have a base of 1 with a superstructure of 5. If the specie reserve loses one million, the currency of paper must be reduced five millions; if the reserve gains one million, the currency *may* be enlarged by five millions. Now, as all foreign commerce is conducted on the basis of specie, heavy shipments of gold are often necessary, and the coin must come out of the banks. If in this way the bank reserves are drawn below the legal limit, which is always possible, because they are not likely to keep much more idle capital than is required of them, a very simple incident of commerce is converted into an engine of immense contracting power over the business of the country. Foreign commerce is always acting on this base, and a slight blow there makes the whole fabric of the currency tremble. If, on the contrary, the currencies of this country and of the world were homogeneous, the loss of one million or of ten millions out of the total three hundred millions would produce a scarcely perceptible effect on business, for the market would quickly adjust itself to the two hundred and ninety-nine or two hundred and ninety which remained. Even fifty millions going out of the country would not necessarily produce a panic, as it would raise the rate of interest and lower the rate of prices to such a degree as to bring it speedily back again. The banks of Massachusetts alone contracted their circulation between the 4th of July and the 31st of October, 1857, $ 6,650,000, or more than twenty-eight per cent, some banks contracting more than fifty per cent; and this contraction caused the failure of many prudent men, thus suddenly deprived of facilities on which they had been taught to rely.

In thus presenting in strong colors the argument of the hard-money men, we are not hastily condemning the use of mixed currencies, nor

demanding that this country shall speedily come to the use of gold and silver only. In such a recommendation there would be a lack of perspective, which is one of the commonest errors in the application of the principles of political science. There is danger in sudden changes; and whatever vices are inherent in our currency, the most we can hope is to work gradually into a better system.

With great excellences, Mr. Walker's book is not without some serious faults, — faults which take from it the judicial character which ought always to belong to manuals of science, and especially to text-books for young men. Thus, in his allusions to the United States Bank, there is a manifest prejudice growing out of the old controversies of Whig and Democrat, in which the author bore a prominent part. His treatment of the national-bank system seems to us still less excusable. The purpose would seem to be to excite prejudice, and not to convict by facts or argument. Thus, on pages 237 and 238, he gives the earnings of the banks for the year 1865 as twenty per cent on their capital; but he has taken the *gross* income only, and that at a very high estimate, quite ignoring the expenses and taxes. Now it is perfectly well known to all bank managers and stockholders that this estimate is much too high. But his estimate for 1866 is still more so. "It is estimated," he says, "that the *net* earnings of the banks for 1866 will be twenty-five per cent." The estimate is wholly without foundation. We do not believe that the earnings will, on the average, much exceed half that rate. For an old and experienced man of business like Mr. Walker, such negligence of statement is quite inexcusable. Nor in the seven meagre pages devoted to the national system is there anything to redeem it. We shall not here enter upon a defence of that system further than to say that we regard it as greatly superior to all the State systems which it superseded, because it is national, and not local; and, while it is as good as the best of them, — as that of Massachusetts, or of New York, or of Louisiana, — on most of them it is intrinsically a vast gain.

If American economists, like Mr. Walker, can thus blind themselves to the advantages which this system possesses over the old ones, foreigners have shown themselves capable of a juster estimate. The London Economist, than which there is no higher financial authority in Europe, after reviewing the national-bank system, and presenting a synopsis of the accounts of 1865, says: "If we analyze these accounts, it is evident that they evince amazing solidity. Perhaps no banks in the world, on the same scale, show as much. The American banks hold, in mere cash, twenty-five per cent of their liabilities, when thrown together: if the English banks were thrown

together, we doubt if they would hold five per cent.* But even this comparison does not fully bring out the true solidity of the American banks, when measured by English examples. Our bankers say, 'It is true we do not keep much cash; but we keep at call, and in government securities, a very considerable sum.' Let us then look at the government securities of the American banks. They hold cash, £42,000,000; government securities, £85,000,000; remittances and other cash items, £14,000,000: total, £141,000,000, — whereas their liabilities are but just upon £160,000,000. That a bank should have, either in government security or in cash, fourteen sixteenths of its liabilities, is to an Englishman perfectly astounding. An English bank which holds two fifths considers itself an example of caution; and many of the best banks in the country hold a proportion very much smaller." After remarking also upon the very moderate amount of the loans as compared to capital, (being, in fact, only fourteen per cent in excess of it,) the writer concludes with these words: "We find that the banks of America are in a very sound state; we find that they have a larger available reserve against their liabilities than any European banks; we find that they depend far more on their own capital, which cannot be withdrawn from them, than any European banks. The inference is plain. A nation in which the banks are so sound is particularly unlikely to suffer from a collapse of credit. In former times — in 1837 and 1857 — the State banks of America kept very small reserves, and failed by wholesale; but this is not the case with the new national banks. If America were now subjected to the difficulties of 1837 and 1857, probably her banks would be able to resist the strain."

Another singular instance of misapprehension or loose statement occurs at the bottom of page 234, where, in speaking of the obligation to keep a specie reserve, the author says: "But this provision in regard to the national banks is practically, to a great extent, only a nominal matter, because the law provides that bank balances and *clearing-house certificates* shall be deemed to be lawful money." But clearing-house certificates are to all intents and purposes lawful money, and as near to cash as it is possible for any paper representative to be. They are merely certificates of gold deposited with the bank which acts as the agent of the clearing-house, and are therefore precisely such a currency as Mr. Walker proposes to have under his scheme of a "mercantile currency," each dollar of paper having a dollar of gold behind it.

* The provincial banks of England and the great joint-stock banks of London hold very little cash compared with their liabilities. They all depend on the reserves of the Bank of England, which, though large for the security of its own indebtedness, are very small as the reserve of a great kingdom.

As a practical matter, the reform of the currency should proceed in this order. We must first return to specie payments, which is not to be accomplished by any hocus-pocus, but by the process of steady and constant contraction. The Secretary of the Treasury is generally sound in his financial views, but he is wrong when he encourages the idea that specie payments can be resumed and kept up without much reducing the volume of the greenbacks. So long as the sun rises in the east, so long will natural laws assert themselves; and these laws have a place in the economy of nations as well as in the natural world. The value of the currency fell when it was issued in such quantities that it could no longer be exchanged for specie, and the equilibrium of price cannot be restored till the equilibrium in quantity is first attained. The question as to the value of the currency is not one of national honor nor credit nor confidence, nor of ultimate security: it is a question of the relation of present demand to present supply, — a relation which fixes the price of currencies as much as the price of butter; and when we say demand, we mean legitimate want, for there is a feverish craving which results from a depreciated currency, much like the thirst which is produced by alcoholic beverages. When the currency is so reduced that specie payments can be resumed and maintained, then the path of reform will become more difficult, because it is hard to persuade mankind that a currency which they can *ordinarily* exchange for gold (when they want gold, which is seldom) is of less intrinsic value than that metal. It will be enough for the reformer if he can prove that it is not *always* as good as gold. If he can show that it regularly breaks down in a given series of years, it needs very little arithmetic to demonstrate the burden of it.

If a further reform is to be had, it should begin by abolishing small bills, — first those under five, and afterwards those under ten, and perhaps under twenty dollars. We shall then approach the English and French standards, under which the smallest notes represent a value of twenty-five dollars. When this has been accomplished, we shall probably be ready to enter into a financial congress with other civilized nations, and to determine whether all credit shall be abolished from the circulating medium. Then, with a common decimal coinage and a universal metric system of weights and measures, we shall be prepared to consider the applicability of free trade to the then existing condition of our country.

The limits of this notice will not permit us to follow Mr. Walker into the other departments of political economy. He is a free-trader as well as a bullionist. The arguments for free-trade which he brings forward are the usual ones adopted by the free-traders of Great Britain.

Here, again, we think he shows a want of perspective. He draws his reasoning from a national experience very different from our own. In its voyage across the Atlantic, free-trade, like some light wines, loses much of its flavor. The question is not one of principles, but of applications. Free-trade is doubtless a tendency of civilization; but so also are homogeneous political and social institutions. We have at this moment perfect free-trade in the United States, and that over a territory vastly greater than that controlled by Great Britain. We, and not England, are the great free-traders of the world, and we practise free-trade under conditions on which it is alone possible with perfect equality and justice to all concerned. With a territory ample enough to furnish most of the needed natural products, with a population large enough to consume the bulk of our productions on our own soil, and with a political society in which the laborer is a citizen to be educated and respected, and not a machine to be worn out and driven from the parish, with great and increasing facilities for intercourse and exchange over a continent, we are in a position to practise the truest commercial freedom, without putting those advantages which we believe are peculiarly our own into common stock with the evils which belong to unwise and effete social and political systems.

7.— *The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER. With Maps, &c. London and Philadelphia. 1866. 8vo. pp. xxvi., 509.

As the last, in some respects the most important, and certainly the most entertaining volume on the discovery of the Nile, the recent narrative of Mr. Baker demands a fuller notice than we have been able to give to the other works of a similar character referred to in our article on the Sources of the Nile.

The great discovery of a second equatorial lake, from which the Nile is fed, has been already briefly described, but there are many other incidents of Baker's expedition, which are well worth attention. His observations on the character and habits of the rude aborigines through whose dominions he passed are especially curious and instructive. Probably the known world does not contain tribes of a lower grade, more nearly allied to ignorant brutes, than some of the people with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Baker, now Sir Samuel W. Baker (so entitled because of his great discoveries), is an English engineer, whose life has been full of adventure and exploits in various portions of the globe. Eight years

were spent in the island of Ceylon, where he found abundant opportunities to exercise his love of hunting on such royal game as the elephant, and where he trained himself effectively for his later achievements. He is not the first of Queen Victoria's subjects who has found her Majesty's Indian empire a sort of high-school for explorers and adventurers. Two printed volumes, "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon" and "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," first introduced Mr. Baker to the literary world as an author. Subsequently he was employed in constructing the railroad which connects the Lower Danube and the Black Sea, in the Turkish province of Dobrudscha.

His African researches occupied him for nearly five years. Through all this last experience he was attended by his wife, to whose tact he was more than once indebted for preserving his life when exposed to savage violence, and to whose care he probably owed his delivery from an alarming illness. "Gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home, instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa," he remarks at the beginning of his narrative; "it was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be." She was resolved to go too, and, like Ruth, exclaimed, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee." When they returned safe and sound together, she is thus referred to as the companion in his great discoveries. The past appeared like a dream. "It was no dream," says Baker; "a witness sat before me; a face still young, but bronzed like an Arab with years of exposure to a burning sun; haggard and worn with toil and sickness, and shaded with cares happily now past, — the devoted companion of my pilgrimage to whom I owed success and life, — my wife."

There is little that is new or important in their observations on the Lower Nile, which they began to ascend in April, 1861. Even Khartoum, at the junction of the Blue and White rivers, that "most miserable, filthy, and unhealthy spot," inhabited by thirty thousand forlorn people from all the Eastern nationalities and by about thirty European traders, is already well known to us. But one feature of the "commerce" of the place is pictured by Baker in hideous outlines, — the Soudan slave-trade, which has its centre here. Gum arabic and ivory have some importance as articles of traffic, but the great "staple" consists of the ignorant and wretched human beings, who are annually caught like so many animals by "traders," or more truly by hunters, going out from Khartoum to the regions of the White Nile, and returning with their helpless captives, who are soon distributed all over the slave-dealing East. It is no wonder that, with such an impression as is thus received

of the outside world, the inside savages are suspicious of an explorer's party, and readily place all possible obstacles in his way.

Leaving Khartoum with a party of ninety and more attendants as boat-crews and escort, most of them "miserable cut-throats," accustomed to murder and pillage, and now excited, not by love of adventure, but by desire for plunder, the Bakers set sail with their river fleet of three small vessels.

In about three weeks the mouth of the Bahr el Gazal, or Gazelle branch of the White Nile, was reached, — a marshy, lake-like body of water, which might have been taken for an overflow of the Nile had not its river character been already known. The White Nile appeared like a veritable "Styx." Innumerable windings, head winds, dead calms, a rapid current above Bahr el Gazal, marshy margins, and numberless mosquitoes, were among the obstacles to progress. The Catholic mission of St. Croix was the first point of interest which the travellers reached, — the seat of a fruitless effort to teach stark-naked, smeared beings, who seemed to the priest even worse than brutes, because the latter show some affection, while the human creatures are utterly without it. Not one convert has been made.

In forty-six days from Khartoum, the settlement of Gondokoro was reached (4° 55′ N. lat., 31° 46′ E. long.), an abandoned post of the Austrian mission, now occupied by the ivory-traders during two months of the year, and afterwards deserted. The neighboring region looks attractive compared with the morasses below; distant mountains appear; and although the thermometer showed from 90° to 95° Fahr. in the shade at noon, the travellers and their cattle all rejoiced in gaining this pasture spot. The river voyage was ended.

"Gondokoro," says Baker, "was a perfect hell," — as much worse than Khartoum as that place is worse than the rest of the world. No law or authority is recognized by anybody, natives or traders, but the law of brute force. Here the slave parties rally before descending to the market below.

We believe Captain Baker is mistaken in his statement that one of these cruel traders "was a Copt, the father of the American Consul at Khartoum." The official list of American Consuls for 1861 does not contain the name of a consul at Khartoum. Captain Baker says further that he saw "the vessel full of brigands arrive at Gondokoro, with the American flag flying at the mast-head." We confess that this statement confounds us. We hope it relates only to such an abuse of our flag as any government is exposed to.

The travellers left Gondokoro in the end of March, 1863, — nearly two months after their arrival. Meanwhile Speke and Grant had

arrived from the south, with the story of their great success, and had shown to Baker the task which was open to him, and had satisfied his inquiry, "Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?"

A short distance to the southeast of Gondokoro, Baker came upon the Latooka people, a race far superior to those through whose territory he had been passing. From 12° North to 4° 30′ South, he had discovered no specific difference among the naked, brutal, and degraded negroes; but these Latookas he describes as comparatively a fine, frank, and warlike race, far better than the other tribes he met, and yet sufficiently annoying. Their women are regarded with some consideration. But even with these people the one idea is power. There is among them neither gratitude, pity, love, duty, nor religion. All are envious, idle, overbearing thieves.

Looking back upon his acquaintance with the Africans, the author concludes that, bad as as they are, they are not as bad as white men would be under similar circumstances. "How long," he pertinently asks, "is it since America and we ourselves [the British] ceased to be slaveholders?" He insists that slavery is an original African usage, not a custom imposed by or derived from Europeans. He insists, with a prejudice akin to that which upholds Governor Eyre, that the negro will only copy the vices, not the virtues, of civilization, and that as soon as he is free he becomes a useless burden to the community. The pages at the beginning of Chapter VIII., where these sentiments are expanded, are a dark blot upon a record of heroic adventure.

In the next country south of the Latookas, — Obbo, — our travellers were detained for months by fever which threatened both their lives.

At length, as they drew near the lakes, they came upon people who had derived from Speke and Grant favorable impressions of European travellers, and some information was gathered, though unsatisfactory and fragmentary, in respect to the equatorial geography.

On the 14th of March, 1864, one year after leaving Gondokoro, after sickness, starvation, disappointment, and fatigue, on a bright clear morning, "the glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me. There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay the grand expanse of water." It was the lake which Speke had spoken of, the Luta Nzige, or M'wootan Nzige of the natives, the Albert Nyanza as the successful travellers christened it. Viewed as Baker first saw it from a cliff, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the water, the lake appeared situated in a vast depression below the general level of the country, and bounded on the west and southwest by ranges of mountains five thousand to seven thousand feet high. Further investigation showed that into this lake there came a stream from the Victoria Nyanza, and that out of the second "vast

rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant at its birth." The necessity of returning soon to England, or else of waiting another year in that wretched land (because the boats descend from Gondokoro only at one season), prevented a thorough investigation of the surroundings of the lake. A boat-trip, lasting thirteen days, among the hippopotami and crocodiles, brought the travellers near to the northern outlet, and also revealed the entrance of the Victoria Nile, or Somerset River, which was supposed to descend from the other lake. Here it was a problem with Baker whether to descend the main stream or ascend the tributary, but he concluded it would be more instructive to do the latter. Pursuing this stream toward the east, he soon came upon a magnificent waterfall, one hundred and twenty feet in height, to which he gave the name of Murchison. Taking various measurements of altitude and distance, which are exhibited on the map, the homeward route began, and, after new chapters of suffering and disappointment, once more the Gondokoro settlement was reached. Thus terminated the peculiar dangers of this remarkable exploration.

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8. — *Observations on the Authenticity of the Gospels.* By a Layman. Boston: Nichols and Noyes. 1867.

This interesting little volume of a hundred pages is written by a Swedenborgian, evidently also a lawyer, although it is plain that he is not Professor Parsons, the well-known author of the "Essays." It is the reproduction, with some changes, of an article recently printed in "The New Jerusalem Magazine," — as a review, we believe, of Professor Fisher's "Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity." The author writes with vigor and clearness. After some trenchant criticisms on the ill-judged endeavors of Professor Greenleaf to establish the credit of the Gospels by "the rules of evidence administered in the courts of justice," he presents compactly in outline the historical argument for the authenticity of the Gospels, touches upon the present state of the controversy, and then proceeds to state and illustrate the great Swedenborgian doctrine of "Correspondence," in which he is a full believer.

"To entertain doubts," he says, "on these subjects [the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels] is, to those who receive the doctrines of Swedenborg, simply impossible. The historical argument . . . . they regard as sound and unanswerable. . . . . But besides and beyond all this they believe that the Gospels, like the rest of the Word, were written strictly according to the science of Correspondence, and that they contain within the letter an *internal sense*, which bears the same relation to the external or literal sense that the soul does to the body.

. . . . It was the special mission of Swedenborg to open or explain this internal sense of the Word. This he did, not on his own authority. His explanations are not like those of mere commentators on the Bible. . . . . He develops a plenary inspiration more wonderful than any discoveries in science or the arts," &c. (pp. 40, 41.)

Without professing to go into the matter with fulness, the Layman, nevertheless, speaks upon this subject with so much clearness, that one cannot but wish that he would give to the world a paraphrase or summary of some of Swedenborg's leading works, — an author whose general mode of expression and whose "immense and sandy diffuseness" are so repellent to the candid inquirer who happens to have anything else to do in this world except to read theology.

There is often a charm of character among the followers of Swedenborg, — a simplicity, sincerity, and brotherly love, — that seems to bring back the traditions of the early Christian Church. A considerable number, also, of persons of learning and of vigorous common-sense are found among them. And yet as a class they are, in some respects, singularly isolated from other people; they seem, upon religious subjects, to think different thoughts and to talk a different language from the rest of mankind. Even in the case of so sensible and (in general) so genial a writer as the author of this little volume, one marks with surprise how he leaves us behind him when he passes from the common ground of the historical argument into the region devoted to his church, — and that not merely in reference to the doctrine which he supports, but as to the arguments by which he urges it. How is it, we have still to ask, that persons of broad, good sense can thus seem to accept the arid statements of Swedenborg as being sufficient evidence in themselves of truth? How is it that his central doctrine of "Correspondence" can seem to them so wonderful a discovery, or indeed any "discovery" at all? Is not this doctrine, in the general aspect of it, the life of all poetry since the world began? And has not the kindled imagination of mankind always collected from the outward objects of the universe

"Authentic tidings of invisible things"?

And when it comes to be alleged that the Bible, or the Gospels, have *in every part of them* a spiritual sense parallel to the natural and obvious sense, how can this seem anything but a repetition of that cold, injurious Western error of hardening poetry and rhetoric into dogma? Surely, the meanings that one sometimes hears developed out of Scripture in the Swedenborgian pulpit are but husks and chaff.

To these and other like questions our author would doubtless answer, "Study the writings of Swedenborg." And it is probably a good recommendation. Certainly this little book increases the desire to know more of them.

9. — *The Authorship of Shakespeare.* By NATHANIEL HOLMES. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866. Small 8vo. pp. xvi., 601.

BEFORE reading this last Missouri Report of Judge Holmes, we had supposed that the case embodied in it had been so fully argued in the court below, that not even feminine counsel would undertake a motion for a new trial. It had not been shown that Bacon had ever laid claim to the authorship of any works except those now published under his name; there was no evidence that Shakespeare had ever even hinted that he was not lawfully entitled to whatever fame the plays acted under his name might bring; and not a single contemporary of the two authors had ever doubted that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare, and Bacon, Bacon. As to the knowledge of law evident in the plays that go by Shakespeare's name, it was said that there was no need of supposing the author to have taken his first *gradus ad Parnassum* on a lawyer's stool, since terms of law long obsolete were familiar words in Lord Coke's time, and intricacies which are difficult now were then commonly understood. The feudal law of real property, now antique, was then flourishing, and its ordinary forms were necessarily known to many people who never studied them as a means of livelihood. Nor was it absolutely known that Shakespeare himself had not been a lawyer's apprentice.

But a still stronger argument, it was said, was to be found in the Essays of Lord Bacon. It was clear that the author of "The Tempest," whatever else he wrote, did not write these Essays. Not only that the thoughts in the two could not have come from the same mind, but the expression was so widely different that this dissimilarity alone would prove a difference of authorship. To read one Essay, the adherents of the old theory claimed, was enough to purge all doubt from the mind of any one.

But Judge Holmes, accustomed all his life to weigh evidence, and more than ever of late, since he has taken a seat on the bench, has come to a different conclusion. We cannot go through the long tunnel of testimony by which he reaches light, but can only mention one or two memorable side slits through which a ray comes to illumine the prevailing darkness. In the first place, he does not believe Shakespeare to have been a student of law, and thinks that there is clear proof that the author of the plays had studied it. For instance, he finds indisputable evidence, and in this agrees with the opinion which Lord Campbell expressed in his book on Shakespeare's legal acquirements, that the author of the grave-digger's scene in "Hamlet" must have been familiar with the celebrated case of Hales *v.* Petit, Plowden's R. 256; and throughout the plays finds evidence at every corner that their

author was so familiar with legal expressions, that he could use them with absolute accuracy. This is not conclusive as to the question whether Bacon wrote the plays, but belongs to the preliminaries introduced to show that Shakespeare did not. We reach something more positive further on. A man named Hogg, once on trial, implored Sir Nicholas Bacon to save his life, claiming that there was kindred between Hog and Bacon. "Ay," replied the judge, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged." It does not at all surprise Judge Holmes to find this same jest in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

> "*Evans.* Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.
> "*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you."
>
> Act IV. Sc. 1.

Such twin-like similarities are found elsewhere with equal ease. In "The Advancement of Learning," Bacon says, "Prophecy is but divine history; which hath that prerogative over human, as the narration may be before the fact as well as after." In Macbeth, Act III. Sc. 1, the same view of prophecy is introduced in these words: —

> "*Macb.* He chid the sisters
> When first they put the name of king upon me,
> And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
> They hailed him father to a line of kings.
> Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
> And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
> No son of mine succeeding."

But all this is merely internal evidence; and though a great deal of the same kind is to be easily found, it may fail to convince those who think all the direct proof points the other way. There is direct proof too, however. A letter, written by Mr. Tobie Matthew at some time subsequent to the 27th of January, 1621 (the exact date is unknown), was barbed with a postscript as pointed as it was short. "P. S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another." To those who are reminded by this postscript of a well-known letter which caused great trouble in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, it is enough to say with Judge Holmes, "Now, who else but this same Shakespeare could have been considered by Mr. Matthew to be a cover for the most prodigious wit of all England at that day?"

Before reading this argument, as we before said, it seemed to us impossible to believe that the author of Bacon's Essays could have written "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." But in wandering through Judge Holmes's pages, meeting here a strange identity of expression, here a curious

similarity of thought, the mind, however well trained in literary orthodoxy, begins to

"First endure, then pity, then embrace."

And the best of it is that, after one cordial embrace, the most friendly feeling springs up between author and reader. The newt's eye, the frog's toe, the bat's wool, and the dog's tongue in the witches' caldron call to mind some half-forgotten passage from the *Sylva Sylvarum;* we find the same philosophical theory in the *De Augmentis* and Yorick's skull. In Falstaff's jests we have reminders of the Essay on Truth, and Mrs. Quickly recalls that on Marriage and Single Life. Fine vistas of strictly new and original fancy are opened, — whether Plato was not written by Aristotle, whether Frederick the Great was not the author of the works of Voltaire, whether Mill does not write Tennyson, or Tennyson does not write Mill. "Forsooth," as Judge Holmes would say, this is matter of interest, and for our part we are ready to admit that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, unless, indeed, Shakespeare wrote Bacon.

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10. — *The Life and Letters of* James Gates Percival. By Julius H. Ward. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 12mo. pp. xiv., 583.

This is an interesting and in many respects instructive book. Mr. Ward has done his work, as is fitting, in a loving spirit; and if he overestimates both what Percival was and what he did, he enables us to form our own judgment by letting him so far as possible speak for himself. The book gives a rather curious picture of what the life of a man of letters is likely to be in a country not yet ripe for literary production, especially if he be not endowed with the higher qualities which command and can wait for that best of all successes which comes slowly. In a generation where everybody can write verses, and where certain modes of thought and turns of phrase have become so tyrannous that it is as hard to distinguish between the productions of one minor poet and another as among those of so many Minnesingers or Troubadours, there is a demand for only two things, — for what chimes with the moment's whim of popular sentiment and is forgotten when that has changed, or for what is never an anachronism, because it slakes or seems to slake the eternal thirst of our nature for those ideal waters that glimmer before us and still before us in ever-renewing mirage. Percival met neither of these conditions. With a nature singularly unplastic, unsympathetic, and self-involved, he was incapable of receiving into his own mind the ordinary emotions of men and giv-

ing them back in music; and with a lofty conception of the object and purposes of poesy, he had neither the resolution nor the power which might have enabled him to realize it. He offers as striking an example as could be found of the poetic temperament unballasted with those less obvious qualities which make the poetic faculty. His verse carries every inch of canvas that diction and sentiment can crowd, but the craft is cranky, and we miss that deep-grasping keel of reason which alone can steady and give direction. His mind drifts, it does not answer the helm, and in his longer poems, like "Prometheus," half the voyage is spent in trying to make up for a lee-way which becomes at last irretrievable. If he had a port in view when he set out, he seems soon to give up all hope of ever reaching it; and wherever we open the log-book, we find him running for nowhere in particular, as the wind happens to lead, or lying-to in the merest gale of verbiage. The truth is, that Percival was led to the writing of verse by a sentimental desire of the mind, and not by that concurring instinct of all the faculties which is a self-forgetting passion of the entire man. Too excitable to possess his subject fully, as a man of mere talent may often do, he is not possessed by it as the man of genius is, and seems helplessly striving, the greater part of the time, to make out what, in the name of common or uncommon sense, he is after. With all the stock properties of verse whirling and dancing about his ears puffed out with an empty show of life, the reader of much of his blank verse feels as if a mob of well-draperied clothes-lines were rioting about him in all the unwilling ecstasy of a thunder-gust.

Percival, living from 1795 to 1856, arrived at manhood just as the last war with England had come to an end. Poor, shy, and proud, there is nothing in his earlier years that might not be paralleled in those of hundreds of sensitive boys who gradually get the nonsense shaken out of them in the rough school of life. The length of the schooling needful in his case is what makes it peculiar. Not till after he was fifty, if even then, did he learn that the world never takes a man at his own valuation, and never pays money for what it does not want, or think it wants. It did not want his poetry, simply because it was not, is not, and by no conceivable power of argument can be made, interesting, — the first duty of every artistic product. Percival, who would have thought his neighbors mad if they had insisted on his buying twenty thousand refrigerators merely because they had been at the trouble of making them, and found it convenient to turn them into cash, could never forgive the world for taking this business view of the matter in his own case. He went on doggedly, making refrigerators of every possible pattern, and comforted himself with the thought of a

wiser posterity, which should have learned that the purpose of poetry is to cool and not to kindle. His "Mind," which is on the whole perhaps the best of his writings, vies in coldness with the writings of his brother doctor, Akenside, whose "Pleasures of Imagination" are something quite other than pleasing in reality. If there be here and there a semblance of pale fire, it is but the reflection of moonshine upon ice. Akenside is respectable, because he really had something new to say, in spite of his pompous, mouthing way of saying it; but when Percival says it over again, it is a little too much. In his more ambitious pieces, — and it is curious how literally the word "pieces" applies to all he did, — he devotes himself mainly to telling us what poetry ought to be, as if mankind were not always more than satisfied with any one who fulfils the true office of poet, by showing them, with the least possible fuss, what it is. Percival was a professor of poetry rather than a poet, and we are not surprised at the number of lectures he reads us, when we learn that in early life he was an excellent demonstrator of anatomy, whose subject must be dead before his business with it begins. His interest in poetry was always more or less scientific. He was forever trying experiments in matter and form, especially the latter. And these were especially unhappy, because it is plain that he had no musical ear, or at best a very imperfect one. His attempts at classical metres are simply unreadable, whether as verse or prose. He contrives to make even the Sapphic so, which when we read it in Latin moves featly to our modern accentuation. Let any one who wishes to feel the difference between ear and no ear compare Percival's specimens with those in the same kind of Coleridge, who had the finest metrical sense since Milton. We take this very experimenting to be a sufficient proof that Percival's faculty, such as it was, and we do not rate it highly, was artificial, and not innate. The true poet is much rather experimented upon by life and nature, by joy and sorrow, by beauty and defect, till it be found out whether he have any hidden music in him that can sing them into an accord with the eternal harmony which we call God.

It is easy to trace the literary influences to which the mind of Percival was in turn subjected. Early in life we find a taint of Byronism, which indeed does not wholly disappear to the last. There is among his poems "An Imprecation," of which a single stanza will suffice as a specimen: —

> "Wrapped in sheets of gory lightning,
> While cursed night-hags ring thy knell,
> May the arm of vengeance bright'ning,
> O'er thee wave the sword of hell!"

If we could fancy Laura Matilda shut up tipsy in the watch-house, we

might suppose her capable of this melodious substitute for swearing. We confess that we cannot read it without laughing, after learning from Mr. Ward that its Salmoneus-thunderbolts were launched at the comfortable little city of Hartford, because the poet fancied that the inhabitants thereof did not like him or his verses so much as he himself did. There is something deliciously ludicrous in the conception of night-hags ringing the orthodox bell of the Second Congregational or First Baptist Meeting-house to summon the parishioners to witness these fatal consequences of not reading Percival's poems. Nothing less than the fear of some such catastrophe could compel the perusal of the greater part of them. Next to Byron comes Moore, whose cloying sentimentalism and too facile melody are recalled by the subject and treatment of very many of the shorter lyrics of Percival. In "Prometheus" it is Shelley who is paramount for the time, and Shelley at his worst period, before his unwieldy abundance of incoherent words and images, that were merely words and images without any meaning of real experience to give them solidity, had been compressed in the stricter moulds of thought and study. In the blank verse again, we encounter Wordsworth's tone and sentiment. These were no good models for Percival, who always improvised, and who seems to have thought verse the great distinction between poetry and prose. Percival got nothing from Shelley but the fatal copiousness which is his vice, nothing from Wordsworth but that tendency to preach at every corner about a sympathy with nature which is not his real distinction, and which becomes a wearisome cant at second-hand. Shelley and Wordsworth are both stilted, though in different ways. Shelley wreathed his stilts with flowers; while Wordsworth, protesting against the use of them as sinful, mounts his solemnly at last, and stalks away conscientiously eschewing whatever would serve to hide the naked wood, — nay, was it not Gray's only that were scandalous, and were not his own, modelled upon those of the sainted Cowper, of strictly orthodox pattern after all? Percival, like all imitators, is caught by the defects of what he copies, and exaggerates them. With him the stilts are the chief matter; and getting a taller pair than either of his predecessors, he lifts his commonplace upon them only to make it more drearily conspicuous. Shelley has his gleams of unearthly wildfire, Wordsworth is by fits the most deeply inspired man of his generation; but Percival has no lucid interval. He is pertinaciously and unappeasably dull, — as dull as a comedy of Goethe. He never in his life wrote a rememberable verse. We should not have thought this of any consequence now, for we need not try to read him, did not Mr. Ward with amusing gravity all along assume that he was a great poet. There was scarce timber enough in

him for the making of a Tiedge or a Hagedorn, both of whom he somewhat resembles.

Percival came to maturity at an unfortunate time for a man so liable to self-delusion. Leaving college with so imperfect a classical training (in spite of the numerous "testimonials" cited by Mr. Ward) that he was capable of laying the accent on the second syllable of Pericles, he seems never to have systematically trained even such faculty as was in him, but to have gone on to the end mistaking excitability of brain for wholesome exercise of thought. The consequence is a prolonged immaturity, which makes his latest volume, published in 1843, as crude and as plainly wanting in enduring quality as the first number of his "Clio." We have the same old complaints of neglected genius, — as if genius could ever be neglected so long as it has the perennial consolation of its own divine society, — the same wilted sentiment, the same feeling about for topics of verse in which he may possibly find that inspiration from without which the true poet cannot flee from in himself. These tedious wailings about heavenly powers suffocating in the heavy atmosphere of an uncongenial, unrecognizing world, and Percival is profuse of them, are simply an advertisement to whoever has ears of some innate disability in the man who utters them. Heavenly powers know very well how to take care of themselves. The poor "World," meaning thereby that small fraction of society which has any personal knowledge of an author or his affairs, has had great wrong done it in such matters. It is not, and never was, the powers of a man that it neglects, — it could not if it would, — but his weaknesses, and especially the publication of them, of which it grows weary. It can never supply any man with what is wanting in himself, and the attempt to do it only makes bad worse. If a man can find the proof of his own genius only in public appreciation, still worse, if his vanity console itself with taking it as an evidence of rare qualities in himself that his fellow-mortals are unable to see them, it is all up with him. The "World" resolutely refused to find Wordsworth entertaining, and it refuses still, on good grounds; but the genius that was in him bore up unflinchingly, would take no denial, got its claim admitted on all hands, and impregnated at last the literature of an entire generation, though *habitans in sicco*, if ever genius did. But Percival seems to have satisfied himself with a syllogism something like this: Men of genius are neglected; the more neglect, the more genius; I am altogether neglected, — *ergo*, wholly made up of that priceless material.

The truth was that he suffered rather from over-appreciation; and "when," says a nameless old Frenchman, "I see a man go up like a rocket, I expect before long to see the stick come down." The times

were singularly propitious to mediocrity. As in Holland, one had only to

"Invent a shovel and be a magistrate,"

so here to write a hundred blank verses was to be immortal, till somebody else wrote a hundred and fifty blanker ones. It had been resolved unanimously that we must and would have a national literature. England, France, Spain, Italy, each already had one, Germany was getting one made as fast as possible, and Ireland vowed that she once had one far surpassing them all. To be respectable, we must have one also, and that speedily. That we were not yet, in any true sense, a nation; that we wanted that literary and social atmosphere which is the breath of life to all artistic production; that our scholarship, such as it was, was mostly of that theological sort which acts like a prolonged drouth upon the brain; that our poetic fathers were Joel Barlow and Timothy Dwight, was nothing to the purpose; — a literature adapted to the size of the country was what we must and would have. Given the number of square miles, the length of the rivers, the size of the lakes, and you have the greatness of the literature we were bound to produce without further delay. If that little dribble of an Avon had succeeded in engendering Shakespeare, what a giant might we not look for from the mighty womb of Mississippi! Physical Geography for the first time took her rightful place as the tenth and most inspiring Muse. A glance at the map would satisfy the most incredulous that she had done her best for us, and should we be wanting to the glorious opportunity? Not we indeed! So surely as Franklin invented the art of printing, and Fulton the steam-engine, we would invent us a great poet in time to send the news by the next packet to England, and teach her that we were her masters in arts as well as arms.

Percival was only too ready to be invented, and he forthwith produced his bale of verses from a loom capable of turning off a hitherto unheard-of number of yards to the hour, and perfectly adapted to the amplitude of our territory, inasmuch as it was manufactured on the theory of covering the largest surface with the least possible amount of meaning that would hold words together. He was as ready to accept the perilous emprise, and as loud in asserting his claim thereto, as Sir Kay used to be, and with much the same result. Our critical journals — and America certainly *has* led the world in a department of letters which of course requires no outfit but the power to read and write, gratuitously furnished by our public schools — received him with a shout of welcome. Here came the true deliverer at last, mounted on a steed to which he himself had given the new name of "Pegāsus," — for we were to be original in everything, — and certainly blowing his

own trumpet with remarkable vigor of lungs. Solitary enthusiasts, who had long awaited this sublime avatar, addressed him in sonnets which he accepted with a gravity beyond all praise. (To be sure, even Mr. Ward seems to allow that his sense of humor was hardly equal to his other transcendent endowments.) His path was strewn with laurel — of the native variety, altogether superior to that of the Old World, and certainly not precisely like it. Verses signed "P.," as like each other as two peas, and as much like poetry as that vegetable is like a peach, were watched for in the corner of a newspaper as an astronomer watches for a new planet. There was never anything so comically unreal since the crowning in the Capitol of Messer Francesco Petrarca, Grand Sentimentalist in Ordinary at the Court of King Robert of Naples. Unhappily, Percival took it all quite seriously. There was no praise too ample for the easy elasticity of his swallow. He believed himself as gigantic as the shadow he cast on these rolling mists of insubstantial adulation, and life-long he could never make out why *his* fine words refused to butter his parsnips for him, nay, to furnish both parsnips and sauce. While the critics were debating precisely how many of the prime qualities of the great poets of his own and preceding generations he combined in his single genius, and in what particular respects he surpassed them all, — a point about which he himself seems never to have had any doubts, — the public, which could read Scott and Byron with avidity, and which was beginning even to taste Wordsworth, found his verses inexpressibly wearisome. They would not throng and subscribe for a collected edition of those works which singly had been too much for them. With whatever dulness of sense they may be charged, they have a remarkably keen scent for tediousness, and will have none of it unless in a tract or sermon, where, of course, it is to be expected. Percival never forgave the public; but it was the critics that he never should have forgiven, for of all the maggots that can make their way into the brains through the ears, there is none so disastrous as the persuasion that you are a great poet. There is surely something in the construction of the ears of small authors which lays them specially open to the inroads of this pest. It tickles pleasantly while it eats away the fibre of will, and incapacitates a man for all honest commerce with realities. Unhappily its insidious titillation seems to have been Percival's one great pleasure during life.

We began by saying that the book before us was interesting and instructive; but we meant that it was so not so much from any positive merits of its own as by the lesson which almost every page of it suggests. To those who have some knowledge of the history of literature, or some experience in life, it is from beginning to end a history of

weakness mistaking great desires for great powers. If poetry, in Bacon's noble definition of it, "adapt the shows of things to the desires of the mind," sentimentalism is equally skilful in making realities shape themselves to the cravings of vanity. The theory that the poet is a being above the world and apart from it is true of him as an observer only who applies to the phenomena about him the test of a finer and more spiritual sense. That he is a creature divinely set apart from his fellow-men by a mental organization that makes them mutually unintelligible to each other, is in flat contradiction with the lives of those poets universally acknowledged as greatest. Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Milton, Molière, Goethe, — in what conceivable sense is it true of them that they wanted the manly qualities which made them equal to the demands of the world in which they lived? That a poet should assume, as Victor Hugo used to do, that he is a reorganizer of the moral world, and that works cunningly adapted to the popular whim of the time form part of some mysterious system which is to give us a new heaven and a new earth, and to remodel laws of art which are as unchangeable as those of astronomy, can do no very great harm to any one but the author himself, who will thereby be led astray from his proper function, and from the only path to legitimate and lasting success. But when the theory is carried a step further, and we are asked to believe, as in Percival's case, that, because a man can write verses, he is exempt from that inexorable logic of life and circumstance to which all other men are subjected, and to which it is wholesome for them that they should be, then it becomes mischievous, and calls for a protest from all those who have at heart the interests of good morals and healthy literature. It is the theory of idlers and *dilettanti*, of fribbles in morals and declaimers in verse, which a young man of real power may dally with during some fit of mental indigestion, but which when accepted by a mature man, and carried along with him through life, is a sure mark of feebleness and of insincere dealing with himself. Percival is a good example of a class of authors unhappily too numerous in these latter days. In Europe the natural growth of a world ill at ease with itself and still nervous with the frightful palpitation of the French Revolution, they are but feeble exotics in our healthier air. Without faith or hope, and deprived of that outward support in the habitual procession of events and in the authoritative limitations of thought which in ordinary times gives steadiness to feeble and timid intellects, they are turned inward, and forced, like Hudibras's sword,

> "To eat into themselves, for lack
> Of other thing to hew and hack."

Compelled to find within them that stay which had hitherto been sup-

plied by creeds and institutions, they learned to attribute to their own consciousness the grandeur which belongs of right only to the mind of the human race, slowly endeavoring after an equilibrium between its desires and the external conditions under which they are attainable. Hence that exaggeration of the individual, and depreciation of the social man, which has become the cant of modern literature. Abundance of such phenomena accompanied the rise of what was called Romanticism in Germany and France, reacting to some extent even upon England, and consequently America. The smaller poets erected themselves into a kind of guild, into which all were admitted who gave proof of a certain feebleness of character which rendered them superior to their grosser fellow-men. It was a society of cripples undertaking to teach the new generation how to walk. Meanwhile the object of their generous solicitude, what with clinging to Mother Past's skirts, and helping itself by every piece of household furniture it could lay hands on, learned, after many a tumble, to get on its legs, and to use them as other generations had done before it. Percival belonged to this new order of bards, weak in the knees, and thinking it healthy exercise to climb the peaks of Dreamland. To the vague and misty views attainable from those sublime summits into his own vast interior, his reports in blank verse and otherwise did ample justice, but failed to excite the appetite of mankind. He spent his life, like others of his class, in proclaiming himself a neglected Columbus, ever ready to start on his voyage when the public would supply the means of building his ships. Meanwhile, to be ready at a moment's warning, he packs his mind pellmell like a carpet-bag, wraps a geologist's hammer in a shirt with a Byron collar, does up Volney's "Ruins" with an odd volume of Wordsworth, and another of Bell's "Anatomy" in a loose sheet of Webster's Dictionary, jams Moore's poems between the leaves of Bopp's Grammar, — and forgets only such small matters as combs and brushes. It never seems to have entered his head that the gulf between genius and its new world is never too wide for a stout swimmer. Like all sentimentalists, he reversed the process of nature, which makes it a part of greatness that it is a simple thing to itself, however much of a marvel it may be to other men. He discovered his own genius, as he supposed, — a thing impossible had the genius been real. Donne never wrote a profounder verse than

> "Who knows his virtue's name and place, hath none."

Percival's life was by no means a remarkable one, except, perhaps, in the number of chances that seem to have been offered him to have made something of himself, if anything were possibly to be made. He

was never without friends, never without opportunities, if he could have availed himself of them. It is pleasant to see Mr. Ticknor treating him with that considerate kindness which many a young scholar can remember as shown so generously to himself. But nothing could help Percival, whose nature had defeat worked into its very composition. He was not a real, but an imaginary man. His early attempt at suicide (as Mr. Ward seems to think it) is typical of him. He is not the first young man who, when crossed in love, has spoken of "loupin o'er a linn," nor will he be the last. But that any one who really meant to kill himself should put himself resolutely in the way of being prevented, as Percival did, is hard to believe. Chateaubriand, the arch sentimentalist of these latter days, had the same harmless *velleity* of self-destruction, — enough to scare his sister and so give him a smack of sensation, — but a very different thing from the settled will which would be really perilous. Shakespeare, always true to Nature, makes Hamlet dally with the same exciting fancy. Alas! self is the one thing the sentimentalist never truly wishes to destroy! One remarkable gift Percival seems to have had, which may be called memory of the eye. What he saw he never forgot, and this fitted him for a good geological observer. How great his power of combination was, which alone could have made him a great geologist, we cannot determine. But he seems to have shown but little in other directions. His faculty of acquiring foreign tongues we do not value so highly as Mr. Ward. We have known many otherwise inferior men who possessed it. Indeed, the power to express the same nothing in ten different languages is something to be dreaded rather than admired. It gives a horrible advantage to dulness. The best thing to be learned from Percival's life is that he was happy for the first time when taken away from his vague pursuit of the ideal, and set to practical work.

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11. — *Laus Veneris, and other Poems and Ballads.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Carleton. pp. 328.

If it were Mr. Swinburne's desire, in giving this volume to the world, to provoke violent antagonisms, and achieve that notoriety which has its recognized business value, he has certainly succeeded. His career as an author, though so brief, has already reversed all the traditions of literature. Other poets, possessed with a reverent comprehension of their art, would gladly put out of the way the first crude windfalls which precede the maturer fruit; but he, having gained a respectful hearing by his "Atalanta in Calydon," immediately goes back upon

his tracks, and avenges himself upon the early indifference of the public by reissues of all his previous ventures. The name he has won is used to indorse and give currency to the notes which were not received while he was nameless. "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond" were so far inferior to "Atalanta in Calydon," that those of the author's admirers who were not aware of their antecedent production were somewhat shaken in their estimate of his genius; and this volume, most of the contents of which, we understand, date from earlier periods, is even less likely to confirm their first favorable impressions.

The circumstances attending its publication, both in England and in this country, have, however, given the book a more than literary significance. The question of the immoral in literature, provoked by Mr. Charles Reade's critics, is reopened under a new phase, and the purely literary quality of Mr. Swinburne's poems has been overlooked in the heat of the discussion. The basis of criticism has been shifted from the artistic ground where it belongs, and the spirit which gave us Petronius Arbiter is confronted by that which now emasculates our Shakespeare. We think there is no need of calling so many elements into the field: the difficulty admits of a simpler solution. If the volume were no more than a healthy protest against the over-squeamishness of a large class of readers, we should not feel called upon to notice the dispute; but its author daringly challenges judgment on points which involve a higher and more important principle.

In the first place, let us frankly say that we have no sympathy with the nervous delicacy which is always on the lookout for causes of offence. We favor no limitations which would set conventional barriers for the poet, or weaken the masculine fibre of his song. We would not take from him one note in the scale of passion. We admit that, when he would give melodious expression to life, he cannot always omit the undertone of that tremendous instinct upon which all finer energies are based. The natural force of an appetite is not a prohibited motive in Art. But whatever material is carried into the domain of Art must be subordinate to the laws and receive the conditions which she imposes. She is not concerned with fear of defilement, because all things become pure when they correspond to her proportions. The ethical question disappears: Evil cannot follow Beauty to its perfect result in the human brain.

The poet, therefore, who makes use of human appetites and propensities in the construction of a proportioned work, must have attained to the objective vision of the true artist. As the statue represents form, and not flesh, so his use of these materials must suggest simple truths in nature, or in the dramatic conception of a character, and not hint of

realities which either shock or entice, according to the quality of the reader. They must never be allowed to disturb the serene, unimpassioned atmosphere of art.

Imperfectly defined as may be the laws of art in their broadest sense, one law, at least, is firmly fixed, — that all which disgusts is prohibited. Although elements which in themselves inspire the feeling are allowed to take their place in a harmony which masters it, so that even terror may become a part of beauty, yet the attainment of such a harmony is an inflexible condition. Judged by this law, Mr. Swinburne has failed. His apprehension in other directions is so keen, and his scholarship is so apparent, that we cannot suppose him either ignorant of the existence of the law, or a rebel against its eternal authority. We therefore suspect him of a desperate endeavor to overcome the impossible, and make that which is hideous and revolting acceptable by the aid of an unusual rhythmical skill and an astonishing command of all the minor arts of the poet. We are glad that he has failed: we are glad that Art has vindicated her integral purity. With all his skill, the poems in which he has made this attempt breathe a stifling, sickening atmosphere. They represent forms of passion so very abnormal and impure, that the mere contemplation of them seems to smutch and stain. A painter who should devote his genius to the representation of hideous sores would be a fair parallel for the most that Mr. Swinburne could possibly achieve in this line. We might wonder at his realistic truth, but we should turn shuddering away from the canvas. Such poems as these can only corrupt those who are already hopelessly corrupt. But we protest against them as an outrage against the poetical art. It is not enough that Sappho sang in this strain, or that Nero's vices still secretly exist: in his defence on these grounds, Mr. Swinburne avoids the higher questions.

With the exception of some half-dozen poems, this morbid, feverish atmosphere pervades the entire volume. We turn its pages in vain for an utterance of healthy, natural passion: all is convulsion, delirium, excess. What grace and music of metre can make acceptable such lines as

> "By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
> Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
> By the lips intertwisted and bitten
> Till the foam has a savor of blood"?

We weary at last of the incessant iteration, in poem after poem, of either the mad, diseased devices of flagging and exhausted passion, or the disgust of satiety. If all which the author urges in his defence be true, if our public is prudish and prurient and our literature emascu-

late, for the sake of manhood give us virility, not impotence! If the supremacy of the poet's pure art is to be assailed, let us not blush to behold the quality of the foemen!

We are aware that these poems are dramatic in their character, and we have no right to assume that the phenomena they represent are more attractive to Mr. Swinburne than to us. We arraign him for an artistic fault, in which the whole question of morality is included. The most harm these poems are capable of doing will be in debasing the standard of young authors who may be led captive by their splendid metrical qualities. They are, in form and diction, the culmination of the sensuous school of poetry. In fact, the *form* is so frequently overlaid with a dazzle and glitter of antithetic words, skilful alliterations, startling rhymes, and bold, unusual metaphors, that it almost disappears. The poems appear to be based on *moods*, rather than distinct conceptions. One's ear rings with the vibrations of a melody sustained far beyond the ordinary power of breath, but the residuum in one's mind at the end amounts simply to the fact that the gods are cruel and inexorable, and that love is another and a worse form of hate.

Taking the poems as the author puts them forth, as "my verses, the first-fruits of me," we feel the greater regret that a poet's first-fruits should be experiments in such a direction. Shelley's example should have warned, not encouraged. On the other hand, they display the author's possession of genuine and conspicuous gifts, and the doubt which the remarkable intellectual precocity they exhibit might have engendered is already laid by the better work which first made his name known to us. In our estimate of his powers, therefore, we are not solely guided by these retrospective examples. We are spared the necessity of conjecture, seeing that he has since turned to a chaster Muse.

Turning from those poems where nameless forms of passion are simulated with desperate and convulsive efforts (among which, best in form and worst in spirit, we reckon "Dolores") to the few which are unobjectionable, we find a grateful relief in the poems dedicated to Walter Savage Landor and Victor Hugo. We find, nevertheless, in these as in the other poems, that the conception lacks a definite and symmetrical form. It does not unfold, leaf after leaf, from the bud to the perfect flower, but resembles one of those hot-house carnations, where the anthers are cultivated into petals and their bulk splits the calyx. Thus there is a lack of proportion between the extreme richness of the diction and the development of the thought. The latter often threatens to give way under the strain of words chosen for their fire and force. With so many felicities of phrase and of rhythm, there is scarcely a single couplet which clings to the memory when

one has closed the book. We acknowledge the author's wonderful mastery of all the minor tricks and devices of song, we are impressed with a vague sense of power, but we do not feel the presence of a deep and earnest poetic *nature.* The marvellous skill with which the spirit of the miracle-plays is reproduced in "The Masque of Queen Bersabe," and the speech of Ezekiel in "Aholibah," suggests the question whether such power of transformation is compatible with the individuality of genius. Mr. Swinburne's rhythmical gift, however, is indisputably his own; he has a singing tongue, and none of the mannerisms with which these earlier poems abound can obscure the melodies whereto they are set. His "Dedication," one of the best poems in the volume, is a piece of perfect music. In "Dolores," the sweet, flexible undulations of his metre *almost* (and not quite, here, is as fatal as not at all) carry us over the hideously repellent theme. The same may be said of "Hesperia" and the "Sapphics." Perhaps his best poems are the "Ballad of Burdens" and the "Hymn to Proserpine," — the latter a consistent and sustained dramatic lyric. "Faustine," which has excited so much animadversion, is really a much nearer approach to objective art than the author's other ventures in that prohibited field. It fails because the morbid feature of the picture is set barely before the reader's eyes. In the four sonnets entitled "Hermaphroditus," alone, is the element of beauty predominant; and these, judged by the artistic law, may be declared unexceptionable.

Neither the faults nor the merits of this volume are of the ordinary character; but they are shaken together like wine and lees, and not to be easily separated. If "Atalanta in Calydon" had not shown us that the process of clarification has already commenced, we might doubt the character of the future draughts which Mr. Swinburne may offer us. Even now, reading these firstlings by the light of his latest production, we are not able to predict how far he will succeed in emancipating himself from the school of the day. Art has many phases, but no fashions. The higher the poetic conception, the less it needs the adornment of flashing and glittering words. What Mr. Swinburne says of Dolores, "Thou art noble and nude and antique," he might say of the chaste and severe Muse. When he writes from the impulsion of an earnest thought, compelling itself into an artistically symmetrical form, he may find that force is lost by the doubling of adjectives, and expression weakened by the lulling music of alliteration. Mere richness of coloring, like that of Diaz, whose groups of figures at a certain distance resemble bunches of flowers, does not constitute painting; and neither does opulence of language, though scattered with the largesse of perfect metre, constitute poetry. Mr. Swinburne is a poet, and his first

tendency seems to have been to magnify the gifts which he possessed in order to conceal those wherein he is deficient. We would not uncharitably judge this tendency, although his publication of the poems in this stage of his career has the character of a reassertion of the spirit in which they were written. That the publication was a mistake, there can be little doubt; that his genius shall direct itself to the truer and nobler work of which he is capable, is our hope.

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12. — *Charles Lamb. A Memoir.* By Barry Cornwall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866. 12mo. pp. 304.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Procter's volume would contain much information about Lamb entirely new. Neither much novelty nor much criticism was looked for, but a friendly warmth of recollection, and a genuine appreciation, fit to mingle with the same feelings in the reader. And it is exactly this that the book gives.

We have the old story over again of Lamb's school-days with Coleridge at Christ's Hospital, his desk at the India House, his insanity, the dreadful disorder of his sister's mind, and the tragedy of their mother's death. Again we hear of his tender care of his sister, and their journeys from house to house in London, his friends, his tastes, his books, his evenings at the "Salutation and Cat," his pipes of Orinooko; again of his joy at his release from the India House, and again of the weariness which followed it. The facts are the pleasanter because they are old, and the manner is the pleasanter because it is new, — the manner of a kind-hearted old man telling to the new-comers the recollections of his younger days.

Mr. Procter, in his Preface, expresses the hope that "the advocate for modern times will try to admit into the circle of his sympathy" his recollections of Charles Lamb. As to the recollections themselves, we think that no one, whatever times he advocates, will dislike their affectionate tone, or even quarrel with their occasional discursiveness, natural enough to a time of life when tracks of reminiscence are plentiful; and as to the subject of them, is not Lamb more widely read and more generally appreciated by us moderns than by the generation for which the Elia Essays were written? Indeed, in his constant simplicity, in his love of natural art, in his love of his kind, he was himself an advocate for modern times. It is true that he enjoyed things out of date, and had a taste for fashions gone by, yet it was a taste that did not lead him to the desert of stunting pedantry, but to older gardens, whose rich soil he knew, but saw neglected. A taste which made

Lamb one of the first to seek among the writers of the Elizabethan age the freedom and strength which could not be seen in the men of a later day cannot fairly be called antique, and is rather akin to the feelings of that school which now goes by the name of modern.

It would be a mistake to suppose that, because Lamb liked a "fine last-century face" and a fine century-before-last writer, he had no connection with the present time. Nature is always modern, and Lamb was natural from his first stutter to his last. He and Wordsworth together helped to throw up those earthworks from behind which the nineteenth century, with its "nature" and "No-Popery" cannon, has perhaps too liberally bombarded the eighteenth. In America, certainly, there is a love of Lamb's genius not by any means confined to the contemporaries of Mr. Procter, but felt by the younger growth, that breathes the air which Emerson has helped to purify, and Clough to warm; and even in England, despite that fogginess which, creeping from London over all her shores, has made many wise old men mistake gas-lamps for stars, and at length to doubt whether, after all, the veil of mist is not a providential shield against the too glaring rays of the sun, — even in that fog there are other younger ones who find in Lamb the fresh breath of nature to lift up the gathering damps and show the green earth beneath, fair as before.

And in other respects, too, Lamb seems to be not only modern, but even *future*. Mr. Joseph Paice has not yet so many followers as he will some time number; and though the essay on "Modern Gallantry" was written nearly fifty years ago, the text will long continue a good one. And the essay on acting Shakespeare's tragedies is full of a refinement of feeling less likely to prove the ruin of the cothurnus-makers to-day than a few hundred years hence. In everything that he wrote there was a delicacy of flavor which every increased delicacy in the taste of the world will render more appreciable. The palate in these matters fortunately grows more sensitive with added age.

But whatever becomes of Lamb in the inscrutable minds of those who are hereafter to think, it is enough for those who still enjoy him to find pleasure always new in his wonderful humor, in the delicious taste of his style, in his rare and delicate wisdom. We know him as we know few other prose-writers, for he has written of his feelings, his friends, his books, in a way to make them our own. Hood, whose life calls for even greater sympathy, kept his thoughts at such a distance from himself, that now his rollicking humor makes us forget his sufferings, and in a moment his sufferings cast a gloom over his humor. But in thinking of Lamb we may sympathize at once with his humor, his sadness, and his wise reflections. Even in such bursts of pure fun as

the "Roast Pig" or "Sarah Battle" essay, we do not forget who wrote them. And the thought of those essays, as fresh now as when Mrs. Battle first called cribbage an ungrammatical game, make us sure that he who can ever find it in his heart to think that Elia had better be taken up to the garret, or laid out on a top shelf, must be, not an advocate for modern times, but a very *advocatus Diaboli*.

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13. — *The Picture of St. John.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 16mo. pp. vi., 220.

A PIECE of conscientious literary work, patiently elaborated upon a well-digested plan, and carefully thought out in the details, is so rare in our hurried generation, that it merits respectful consideration. Mr. Taylor's new poem is of this kind. It shows marks of mature design, adequately sustained by careful finish in its parts. A poem of more than two hundred pages, which carries the reader along with interested pleasure to the end, must have in it something of a higher quality than is at all common. We can think of no other long American poem of evenly sustained power except Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend." In that we have the finest aroma of the Middle Ages; and through all the brilliant episodes of picturesque scenery there runs a connecting thread of personal interest and tender human sympathy, unbroken to the end. Mr. Taylor's poem, on the other hand, is modern in more than one sense. It is essentially and designedly subjective. It gives the history of the development and training of an artistic nature, beginning with the pure joy of sensation, arriving at a happy poise of all its faculties in the visible reproduction and definition of its emotion through art, and at last refined and perfected by sorrow. The story, though somewhat improbable, is told with grace and feeling, and varied with many German and Italian landscapes, broadly and warmly painted with that idealization in which memory is so skilful. The defect of the poem is a too great introversion of the thought and sentiment, inherent perhaps in its very nature as a monologue, — a sin which it shares with a great part of the poetry of the century. But the fault strikes us more because, while Mr. Taylor's real object is to describe, as Beattie has done in his "Minstrel," the influences which awaken and train the artistic consciousness of a poet, he has made his hero a painter. It is, perhaps, true that certain qualities are common to the natures of both; but however it may be with a poet, we doubt whether a painter would go far in his art who was forever analyzing his own emotion and prying into its constituents, instead of surrendering himself joyously to the beauty of the

outward world, and finding his satisfaction in the processes of his art, rather than in the metaphysics of it. The modern habit of using the word "art" with so comprehensive a meaning will do mischief, and has already, we think, done not a little, by leading both artists and critics to lose sight of the limits which divide the several arts from each other.

Mr. Taylor has written his poem in a stanza which keeps the promise of the *ottava rima* to the eye, yet breaks it so cunningly to the ear that we are hardly conscious of the cheat. By changing it with the position of his rhymes, he has produced a measure which has all the freedom of blank verse, without giving up too much of the sweetness which the ear expects in those mated closes which "meet as they did kiss." Alfred de Musset took the same liberty with the sestina, and, as it seems to us, with advantage. The octave of course allows a greater variety of combination, and Mr. Taylor tells us in his Preface that he has distributed the rhymes of his stanza in seventy different ways. We are not sure that something is not lost by this, and that it would not perhaps be a higher achievement to escape uniformity by varying the pauses of the verse, rather than by shifting the places of the rhyme. We should not like to see the old ways deserted, merely to escape difficulty, which is, after all, the best teacher of dignified ease in versification. One advantage of regularly recurring rhyme to a real poet is, that it limits diffuseness, and insists on having the thought expressed in the compactest way. But those are objections that we should make to the experiment in advance. They yield to the convincing argument of success, and we think Mr. Taylor has succeeded. His verse is full, harmonious, flowing, and peculiarly adapted to the treatment of a theme in which reflection, narrative, and description are continually interchanging.

The poem would have gained by compression. It would have been more effective if shortened by a third. We could spare without regret a number of stanzas in which Mr. Taylor philosophizes, for the metaphysic is certainly not his strongest point. He is happiest when he looks about him and gathers into sheaves of verse the harvest of his eye. When he undertakes to expound the laws of mind, he becomes misty, and therefore tedious. The artist, when he volunteers to be his own lawyer in these matters, hath a fool to his client. His business is to show the thing itself as it is visible to the imagination, and not to describe the way in which he arrived at the perception of it. We do not want Hegel or any other moulder of intellectual fog in our poetry, any more than a cookery-book in our soup. How a poet came to do or think anything is nothing to his purpose, and may be safely left to be discussed afterwards by those anatomical lecturers who have made us

understand the complicated mechanism of our minds so thoroughly that we feel a disease in every part of them. It seems to us that the elder poets trusted themselves very confidently to their instincts, and left the metaphysics to take care of themselves. When a bard begins solemnly,

"Of mind and its mysterious agencies,"

we always seem to see a sign-board warning us that "this road is unsafe for travel." In poetry we want the gem set in its golden ring of verse so as best to show its lustre, and not the miner's diary or a geological section of the shaft. To be sure, Mr. Taylor has written his poem in the first person; and if there are some manifest advantages, there are also many temptations in a stanza beginning with "I." Where he yields to the bent of his own nature, and is frankly himself, (which, oddly enough, a poet is seldom sure of being when he makes an *alter ego* of his hero,) we have no complaints to make. There is great picturesqueness, great sweetness and truth of feeling, and many a verse over which the reader will linger for its gracious delicacy. The situations are almost all happily conceived, and harmonize with the landscape background with which Mr. Taylor is so skilful in setting them off. The poem, as a sustained flight in the higher regions of song, will add much to Mr. Taylor's reputation with competent judges.

There are a few stanzas in the first book — and in point of expression they are among the happiest of the whole poem — against which we feel bound to protest on the ground of good morals. Mr. Taylor certainly meant no harm in them, but he has allowed himself to slip too readily into the modern fallacy which confounds the sensuous with the sensual. We do not believe in any dual arrangement of the soul, in which a "nun" is paired off with a "bacchante." If there is such a thing as an individual essence which feels a soil in any part through its whole exquisite contexture, it is the human spirit. Shakespeare looked much deeper than this comfortable theory when he makes Lady Macbeth vainly strive to wash from her hands the stain of mere connivance. Catullus would not help the matter much by telling us that the filthiest of his poems were written by a priestess of Isis, who went halves with a vestal virgin in the ownership of him. If there is a chastity of the soul which thinks no evil, there is no less a chastity of the senses whose finer ear hears the sinuous approach of evil ere it come, and finds lust more loathsome when it has slimed itself with sentiment. There is no earthly reason why an "artist" should be allowed to avail himself of a plea of double identity, which we should scout in the case of a housebreaker or horse-thief. Surely we need take no special pains to make temptation easy to us. That because we have particularly

keen nerves of sensation we should allow our senses the dominion over us, is twaddle. We fancy a Fijian chief saying to his wife, "My higher nature adores you; but really I have such a fine set of teeth, and you are so tender, that a due respect for the artistic part of me will compel me to bake you to-morrow."

14.—Beethoven's *Letters.* (1790–1826.) *From the Collection of Dr. Ludwig Nohl. Also his Letters to the Archduke Rudolph, Cardinal-Archbishop of Olmütz, K. W., from the Collection of Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel.* Translated by Lady Wallace. With a Portrait and Fac-simile. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1867. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. xviii., 234; ix., 257.

Of the three collections of letters of famous musical composers recently published, — Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Beethoven, — the personal interest is in inverse proportion to the greatness of their respective authors. The more complete the power of expression in tones, the less is that of expression in words. These letters of Beethoven contain scarcely a trace of those spiritual qualities which are so fully developed in his music. They are little more than the record of the trivial concerns of his daily life, — a life thoroughly commonplace in all external conditions. It is an irreverence to the memory of such a genius as Beethoven to display to the public these disconnected and empty trifles as an exhibition of his character; and it is doing injustice to his admirers to offer them such material without at least fastening the odds and ends together with some slight thread of biographical elucidation. The well-known main facts of Beethoven's discordant life, his rough yet sensitive nature, his deafness, his ill-health, his vehement but changing attachments to more than one woman, his care of, and his disappointment in, his nephew, are, of course, all brought to mind in the course of the letters; and the foot-notes afford explanations of some of the minor points touched upon; but the volumes are silent, for the most part, with regard to Beethoven's personal relations with his correspondents, the nature of which is often not to be inferred from these scraps of writing, and the knowledge of which might perhaps confer an accidental value on them.

The most interesting letter in this collection, and one of the few which have any proper autobiographical character, is one written at the age of thirty-two, and addressed nominally to those whom he called his "unbrotherly brothers," but in fact to the world at large.

"Born with a passionate and excitable temperament," he says, "keenly susceptible to the pleasures of society, I was yet obliged early in life to isolate myself, and to pass my existence in solitude. If I at any time resolved to surmount all this, O how cruelly was I again repelled by the experience, sadder than ever, of my defective hearing. And yet I found it impossible to say to others, 'Speak louder; shout! for I am deaf!' Alas! how could I proclaim the deficiency of a sense which ought to have been more perfect with me than with other men, — a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, to an extent, indeed, that few of my profession ever enjoyed! Alas! I cannot do this. Forgive me, therefore, when you see me withdrawn from you with whom I would so gladly mingle. My misfortune is doubly severe from causing me to be misunderstood. No longer can I enjoy recreation in social intercourse, refined conversation, or mutual outpourings of thought. Completely isolated, I only enter society when compelled to do so. I must live like an exile. In company I am assailed by the most fearful apprehensions from the dread of being exposed to the risk of my condition being observed. It was the same during the last six months I spent in the country. My intelligent physician recommended me to spare my hearing as much as possible, which was quite in accordance with my present disposition, though sometimes tempted by my natural inclination for society. I allowed myself to be beguiled into it. But what humiliation when any one beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard nothing, or when others heard a shepherd singing, and I still heard nothing! Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and wellnigh caused me to put an end to my life. *Art*, *art* alone, deterred me. Ah! how could I possibly quit the world before bringing forth all that I felt it was my vocation to produce? And thus I spared this miserable life, — so utterly miserable that any sudden change may reduce me at any moment from my best condition into the worst. It is decreed that I must now choose *Patience* for my guide! This I have done. I hope the resolve will not fail me, steadfastly to persevere till it may please the inexorable Fates to cut the thread of my life. Perhaps I may get better, perhaps not. I am prepared for either. Constrained to become a philosopher in my twenty-eighth year! This is no slight trial, and more severe on an artist than on any one else. God looks into my heart, he searches it, and knows that love for man and feelings of benevolence have their abode there! O, ye who may one day read this, think that ye have done me injustice, and let any one similarly afflicted be consoled by finding one like himself, who, in defiance of all the obstacles of Nature, has done all in his power to be included in the ranks of estimable artists and men."

The conviction of moral rectitude which finds expression in this last sentence often reappears elsewhere. In 1817 he writes: "My confidence is placed in Providence, who will vouchsafe to hear my prayer, and one day set me free from all my troubles; for I have served him faithfully from my childhood, and done good whenever it has been in my power; so my trust is in him alone, and I feel that the Almighty

will not allow me to be utterly crushed by all my manifold trials." Again, in writing to Nägeli, and sending him a subscription to his poems, in which he was himself panegyrized, Beethoven says: "Pray, do not imagine that I am at all guided by self-interest: I am free from all petty vanity; in godlike art alone dwells the impulse which gives me strength to sacrifice the best part of my life to the celestial Muse. From childhood my greatest pleasure and felicity consisted in working for others: you may therefore conclude how sincere is my delight in being in any degree of use to you."

Of his great contemporary, Goethe, Beethoven rarely makes mention, as if in unconscious return for the *no* mention of himself in Goethe's writings. There is a hint, perhaps, of the cause, in a letter to Bettina von Arnim.

"Yesterday, on our way home, we [Goethe and himself] met the whole Imperial family; we saw them coming some way off, when Goethe withdrew his arm from mine, in order to stand aside; and, say what I would, I could not prevail on him to make another step in advance. I pressed down my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my great-coat, and, crossing my arms behind me, I made my way through the thickest portion of the crowd. Princes and courtiers formed a lane for me: Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed to me first. These great ones of the earth *know me*. To my infinite amusement, I saw the procession defile past Goethe, who stood aside with his hat off, bowing profoundly. I afterwards took him sharply to task for this: I gave him no quarter, and upbraided him with all his sins, especially towards you, my dear friend, as we had just been speaking of you. Heavens! if I could have lived with you as *he* did, believe me, I should have produced far greater things."

We will make but one more extract, — the close of the letter to his brothers before quoted from. The pathetic emotions these words inadequately express are the same in character and intensity with those which give life and meaning to some of the most enduring strains of his music.

"Thus, then, I take leave of you, and with sadness too. The fond hope I brought with me here, of being to a certain degree cured, now utterly forsakes me. As autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted. Almost as I came, I depart. Even the lofty courage that so often animated me in the lovely days of summer is gone forever. O Providence! vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity! How long have I been estranged from the glad echo of true joy! When, O my God! when shall I again feel it in the temple of Nature and of man? — never? Ah! that would be too hard!"

These volumes, as we have said, afford no sufficient materials for a true estimate of the character of Beethoven. Such materials we confidently anticipate in the long expected and desired biography by our countryman, Mr. Thayer.

15. — *Character and Characteristic Men.* By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 12mo. pp. vi., 324.

There is a wide distinction between essays and lectures, which is now-a-days, from various causes, frequently overlooked. The lecturer, addressing large and miscellaneous audiences, not of the quickest perceptions and finest ears, needs stronger tones and more violent action to keep sleepiness away than the essayist, whose art is not for the multitude, but for *connoisseurs*. Audiences, having coarser tastes than readers, like the spice of puns, of epigrams, of bold generalization. The best readers dislike these very things. One reason why this distinction is not more attended to is, that Mr. Emerson, by a remarkable union of the qualities necessary for success in the lyceum and as an essayist, delivers most interesting essays and prints most interesting lectures. The same people listen to him in the Music Hall and read him in their libraries. He is not too philosophical to be popular, nor is his style too popular to be philosophical. Thus he has mingled the two parts until they have become one. If his had been the only case, there would have been no objection; but it has become a common practice to reprint lectures as "essays."

Mr. Whipple, aware of the distinction between the public orator and the private writer, says of the papers brought together in his book, that, "with the exception of those on Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Agassiz, they were all originally delivered as lectures or addresses, and the style doubtless exhibits that perpetual scepticism as to the patience of audiences which torments the lecturer during the brief hour in which he attempts to hold their attention." After this admission we have no wish to say anything of the style, whose peculiarities are so accounted for, and merely desire to say a few words about Mr. Whipple's qualities as a lecturer, since it is in this character that he appears.

His book contains ample proof of the reasonableness of his reputation. Holding views liberal, and yet not too absolutely free to exclude a very strong belief in the unusual excellence of his country and her laws, he entertains and also instructs audiences who are themselves liberal, but have their traditions and national sensitiveness. Mr. Whipple is a student of history, and has a memory deep enough, fortunately, to contain all his own thoughts, and many other men's. And he does not study history in the Banks-Deming manner, rattling ancient names like marbles round the corner of his speech, indifferent whether or no they hit the mark, but with care and judgment. His anecdotes are to the point, and, without pandering to their more vicious tastes, must always please his hearers. He is one of our best lecturers, himself a characteristic man and moulder of public opinion.

16.— 1. WALT WHITMAN'S *Drum-Taps.* New York. 1865. 12mo. pp. 72.

2. *Sequel to Drum-Taps.* (*Since the preceding came from the Press.*) *When Lilacs last in the Door-yard bloomed, and Other Pieces.* Washington. 1865–6. pp. 24.

IT is fortunate that "Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps," unlike his "Leaves of Grass," is in point of propriety unexceptionable, so that it can be judged on its intrinsic merits.

The pieces of which "Drum-Taps" consists are in form, like those in "Leaves of Grass," neither blank verse nor rhythmical prose. A poet of genuine artistic power would suffer from the absence of those restraints which are to genius what its banks are to a river, — limitations that aid in the development of beauty and of force; and Mr. Whitman is so far from being an artist, that he boasts of his lack of culture, after the fashion of "self-made" men. Yet it is precisely this deficiency which disguises his real excellence, and stands between him and the fame he predicts for himself. A writer whose works are to live must have taste to discriminate between what is worth saying in a given poem, and what is not worth saying, and must have courage to excise the latter. The business of cataloguing the works of creation should be left to the auctioneer.

Poets of vastly more genius and culture than Mr. Whitman possesses have committed the error of thinking all objects and fancies equally worthy of a poem. Wordsworth, for example, patched his shining robes with homespun; but Wordsworth had the manners and speech of a gentleman, while Whitman has the characteristics, good and bad, of a Bowery boy. His love of New York City has more in common with Gavroche's love for Paris than with that of Victor Hugo, and more in common with Tony Weller's love for London than with that of Dr. Johnson, Lamb, or even Dickens. His glorification of America smacks of the "We can lick all creation" of Tammany Hall. But with the extravagance, coarseness, and general "loudness" of Bowery boys, Mr. Whitman possesses in an unusual degree their better traits. He is not ashamed of the body he lives in, and he calls all things by plain names. His compositions, without being sentimental or pretty, show genuine sensibility to the beauty of nature and of man. His braggart patriotism evinced its genuineness during the war.

"Beauty, knowledge, fortune, inure not to me, yet there are two things inure to me.
I have nourished the wounded and soothed many a dying soldier;
And at intervals I have strung together a few songs,
Fit for war and the life of a camp."

The fact that the "songs" in Drum-Taps were written under such circumstances ought to have rebutted in the most fastidious minds whatever presumption may have been raised against the volume by previous publications.

But the claims of these productions to consideration rest upon a more solid basis than the author's personal services in the hospital. Mr. Whitman not only possesses an almost photographic accuracy of observation, a masculine directness of expression, and real tenderness of feeling, but he sometimes hits upon an original epithet which illuminates a page of prosaic details. He speaks of "the *sturdy* artillery .... soon, unlimbered to begin the *red business*"; "the hurrying, crashing, sad, distracted, *robust* year" (1861); the "*hinged* knees and steady hand" of the dresser of wounds; the "elderly (sick) man, so gaunt and grim, with *well-grayed hair and flesh all sunken about the eyes*"; "*million-footed, superb-faced* Manhattan"; "the wind with girlish laughter"; the "gentle, soft-born, *measureless* light"; "the gorgeous, *indolent*, sinking sun, burning, *expanding* the air"; "the *most excellent* sun, so calm and haughty"; "the *huge* and thoughtful night." And in at least three places he shows more sustained, if not higher power. The effect of the news from Sumter upon New York is thus described:—

> "The Lady of this teeming and turbulent city,
> Sleepless, amid her ships, her houses, her incalculable wealth,
> With her million children around her — suddenly
> At dead of night, at news from the South,
> Incensed, struck with clenched hand the pavement."

"Old Ireland" is personified as

> "Crouching over a grave, an ancient, sorrowful mother,
> Once a queen, now lean and tattered, seated on the ground,
> Her old white hair drooping dishevelled round her shoulders;
> At her feet fallen an unused royal harp."

But Mr. Whitman's faculty is, perhaps, most fully shown in the poem entitled, "When Lilacs last in the Door-yard bloomed"; in which the contrast of the beauty and life of the opening spring with the scenes presented and the thoughts awakened by the funeral of Abraham Lincoln is drawn with unexpected power. The poem is, as a whole, remarkable, but we must content ourselves with a brief quotation.

> "Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities;
> Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, — passing the endless grass;
> Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprising;
> Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave
> Night and day journeys a coffin.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,

With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-veiled women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the *shuddering organs* — where amid these you journey,
With *the tolling, tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang*,
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac."

17.— *The Household Book of Poetry.* Collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA. Eleventh Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. xxvii., 816.

THE popularity of this excellent collection of the minor poems of the English language is well deserved. It is far more comprehensive than Mr. Palgrave's Golden Treasury; and though for this very reason it loses one of the charms and merits of that most choice volume, it on the other hand gains by affording to the reader a far greater variety and richer abundance of poetry. Mr. Dana exhibits an admirable catholicity of taste, and a large acquaintance with the whole field of English poetry. It may be questioned whether his judgment is always felicitous in the selection of the most characteristic and beautiful poems of special writers, upon whose merits the verdict of successive generations has not yet been passed; but there is no doubt that his volume is as a whole the most satisfactory large anthology of English poetry which has yet been made. His arrangement of the poems under various general heads is somewhat arbitrary, but the full index of poems and of authors prevents the inconvenience which might be occasioned by the conventional classification.

Although the present edition contains pieces which were not to be found in the earlier issues, there are still some omissions which, in order to fulfil his purpose to comprise in his volume "whatever is truly beautiful and admirable" among the minor English poems, Mr. Dana might do well to note in order to supply them hereafter. Thus we find nothing in the volume from Donne, one of the most imaginative, subtile, and original of English poets, and whose "Valediction forbidding Mourning" at least deserves a place among the most beautiful English poems. And to take a more modern instance, there is nothing in the volume of Coventry Patmore's, some of whose smaller poems are instinct with rare delicacy, truth, and tenderness of feeling; and, more surprising than this, we find only two of Clough's poems, and those by no means his best, and we miss altogether Emily Brontë's powerful poem of "Remembrance."

But such defects are almost inevitable in a work of the compass of Mr. Dana's, and his book is remarkable that it exhibits so few. The volume is a delightful one, and deserves to be in the hands of all lovers of poetry. It is a poetical library in itself; it will nourish pure and noble tastes, and promote the most refined enjoyment.

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18. — *The Elements of Heraldry: containing an Explanation of the Principles of the Science, and a Glossary of the technical Terms employed. With an Essay on the Use of Coat-Armor in the United States.* By WILLIAM H. WHITMORE. With numerous Illustrations. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1866. 8vo. pp. 106.

MR. WHITMORE has long been known as one of the most industrious and accomplished of our students of genealogy and of heraldry, and in this little book he shows his thorough acquaintance with the science of which he sets forth the elements. This is not only the first American treatise on heraldry, but it is beyond comparison the most convenient, accurate, and compendious introduction to the science to be found in our language. The complete ignorance of the subject among our public, and the silly mock heraldry which is common in the assumption of coats of arms by those who are unacquainted with their proper meaning and use, afford good reason for the preparation and publication of such a manual as this. But the true plea for the study of heraldry at this day is the fact that, without some slight acquaintance with it, many of the customs of our ancestors in the Middle Ages are obscure to us, and many allusions and expressions in literature lose their force and significance. The terms of heraldry are familiarly used in our earlier authors; and the science which, so far as the actual life of to-day is concerned, is the most trivial of the pursuits in which the mind of man can be engaged, was, for a long period, of genuine importance in regulating the factitious distinctions of rank, the forms of ceremonial proceedings, and the relations of the various orders of society.

The labors of some of the modern devotees of genealogy and heraldry might well serve as a topic for one of the letters of Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin in China. "I am amused," he says in writing of the folly of some of the pursuits of the learned, "with the labors of some of the learned here. One shall write you a whole folio on the dissection of the caterpillar." But this is a useful treatise, and a noble exercise of the intellect, compared with the tracing out the line of dull and inconspicuous people to an imaginary origin, and fostering the conceit of those who have nothing

to boast of in themselves by supplying them with a pedigree through which there runs a more than homœopathically diluted drop of the blood of the Howards, or a fabulous infusion from the veins of Boadicea. Our democracy must learn to be content with its own humble manliness.

No lover of a pseudo-aristocracy, no admirer of titles and rank, will get much comfort from Mr. Whitmore's beautifully printed pages. Even those whose minds, like that of little Beau Tibbs, "are blazoned over with a variety of glittering images, coronets, escutcheons, &c.," will not find much adapted to the size and turn of their understandings. But he who would learn what Cassio calls "the quirks of blazoning pens" may gain sufficient knowledge of them here to enable him to interpret many of the commonest symbols and emblems of art, many of the lines of our elder poets, and many of the descriptions of the fairest wights in the chronicles of wasted time.

The local antiquary will find matter of curious entertainment in Mr. Whitmore's section on Heraldry in America; and we trust that his remarks on the use of coats of arms in this country may lead to their rejection by those who have adopted them in defiance of propriety, tradition, and good sense.

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19. — *The Literature of the Rebellion. A Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets relating to the Civil War in the United States, and on Subjects growing out of that Event, together with Works on American Slavery, and Essays from Reviews and Magazines on the same Subjects.* Compiled by JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT. Boston: Draper and Halliday. 1866. 8vo. pp. 477.

MR. BARTLETT has added in this volume to his already numerous claims on the gratitude of American bibliographers and students of American history. It is fortunate that a work requiring so much industry, research, accuracy, and special skill was undertaken by one possessing these qualities in a high degree, and that it has been accomplished before the lapse of time had added to its difficulty. Mr. Bartlett's Catalogue contains six thousand and seventy-three entries, many of them titles of ephemeral publications which have already become of extreme rarity; and it is not unlikely that of some of them the only trace hereafter to be found will be that which will exist in this list.

The Catalogue, so far as relates to works on slavery, is less complete than in its other departments; but Mr. Bartlett is undoubtedly correct in his belief that "it contains more titles on this subject than can be found elsewhere." We wish that he would continue and extend his

labors in this field, and prepare a separate catalogue of works on slavery in all languages, or at least of such as exist in English.

The book, apart from its bibliographical value, serves to illustrate many of the conditions of our late civil war. Its pages present a brief abstract of the various forms in which public opinion found expression, and of the modes in which it was addressed. They contain the condensed record of the thoughts of the nation; and in the short titles may be read the story of the war, and the nature of the principles from which sprang the conflict of arms. The very first title on the Catalogue is a summary of the whole, — ABBOTT, AUSTIN. *Popular Government successful in a great Emergency.*

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20. — *War Poems.* By ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1867. 16mo. pp. 59.

MR. CUTLER dedicates a beautifully printed and tastefully adorned little volume of poems inspired by the war to the memory of Brigadier-General Charles R. Lowell, Colonel Powell T. Wyman, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder Dwight, and Major Fitzhugh Birney, his personal friends. A number of the thirteen original pieces, which, with two translations, compose the book, were first published in the Daily Advertiser of Boston; and "Reveille," the first in order, and the longest, was delivered at Cambridge, July 18, 1861, before the Alpha chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. All possess the rare merits of simplicity in union with nobleness, and of compactness in union with perspicuity in both thought and expression; of rapidity which never degenerates into mere fluency; and of accuracy in seeing, and steadiness in holding before the eye, things as they exist. Each is written with a specific purpose, which the poet, with an almost Grecian severity of taste, keeps constantly in view in the selection of thoughts, images, language, and rhythm.

He does not, like many reputable writers of verse, loiter by the way to pick flowers of expression or to indulge in dull meditations; nor does he mask commonplace ideas with obscure phraseology or sonorous versification. He seems in spirit and purpose to follow the principles thus laid down by Wordsworth in the Preface to the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads": "The principal object proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them in a selection of language really used by men, and at the same time to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination whereby ordinary things should be presented to the reader in an unusual aspect."

The degree in which Wordsworth himself conformed to these principles, and the effect upon his style of conformity or nonconformity thereto, are still in dispute. We quote the passage to indicate the direction which Mr. Cutler's faculty takes. He employs "language really used by men" to describe events and feelings not uncommon during the war, and seeks to throw over them "a certain coloring of imagination." "The Regiment's Return," the "Lullaby," and the "Dirge" are instances of the expression of profound emotion in every-day language. The fiery "Cavalry Song" does not contain a syllable unfamiliar to the ear of every man in Sheridan's squadrons. The "Colonel's Last Words," on the other hand, though above the range of ordinary officers, would not have been foreign to the mind of Lowell or of Dwight, and fitly express the stern determination to conquer at whatever cost with which young men, fresh from the classics, entered the war and met death. The relation borne by the skirmishes of the spring of 1861 to the great contest which they heralded is stated in a line as striking in simplicity of language as in aptness of metaphor: —

"And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle come."

A couplet of similar excellence brings home to the reader the great change wrought by the firing upon Fort Sumter: —

"Then a fierce sudden flash across the ragged blackness broke,
And with a voice that shook the land the guns of Sumter spoke."

The following couplet, taken, like the preceding ones, from "Reveille," is Homeric in its simplicity: —

"And wheresoe'er the summons came, there rose an angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide sets in."

The reader of Mr. Cutler's volume will notice the admirable adaptation of the measure in the several poems to the thought or the feeling to be expressed. In matter of artistic form, Mr. Cutler has, indeed, little to learn. Few living writers could surpass this sonnet in beauty of rhythm, appropriateness of language, richness and harmony of metaphor, or in the perfection of the antithesis which is the essence of the sonnet.

"The flag is folded; for the battle's din,
The cry of trumpet and the blaze of gun,
The thunderous rush of squadrons closing in,
The stifled groan, the triumph-shout, are done.
And Peace is come, with passionless mild eyes, —
A mother's eyes, a mother's tenderness;
Calmed by her touch the weary Nation lies,
And feels her dewy breath upon his face.
But Time cannot avail, with all his years,
Some chasms in our riven hearts to fill,

Whence misty memories rise to break in tears,
And ghosts of buried hopes that haunt us still,
Yet bring a kind of joy, — the solemn trust
That form is more than unsubstantial dust."

Of the translations which appropriately accompany the original poems, one is of those portions of the touching lament of Andromache for Hector which might have been made by any widow over the body of a husband slain in battle; the other is of some twenty lines of Lucretius, in which he describes the sacrifice of Iphigeneia to insure triumph to her country's arms. The latter is a singularly exact reproduction of the original, in even less compass than is taken by the compact Latin; while in the natural flow of the verse it bears no marks of being a translation. The former omits a word here and there, but is no less true to the letter and spirit of the old poet. The superiority of each over other English versions is decided.

It remains to determine the measure in which poetical genius, "the vision and the faculty divine," has been accorded to Mr. Cutler, and upon this question we reserve our opinion. A reviewer who should pronounce judgment upon the insufficient evidence afforded in a volume of fifty-nine pages, might repent of his rashness subsequently, as did those who poured abuse upon the first fruits of Byron's or of Wordsworth's genius, and those who lavished equally undeserved praise upon Philip James Bailey, Alexander Smith, and Sydney Dobell. But while we deem it prudent to leave each reader to form his own opinion touching the imaginative power evinced by Mr. Cutler in "War Poems," we have no hesitancy in saying that the faculty which he possesses, be it great or small, is genuine, and is put to honest use.

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21. — *Hopefully Waiting, and other Verses.* By Anson D. F. Randolph. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. Square 16mo. pp. 101.

The poems in this little volume are marked by their devout spirit and their sweet domestic tenderness. The sincerity of the religious sentiment with which they are full, and the simplicity and fervor of its expression, distinguish them from the mass of conventional religious verse. Those among them which record the experience of household joy and sorrow awaken the sympathy of the reader by their natural feeling, their purity, and their manly piety. They come from the heart of the writer, and they reach the heart of the reader. Mr. Randolph may have the satisfaction of knowing that his verses will not only give pleasure, but also do good, and secure for him many friends.

LETTER OF MR. WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE.

[The following letter has been received by the Editors of the North American Review, and is printed at the request of the author.]

To the Editors of the North American Review: —

I feel obliged by your consent to insert what I may deem proper to remark in reference to the article in the last number of the Review, on Mr. Dana's edition of the "Elements of International Law," and the Note thereto appended.

On mature reflection, however, I have come to the conclusion that I should best consult my own dignity, as well as most fully evince my respect for the high tribunal to which I have appealed, by not anticipating the discussions which must arise in the case of Lawrence *v.* Dana *et al.*, now pending in the Circuit Court of the United States in Boston. Of the views of the court we should, ere this, have been apprised, had not the argument of the motion for a preliminary injunction been delayed by the representations of the respondents, that three months were required by them to prepare counter affidavits in answer to those filed by the complainant.

I will, therefore, besides asking you to correct two or three inadvertences as to facts, into which the reviewer, no doubt unwittingly, has fallen, confine myself to reaffirming all that is alleged in my letter to the New York Evening Post of the 22d of August, 1866, an extract of which is given at the 628th page of the Review. These statements have been confirmed, not only by my own oath, but by the opinion of the most eminent equity jurist of the country (ex-Chancellor Walworth of New York), on whose advice, after he had examined the case, both as a lawyer and an expert, the bill was filed, and by the affidavit of a gentleman (Hon. Elisha R. Potter), who to high professional attainments adds a fuller knowledge of the literature of international law than is possessed by any other member of the American bar with whom I have been brought in contact.

It was stated *in court* by the special counsel of Mr. Dana, as a reason for delay, that "the affidavit of Mr. Potter points out three hundred cases where it is alleged that Mr. Dana has improperly made citations from the notes of Mr. Lawrence."

Your contributor is mistaken when he says that "prior to the publication of Lawrence's edition, in 1863, *Mr. Wheaton's book had always* been the official text-book of the United States government." That

"Wheaton's Elements," independently of my annotations, was ever used by the State Department, or by any other department of the government, is utterly untrue. It was my annotated edition that was adopted in 1855, the text of which, moreover, though exactly copied by Mr. Dana, differs from any published by Mr. Wheaton. The specific appropriation for *five hundred* copies, in the act of Congress of that year, was not required to enable the Department to purchase any number of copies which in the discretion of the Secretary were wanted for its use. For this there were always ample funds within his control, but it was intended, as I was assured by Mr. Marcy, to give the sanction of the government to a treatise much of which was prepared in the Department itself, the archives of which had been freely opened to me for the purpose. There was no necessity for such a course on the appearance of a second or any subsequent edition; and the applications, if any, which were made by the publishers to induce a purchase, in advance, of copies of that of 1863, were merely booksellers' transactions, involving dollars and cents, in which I had not the slightest possible interest. In the case of the Navy Department, which has been in the habit of supplying the work to all ships of war, no specific appropriation has ever been made. At all events, if the publishers failed to make arrangements satisfactory to themselves with the State Department, it did not arise from any encouragement given to them to manufacture another book for its use. In answer to my inquiries on that subject, I have before me a communication from that Department, in which it is said that Mr. Dana's book is *not to be patronized* by the government, and that "there has not been made any engagement with the State Department, *express* or *implied*, to that effect."

I cannot but believe that the reviewer was equally mistaken in the motive which he assigns for the employment of Mr. Dana. It is stated by him, that "to rescue the honorable fame of Mr. Wheaton from this disgrace [the connection of his name with mine], and to restore value and authority to the work, that those who had the deepest concern in the matter, and who experienced the utmost mortification in the fact of the factitious weight given to Mr. Lawrence's notes by their association with the *original text*, requested Mr. Dana to prepare a new edition of the work." If such was the case, it was certainly a paramount duty, on the part of those who controlled the unsold portion of the edition, to cause its entire suppression.

So far from "the sale of the book being brought to a dead stop in this country," I have the most conclusive evidence that the entire edition was exhausted within two years, not by being destroyed by the publishers, but by being actually sold by them for money; for assuredly "those

who had the deepest concern in the matter" did not, by sending the copies abroad, furnish "a weapon to the enemies of America."

Indeed, on the recent departure of my son, General Lawrence, for a foreign mission, (to which he was appointed in acknowledgment of his gallantry in leading the assaulting brigade at Fort Fisher, and as some compensation for permanent wounds received when planting the first standard of the United States on that "impregnable" fortress,) I found it absolutely impossible to purchase for him a copy of my second edition.

Nor is it reconcilable with the statement of the reviewer, that those who deemed it their duty to forget all obligations of gratitude for services, which the Note admits, were gratuitously rendered for the benefit of my friend's family, and who caused to be prepared an antidote for the poison which they had been selling here, should, at that very time, have accepted an *honorarium* of nearly $2,000, procured for them by me from the Leipzig publisher, Brockhaus, the ostensible consideration for which was the publication, in the French language, for circulation throughout the continent of Europe, of four thousand copies of a work written, it is now alleged, "with intent to discredit the government of our country and afford aid to its enemies."

So far as regards the character of my book and the coincidence of my views with those of the author on all the questions discussed by us, I am willing to rest on Mr. Everett's review in the North American for January, 1856, the concluding paragraph of which I may be permitted here to recall to the notice of your readers. "Of the present edition of Mr. Wheaton's works," says Mr. Everett, "about a third part is from the pen of Mr. Lawrence, who has discharged the office of editor and commentator with signal fidelity, intelligence, and success. He not only shows himself familiar with the subject as treated in the pages of his author, but also well acquainted with the entire literature of the law of nations. Whatever is furnished by the English and Continental writers who have succeeded Mr. Wheaton, by Phillimore, Wildman, Manning, Reddie, and Polson, by Ortolan, Hautefeuille, and Foelix, is judiciously drawn upon by Mr. Lawrence. The diplomacy and legislation of our own and foreign countries are carefully examined, and, in short, the work is made in his hands — we think it not too much to say — what its lamented author would have made it, had he lived to the present time." (North American Review, Vol. LXXXII. p. 32.)

The opinion here expressed was confirmed, on the publication of the second edition, by a note from Mr. Everett, of the 13th of May, 1863, heretofore published.

The "notice of the author," which is no mere personal memoir, but

a diplomatic history of the period of Mr. Wheaton's public services, in which I endeavored to interweave the important incidents connected with his career, I had hoped would become a permanent memorial of the great publicist's fame, as well as of my relations towards my friend. In this expectation I am gratified by the concurring approbation of all scholars. Translated into French, and published in Germany, it has entered into the permanent literature of Europe.

As a substitute for my notice of the author, Mr. Dana has appropriated about five pages of his Preface to the author's life and career; and in this short notice it is due to the fidelity of history to state that, whenever he deviates from the memoir, he has been unfortunate in his reference to facts. Mr. Dana tells us that, "on the return of Mr. Wheaton to the United States (in 1806), he entered on the practice of his profession in New York." (Dana's Preface, p. viii.) The fact, as is shown in the "Notice" (Lawrence's Wheaton, ed. 1855, p. xxiv.; ib. 1863, p. xxiv.) is, that he did not go there till the close of 1812, and then he went, not as a lawyer, but as the editor of the "National Advocate." No one interested in tracing the career of the great diplomatist can ignore the influence upon it of the seven years of uninterrupted study passed in Providence, or of the three years spent as a journalist, — an avocation to succeed in which a familiar acquaintance with the international relations of states, as well as with the law by which they are regulated, is especially required.

Compensation made in 1827 – 28 for the seizure of certain vessels at Kiel, in 1810, on the cargoes of which duties in kind had been irregularly imposed, is confounded (Dana's Preface, p. viii.) with the celebrated treaty of indemnity of March 28, 1830, for vessels captured and condemned for sailing under enemy's convoy, and which is specially remarkable from the fact that the Danish government, while acceding to the compensation demanded, continued to protest against the principle on which it was claimed. (See Lawrence's Wheaton, ed. 1855, pp. lxxiv., 603; ed. 1863, pp. xlii., lxxvii., 867, note.)

It is consoling to turn from this imperfect sketch, assumed to appear under the sanction of Mr. Wheaton's family, to the touching allusion made by the French publicist, who divides with Hautefeúille the honor of pre-eminence among the modern writers on maritime law, to our own memoir and its honored subject. I have this moment received from Paris the last edition of Ortolan's "Diplomacy of the Sea," my citations having been made from previous editions.

If Hautefeuille, from his contending for what the law ought to be, as opposed to general usage, is to be deemed a speculative theorist, it cannot be denied that the treatise of Ortolan is eminently practi-

cal. His position, moreover, as a disciple of Wheaton, whose claims to the title were recognized by our great master during his life, makes him an authority beyond all cavil as to whatever relates to the works of Wheaton. I cannot therefore more appropriately close this communication than by translating what he says as to the editions of the Elements which have appeared since the time of the author: "The high reputation and universal authority acquired by the 'Elements of International Law' may well render it unnecessary for us to speak of it. Since death has removed Mr. Wheaton from the public affairs of his country, and deprived science of his labors, his compatriot, Mr. William Beach Lawrence, has published two successive editions of this last work, in which he has made, in the form of notes and of an Appendix, numerous additions. Veritable annals of the most important facts of the present epoch, these additions are most instructive in that they make us acquainted with the opinion of the many recent authors and statesmen who have discussed all the points which have been in controversy."

Ortolan thus rescues my "labor of love" from the *index expurgatorius* to which the publishers would consign it: "As an introduction to his editions," he says, "Mr. Lawrence has written an extended notice of the life and works of the American publicist and diplomatist. It is with a religious sentiment of profound veneration for the memory of Mr. Wheaton that we have read this notice. We are of the number of those to whom Mr. Lawrence might have alluded, in speaking of him whose public and scientific career he traces for us. 'Those who are acquiring from his labors the fundamental principles of the science of which he was not only the teacher, but which he successfully applied to the service of his country, may well desire a personal acquaintance with the author.' It was by the study of Mr. Wheaton's works, combined with those of publicists who preceded him, that we were initiated in a knowledge of the general principles of the law of nations, when we were preparing to write our special treatise on the International Law of the Sea. We revert also with pleasure to our presentation to Mr. Wheaton during his sojourn in Paris in 1845, and recall with satisfaction the honor which he conferred on us by writing at that period a notice of our work, which was inserted in the *Revue de Droit Français et Étranger*, 1845." (Ortolan, *Règles internationales et diplomatie de la Mer*, 4ème édition. Paris 1864, Tom. I. p. 75.)

W. B. LAWRENCE.

Ochre Point, Newport, R. I.,
December 15, 1866.

LIST OF SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

1. The History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By Henry Hart Milman, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's. New and revised Edition. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1866. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 485, 478, 507. [An excellent edition of this well-known work.]

2. History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Queen Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Reign of Elizabeth. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. xvi., 554; ix., 311.

3. The Great Rebellion: its Secret History, Rise, Progress, and Disastrous Failure. By John Minor Botts of Virginia. The Political Life of the Author vindicated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 402.

4. Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals. By William F. G. Shanks. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 347.

5. Speeches and Addresses of the late David S. Coddington, with a Biographical Sketch. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. xxxii., 177.

6. Recollections of Mary Lyon, with Selections from her Instructions to the Pupils in Mount Holyoke Seminary. By Fidelia Fisk. Boston: American Tract Society. [1866.] 12mo. pp. 333.

7. A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures: Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical, with special Reference to Ministers and Students. By John Peter Lange, D. D., in connection with a Number of eminent European Divines. Translated from the German, and edited, with Additions original and selected, by Philip Schaff, D. D., in connection with American Divines of various Evangelical Denominations. Vol. IV. of the New Testament: containing the Acts of the Apostles. [The Acts of the Apostles. An Exegetical and Doctrinal Commentary. By Gotthard Victor Lechler, D. D., with Homiletical Additions by the Rev. Charles Gerok. Translated from the Second German Edition, with Additions by Charles F. Schaeffer, D. D.] New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 8vo. pp. ix., 480.

8. Diuturnity: or the Comparative Age of the World, showing that the Human Race is in the Infancy of its Being, and demonstrating a reasonable and rational World, and its immense future Duration. By Rev. R. Abbey. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 360.

9. The Office of the Holy Communion in the Book of Common Prayer; a Series of Lectures. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, etc. Adapted by the Author to the Communion Office, according to the Use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 16mo. pp. xiv., 354.

10. The Heavenly Father. Lectures on Modern Atheism. By Ernest Naville. Translated from the French by Henry Downton, M. A. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867. 16mo. pp. ix., 375.

11. The Rise and the Fall; or the Origin of Moral Evil. In Three Parts. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1866. 16mo. pp. ix., 311.

12. Sermons preached at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, during the Years 1865 and 1866. New York: Lawrence Kehoe. 1867. 24mo. pp. 440.

13. The Origin of the Stars, and the Causes of their Motion and their Light. By Jacob Ennis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. 394.

14. Poems by Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy). Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 16mo. pp. vi., 249.

15. Poems. By Amanda T. Jones. Printed at the Riverside Press, and for sale by Hurd and Houghton. New York. 1867. 16mo. pp. 203.

16. Poems by Robert R. Weeks. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1866. 12mo. pp. 142.

17. The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray. [Cambridge:] Sever and Francis. 1866. 16mo. pp. 128. [This edition of Gray is of the sort the public thinks tasteful, and likes as a gift-book.]

18. The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by John Major. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1867. 16mo. pp. 445. [A reprint of a favorite edition of Walton, of excellent typography.]

19. Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 12mo. pp. viii., 486.

20. Essays on Art. By Francis Turner Palgrave. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1867. 16mo. pp. vii., 330. [Not very deep or original criticism, but better than most recent writing on art, in being direct, simple, and based on intelligible principles.]

21. Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto unpublished or uncollected. By Washington Irving. Arranged and edited by Pierre M. Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xv., 466, 487.

22. Frederick the Great and his Court: an Historical Romance. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman and her Daughters. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 434.

23. The Merchant of Berlin. An Historical Novel. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German, by Amory Coffin, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. 394.

24. A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. With Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. 8vo. pp. 230.

25. Doctor Johns: being a Narrative of certain Events in the Life of an Orthodox Minister of Connecticut. By the Author of "My Farm of Edgewood." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 300, 295.

26. All in the Dark. A Novel. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 107.

27. The Race for Wealth. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 168.

28. Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg. A Novel. By E. Lynn Linton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 168.

29. The Beauclercs, Father and Son. A Novel. By Charles Clarke. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 90.

30. Sir Brooke Fossbrooke. A Novel. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 202.

31. Madonna Mary. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 8vo. pp. 182.

32. The Sanctuary. A Story of the Civil War. By George Ward Nichols. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 12mo. pp. 286.

33. Utterly Wrecked. A Novel. By Henry Morford. New York: The American News Company. 1866. 8vo. pp. 182.

34. Afloat in the Forest: or a Voyage among the Tree-Tops. By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. 16mo. pp. v., 292.

35. That Good Old Time; or, Our Fresh and Salt Tutors. By Vieux Moustache. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1867. 16mo. pp. 245. [An uncommonly good story for boys: fresh, spirited, and manly.]

36. The Children of the Frontier. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 16mo. pp. 290.

37. Fairy Tales of all Nations. By Edward Laboulaye. Translated by Mary L. Booth. With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1867. 12mo. pp. 363.

38. The Story of Zadoc Hull. Boston: American Tract Society. [1866.] 16mo. pp. 187.

39. Christmas at the Beeches. Boston: American Tract Society. [1866.] 16mo. pp. 170.

40. Frank's Search for Sea-Shells. By H. F. P. Boston: American Tract Society. [1866.] 16mo. pp. 352.

41. An American Family in Germany. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 12mo. pp. 381.

42. English Composition and Rhetoric. A Manual. By Alexander Bain, M. A. American Edition, revised. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. 343.

43. Reading without Tears; or a Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. By the Author of "Peep of Day," &c., &c. Part Second. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1866. 16mo. pp. 292.

44. Transactions of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. 1865–66. Boston: Press of John Wilson and Son. 1866. 8vo.

45. Appleton's Handbook of American Travel. The Southern Tour; being a Guide through Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky. With descriptive Sketches of Cities, Towns, Waterfalls, Battle-fields, etc., etc., etc. With Maps of the leading Routes of Travel and of the Principal Cities. By Edward H. Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. xii., 142.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXV.

APRIL, 1867.

ART. I. — 1. *Opere di* ALESSANDRO MANZONI, *in Verso e in Prosa.* Firenze: David Passigli e Soci. 1836.

2. *Novelle* [*Ildegonda, Ulrico e Lida, La Fuggitiva*] *dell' Avvocato* TOMMASO GROSSI. Milano: Per Borroni e Scotti. 1847.

3. *Opere Complete di* SILVIO PELLICO. Con le Addizioni di PIERO MARONCELLI alle "Mie Prigioni." Milano: Presso Francesco Pagnoni. 1861.

4. *Opere di* LUIGI CARRER. Prima Edizione Napoletana. *Con Cenni biografici sull' Autore raccolti da* FRANCESCO PRUDENZIANO. Napoli: Francesco Rossi, Editore. 1852.

5. *Poesie Complete di* ALEARDO ALEARDI. Losanna: Presso la Società Editrice. 1863.

6. *Poesie Edite ed Inedite di* GIULIO CARCANO. Firenze: Felice Le Monnier. 1861.

7. *Della Letteratura Italiana: Esempj e Giudizj.* Esposti da CESARE CANTÙ. Torino: Presso l' Unione Tipografico-Editrice. 1860.

8. *I Poeti Patriottici dell' Italia.* Studio del PROF. GIUSEPPE ARNAUD. Milano: Serafino Muggiani e Compagnia. 1862.

9. *I Contemporanei Italiani: Galleria Nazionale del Secolo XIX.* Torino: Dall' Unione Tipografico-Editrice. 1862.

10. *L'Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts?* Par MARC-MONNIER. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1860.

"GOETHE'S praise," says a sneer turned proverb, "is a brevet of mediocrity." But who would not incur the danger of oblivion for the sake of such applause as Goethe's? The sneer

must remain of a certain malign effect, and we must recall it involuntarily, when reading the great German's criticism of his great Italian contemporary. Goethe cannot laud Manzoni's tragedies too highly: he does not find one word too much or too little in them; the style is free, noble, full, and rich. As to the Lombard's religious lyrics, the manner of their treatment is fresh and individual, although the matter and the significance are not new; and the poet "is a Christian without fanaticism, a Roman Catholic without bigotry, a zealot without hardness."

The work which will first occur to the reader at the mention of Manzoni's name is *I Promessi Sposi;* but it is not part of our present purpose to discuss this fiction, which we are tempted to place above all other historical novels. It gives Manzoni his supremacy in the Italian literature of this century; it forms the basis of his fame, and forms in quantity more than half his works. The tragedies which Goethe applauds so warmly are two in number; the sacred lyrics, five; and the remaining poems are an elegy, a brief didactic poem, and that famous ode on the death of Napoleon, *Il Cinque Maggio.* It seems to us, that of these poetic works the lyrics are far better than the dramas, which are wanting in sustained interest. They are romantic, so far as indifference to the unities of time and space is concerned; but they lack the comic element of the English tragedy, and they retain the chorus. Their characters affect us less as men with fortunes and disasters than as elements in conflict or triumph; and their incidents, which are almost pure history, have little in them to awaken our sympathy. It is not easy, in the *Carmagnola*, to make us care for the fate of the famous *condottiere*, who, passing from the service of the Duke of Milan to that of the Signory of Venice, is suspected of a lingering fidelity to his old master, and suffers death for treason by decree of the Republic. If we are to choose between the mercenary captain and the Venetian lords, we must go with the latter, who loved their country, and not a brutal calling. The real pathos of the tragedy, however, is in the feeling embodied by the magnificent chorus lamenting the slaughter of Italians by Italians, at the battle of Maclodio; as in the *Adelchi* we are conscious of no strong emotion until we hear the wail of the Italian people, to whom the

overthrow of their Longobard oppressors by the Franks is but the signal of a new enslavement. This chorus is hardly less admirable than the more famous one in the *Carmagnola*, and both are incomparably finer than anything else in the tragedies, and are much more dramatic than the dialogue. It is in the emotion of a spectator, rather than in that of the actor, that the poet asserts his dramatic strength; and it is in the utterance of an allegorized feeling that he rouses sympathies which the vicissitudes of his persons with names and local habitations leave dormant. Whenever he rises above his heroes, — whom he is too good an artist to lift above the civilization and period assigned them, — and speaks abstractly for country and humanity, he moves us with a power that permits no doubt of his greatness. In like manner, there is singular sublimity in the stanzas in which he treats all that is typical and universal in Bonaparte, in the noble ode to his memory, and singular weakness in the lines in which he treats him as an individual, and presents us the image of a penitent demigod dying in the Romish faith.

Manzoni is the most conscious of poets, though by no means the least spontaneous. One feels, in every line, the poet's perfect appreciation of its goodness, badness, or indifference, — his perception of its variance from other lines, and its obedience to his theories of poetic art. This consciousness is perhaps inseparable from the purpose of enforcing certain æsthetic ideas; and it is to be noted in all men who have founded schools. Wordsworth was all-conscious; Tennyson is so; Victor Hugo is so; Ruskin is so. In mean and dishonest minds consciousness becomes egotism; but Manzoni is too profoundly and proudly honest to be egotistical. We do not feel him to be other than thoroughly imbued with a purpose and a principle, even when, with a superb self-recognition, he cries, in his ode on Bonaparte, —

> " Him on his throne and glorious
> Silent saw I, that never —
> When with dread vicissitude
> He sank, rose, fell forever —
> Mixed my voice with the myriad
> Voices that pealed on high:
> Guiltless of servile flattery

And of the scorn of coward
Come I, when darkness suddenly
On so great light hath lowered,
And offer a song at his sepulchre,
That haply shall not die."

In his hymns, however, his consciousness does not well bestead him. Arnaud says that, in these, he gave the Catholic dogmas the most moral explanation, in the most attractive poetical language; and he suggests that Manzoni had a patriotic purpose in them, or at least a sympathy with the effort of the romantic writers to give priests and princes assurance that patriotism was religious, and thus win them to favor the Italian cause. It must be confessed that such a temporal design as this would fatally affect the devotional quality of the hymns, even if the poet's consciousness did not; but we are not able to see any evidence of such sympathy in the poems themselves. We detect there a perfectly sincere religious feeling, and nothing of devotional rapture. The poet — as it appears to us — had an undisturbed sense of satisfaction in bringing out the beauty and sublimity of his creed; and, as a literary artist, he had a right to be proud of his work, for its thoughtful spirit is one of which the tuneful piety of Italy had long been void. In truth, since David, king of Israel, left making psalms, religious songs have been poorer than any other sort of songs; and it is high praise of Manzoni's *Inni Sacri* to say that they are in irreproachable taste, and unite with unaffected poetic appreciation of the grandeur of Christianity as much reason as may coexist with Romanism.

The poetry of Manzoni is so small in quantity, that we must refer chiefly to excellence of quality the influence and the fame it has won him, though we do not deny that his success may have been partly owing at first to the errors of the school which preceded him. It could be easily shown, from literary history, that every great poet has appeared at a moment fortunate for his renown, just as we might prove, from natural science, that it is felicitous for the sun to get up about daybreak. Yet we prefer to assign to Manzoni himself, in far the greater part, the merit of his success, and the popularity of the school he founded. His art was very great, and he never gave his

thought imperfect form; but thought was first with him, and form, though excellent, last. For the self-respect, then, of an honest man, which would not permit him to poetize insincerity and shape the void, and for the great purpose he always cherished of making literature an agent of civilization and Christianity, the Italians are right to honor Manzoni. Arnaud thinks that the school he founded lingered too long on the educative and religious ground he chose; and Marc-Monnier declares Manzoni to be the poet of resignation, thus distinguishing him from the poets of revolution. The former critic is the nearer right of the two, though neither is quite just, as it seems to us; for we do not understand how any one can read the romance and the dramas of Manzoni without finding him full of sympathy for all Italy has suffered, and a patriot very far from resigned; and we think political conditions — or the Austrians in Milan, to put it more concretely — scarcely left to the choice of the Lombard school that attitude of aggression which Niccolini assumed under a weaker, if not a milder, despotism at Florence. The utmost allowed the Milanese poets was the expression of a retrospective patriotism, which celebrated the glories of Italy's past, which deplored her errors, and which denounced her crimes, and thus contributed to keep the sense of nationality alive. Under such governments as endured in Piedmont until 1848, in Lombardy until 1859, in Venetia until yesterday, literature must remain educative, or must cease to be. In the works, therefore, of Manzoni and of nearly all his immediate followers, there is nothing revolutionary; and we think it proper to speak first of him and of them before proceeding to the mention of later Italian poets, in whom the political element is more or less in abeyance. The line between these and the revolutionary poets is by no means to be traced with exactness, however, and we should perhaps make a better distinction by dividing our authors into those whose best work is non-political, and those whose best work is political.

It is a strange fatality, that one of the least belligerent poets of the former class should illustrate in his wrongs the full cruelty and stupidity of the system against which the poets of the latter class arrayed themselves in active and implacable

hostility. The Romantic or Lombard school arose in a time when the revolution, conquered and silenced, hid itself in the secret conclaves and oaths of the Carbonari. If ever there was a good old time of despotism on earth, it was that which followed the treaties of 1815. The moral and political world of Continental Europe presented a spectacle in which the Devil might have rejoiced. Everywhere hope for man seemed dead; everywhere the generous were abashed; everywhere the good were put to shame; everywhere there was order and the tranquillity of despair. For patriotism there were exile and chains; for the liberal in religion there were the priests; for the political thinkers there were spies and perquisitions and arrests.

Over Italy the forces of evil were given such power as almost to make us doubt if mankind were not wholly abandoned to them. The readers of Silvio Pellico's "Prisons" know something of what men endured in that day; but that is a book without a beginning or an end, and we must look outside of it for the fact, that, in one case at least, a cruel injustice accomplished its purpose. In 1820 the Evil One, that, from walking up and down the earth, had entered into the Austrian government as his fittest tabernacle, found a gentle young Piedmontese poet at Milan, connected with a literary journal chiefly devoted to the promotion of the introspective individualism of romance. It was not a political publication; it was scarcely more than an evidence of intellectual activity. For, in spite of the labors of Signor Briano, his biographer in the *Galleria Nazionale*, it is hard to perceive that Pellico sang freedom with heroic ardor, or spoke of her except in the general way in which poets praise virtue and blame the seven cardinal sins. Arnaud can only find two lines, in the mild tragedies published before this time, from which Pellico could be suspected of positive patriotism, and he refuses to class him with the revolutionary Italian poets. Nevertheless, he wished freedom well. He was indefinitely hopeful for Italy; he was young, generous, and credulous of goodness and justice. His hope, his youth, and his generosity made him obnoxious to Austria. He could have escaped when danger first threatened, but his faith in his own innocence betrayed him. Ten years afterward he came forth from Spielberg

an old and broken-spirited man, doubting of the political future, and half a bigot in religion. In a word, he was devastated.

Heaven forbid that we should deal lightly with the sorrows of Silvio Pellico. Only some man who has suffered as greatly as he should dare to judge him for their effect; and it is with unspeakable compassion and reverence that we think of the tragedy of his life. Few have ever borne cruelty and wrong with such Christlike meekness and charity. One cannot read his *Prigioni* without doing homage to his purity and goodness, and cannot turn to his other works without the conviction that the sole poem he has left the world is the fact of his most fatal and unmerited suffering. We have not the hardihood to pretend that we have read all his other works. We must confess that we found it utterly impossible to do so, though we came to their perusal inured to drouth by travel through Saharas of Italian verse. We can boast only of having read the *Francesca da Rimini*, among the tragedies, and two or three of the canticles, — or romantic stories of the Middle Ages, in blank verse, — which now refuse to be identified. We know, from a despairing reference to his volume, that his remaining poems are entitled *Poesie Varie*, and are chiefly of religious cast. The *Francesca* still keeps its place upon the stage. We recall it as very graceful and weak.

A much better poet of the Lombard school was Tommaso Grossi, who, like Manzoni and Pellico, is now best known by a prose work, — a novel which enjoys a popularity as great as that of *Le Mie Prigioni*, and which has been nearly as much read in Italy as *I Promessi Sposi*. The *Marco Visconti* of Grossi is a romance of the thirteenth century; and though not, as Cantù says, an historic "episode, but a succession of episodes, which do not leave a general and unique impression," it yet contrives to bring you so pleasantly acquainted with the splendid, squalid, poetic, miserable Italian life in Milan, and on its neighboring hills and lakes, during the Middle Ages, that you cannot help reading it to the end. We suppose that this is the highest praise which can be bestowed upon an historical romance, and that it implies great charm of narrative and beauty of style. We can add, that the feeling of Grossi's *Marco Visconti* is genuine and exalted, and that its morality is blameless. It has scarcely the

right to be analyzed here, however, and should not have been more than mentioned, but for the fact that it chances to be the setting of the author's best thing in verse. We hope that, even in the crude English version which follows, the artless pathos and sweet natural grace of one of the tenderest little songs in any tongue have not wholly perished.

"THE FAIR PRISONER TO THE SWALLOW.

"Pilgrim swallow! pilgrim swallow!
Thou that sitt'st by yonder stair,
Singing, as the mornings follow,
Quaint and pensive ditties there, —
What wouldst tell me in thy lay?
Prithee, pilgrim swallow, say!

"All forgotten, com'st thou hither
Of thy tender spouse forlorn,
That we two may grieve together,
Little widow, sorrow worn?
Grieve then, weep then, in thy lay!
Pilgrim swallow, grieve alway!

"Yet a lighter woe thou weepest:
Thou at least art free of wing,
And while land and lake thou sweepest,
Mayst make heaven with sorrow ring,
Calling his dear name alway,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

"Could I too! that am forbidden
By this low and narrow cell,
Whence the sun's fair light is hidden,
Whence thou scarce canst hear me tell
Sorrows that I breathe alway,
While thou pip'st thy plaintive lay.

"Ah! September quickly coming,
Thou shalt take farewell of me,
And, to other summers roaming,
Other hills and waters see, —
Greeting them with songs more gay,
Pilgrim swallow, far away.

"Still, with every hopeless morrow,
While I ope mine eyes in tears,
Sweetly through my brooding sorrow
Thy dear song shall reach mine ears, —
Pitying me, though far away,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

"Thou, when thou and spring together
Here return, a cross shalt see, —
In the pleasant evening weather,
Wheel and pipe, here, over me!
Peace and peace! the coming May,
Sing me in thy roundelay!"

This pretty ballad is in the heart of most young Italians, and some are old who learnt it long ago; and so it bids fair to bring its author the fame belonging to sole inspirations. It is a great happiness for a man to have written one thing so beautiful, and not a singular fortune that he should have written nothing else comparable to it. The like happens in all literatures; and the thoughtful reader will not be surprised to learn, that we found the other poems of Grossi often difficult, and sometimes almost impossible, to read.

Grossi was born in 1791, at Bellano, by lovely Como, whose hills and waters he remembers in all his works with constant affection. He studied law at the University of Pavia, but went early to Milan, where he cultivated literature rather than the austerer science to which he had been bred, and soon became the fashion, writing novels in Milanese and Italian verse, and making the women cry by his pathetic art of story-telling. *Ildegonda*, published in 1820, was the most popular of all these tales, and won Grossi an immense number of admirers, every one (says his biographer Cantù) of the fair sex, who began to wear Ildegonda dresses and Ildegonda bonnets. The poem was printed and reprinted, and it made melancholy the mode in literature. It is the heart-breaking story of a poor little maiden in the dark ages, whom her father and brother shut in a convent, because she is in love with the wrong person, and will not marry the right one, — a common thing in all ages. The cruel abbess and wicked nuns, by the order of Ildegonda's family, try to force her to take the veil; but she, supported by her own repugnance to the cloister, and by the secret counsels of one of the sisters, with whom force had succeeded, resists persuasion, reproach, starvation, cold, imprisonment, and chains. Her lover attempts to rescue her by means of a subterranean vault under the convent; but the plot being discovered, the unhappy ones are assailed by armed men, at the very moment of escape. Ildegonda

is dragged back to her dungeon; and Rizzardo, already under accusation of heresy, is quickly convicted and burnt at the stake. They bring the poor girl word of this, and her sick brain turns. In her delirium, she sees her lover in torment for his heresy, and, flying from the hideous apparition, she falls and strikes her head against the stone. She wakes in the arms of the beloved sister who had always befriended her. The cruel efforts against her cease now, and she writes to her father, imploring his pardon, which he gives, with a prayer for hers. At last she dies peacefully. Certainly the story is pathetic; and it is told with art, though its lapses of taste are woful, and its faults those of the whole class of Italian poetry to which it belongs. The agony is tedious, as Italian agony is apt to be, the passion is outrageously violent or excessively tender, the description too often prosaic; the effects are sometimes produced by the roughest magic in the world. The more than occasional infelicity and awkwardness of diction which offend in Byron's poetic tales are not felt so much in those of Grossi; but in *Ildegonda* there is horror more material even than in *Parisina*. Here is a picture of Rizzardo's apparition, for which our faint English has no stomach: —

" Chè dalla bocca fuori gli pendea
La coda smisurata d' un serpente,
E il flagellava per la faccia, mentre
Il capo e il tronco gli scendean nel ventre.

" Fischia la biscia nell' orribil lutta
Entro il ventro profondo del dannato,
Che dalla bocca lacerato erutta
Un torrente di sangue aggruppato;
E bava gialla, venenosa e brutta
Dalle narici fuor manda col fiato,
La qual pel mento giù gli cola, e lassa
Insolcata la carne, ovunque passa."

The Italians now talk about *Ildegonda* and the other romances of its author, but they do not read them much. Indeed, it seems to have been the fate of Grossi as a poet to achieve fashion, and not fame; and his great poem, in fifteen cantos, called *I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata*, which made so great a noise in its day, has been wholly eclipsed in reputation by his subsequent novel of *Marco Visconti*. Since the *Gerusa-*

lemma of Tasso, it is said that no poem has made so great a sensation in Italy as *I Lombardi*, in which the theme treated by the elder poet is celebrated according to the æsthetics of the Romantic school. Such parts of the poem as we have read have not tempted us to undertake the whole; but many people must have at least bought it, for it gave the author thirty thousand francs in solid proof of popularity.

After the *Marco Visconti*, Grossi seems to have produced no work of importance. He married late, but happily; and he now devoted himself almost exclusively to the profession of the law, in Milan, where he died in 1853, leaving the memory of a good man, and the fame of a poet unspotted by reproach. As long as he lived, he was the beloved friend of Manzoni. He dwelt many years under the great master's roof, subject to the influence of the stronger mind, but not servile to it; adopting its literary principles, but giving them a new and original expression.

Luigi Carrer of Venice was the first of that large number of poets and dramatists to which the states of the old Republic have given birth during the present century. His life began with our century, and he died in 1850. During this time the poet witnessed great political events; — the retirement of the French after the fall of Napoleon; the failure of all the schemes and hopes of Carbonari to shake off the yoke of the stranger; and that revolution in 1848 which drove out the Austrians, only that, a year later, they should return in such force as to make the hope of Venetian independence through the valor of Venetian arms a foolish and empty dream forever. There is not wanting evidence of a tender love of country in the poems of Carrer, and probably the effectiveness of the Austrian system of repression, rather than his own indifference, is witnessed by the fact that he has scarcely a line to betray a hope for the future, or a consciousness of political anomaly in the present.

Carrer was poor, but the rich were glad to be his friends, without putting him to shame; and as long as the once famous *conversazioni* were held in the great Venetian houses, he was the star of whatever place assembled genius and beauty. He had a professorship in a private school, and he knew "quanto

sa di sale" the hard bread earned by literary labor, — bread lean and bitter everywhere, leanest and bitterest in Italy, where the bookseller gives not enough to live on and just too much to die on.* While he was young, he printed his verses in the journals; as he grew older, he wrote graceful books of prose, and drew his slender support from their sale, and from the minute pay of some offices in the gift of his native city. His memory is greatly loved and honored in Venice, as that of a gentle and good man; and it is but natural that, since he is dead, his fellow-citizens should exaggerate his genius.

Carrer's ballads are esteemed the best of his poems; and he was very fond of this exotic species of composition, which later Italian poets have cultivated with varying degrees of infelicity. We may offer an idea of the quality and manner of some of his ballads by the following translation, but we cannot render his peculiar elegance, nor give the whole range of his fancy, here dark and depressing, and elsewhere passionate and tender and pathetic: —

"THE DUCHESS.

"From the horrible profound
Of the voiceless sepulchre
Comes, or seems to come, a sound:
Is 't his Grace, the Duke, astir?
In his trance he hath been laid
As one dead among the dead!

"The relentless stone he tries
With his utmost strength to move;
Fails, and in his fury cries,
Smiting his hands, that those above,
If any shall be passing there,
Hear his blasphemy, or his prayer.

"And at last he seems to hear
Light feet overhead go by:
'O, whoever passes near
Where I am, the Duke am I!
All my states and all I have
To him that takes me from this grave.'

* Guerrazzi.

"There is no one that replies:
Surely, some one seemed to come!
On his brow the cold sweat lies,
As he waits an instant dumb;
Then he cries with broken breath,
'Save me, take me back from death!'

"'Where thou liest, lie thou must,
Prayers and curses alike are vain:
Over thee dead Gismond's dust —
Whom thy pitiless hand hath slain —
On this stone so heavily
Rests, we cannot set thee free.'

"From the sepulchre's thick walls
Comes a low wail of dismay,
And, as when a body falls,
A dull sound; — and the next day
In a convent the Duke's wife
Hideth her remorseful life."

Of course, Carrer wrote much poetry besides his ballads. There are idyls, and romances in verse, and hymns; sonnets of feeling and of occasion; odes, sometimes of considerable beauty; apologues, of such exceeding fineness of point, that it has often escaped us; satires and essays, or *sermoni*, some of which we have read with no great relish. The same spirit dominates in nearly all, — the spirit of pensive disappointment which life brings to delicate and sensitive natures, and which they love to affect even more than they feel. Among Carrer's many sonnets, we think we like best the following, of which the sentiment seems to us simple and sweet, and the expression very winning: —

"I am a pilgrim swallow, and I roam
Beyond strange seas, of other lands in quest,
Leaving the well-known lakes and hills of home,
And that dear roof where late I hung my nest;
All things beloved and love's eternal woes
I fly, an exile from my native shore:
I cross the cliffs and woods, but with me goes
The care I thought to abandon evermore.
Along the banks of streams unknown to me,
I pipe the elms and willows pensive lays,
And call on her whom I despair to see,
And pass in banishment and tears my days.
Breathe, air of spring, for which I pine and yearn,
That to his nest the swallow may return!"

The prose writings of Carrer are essays on æsthetics and morals, and sentimentalized history. His chief work is of the latter nature. *I Sette Gemmi di Venezia* are sketches of the lives of the seven Venetian women who have done most to distinguish the name of their countrywomen by their genius, or misfortunes, or sins. You feel, in looking through the book, that its interest is in great part factitious. The stories are all expanded, and filled up with agreeable, but not very relevant discourse, which a pleasant fancy easily supplies, and which is always best left to the reader's own thought. The style is somewhat florid; but the author contrives to retain in his fantastic strain much of the grace of simplicity. It is the work of a very cunning artist; but it has a certain insipidity, and it wearies. Carrer did well in the limit which he assigned himself, but his range was circumscribed. At the time of his death, he had written sixteen cantos of an epic poem called *La Fata Vergine*, which a Venetian critic has extravagantly praised, and which we have not seen. He exercised upon the poetry of his day an influence favorable to lyric naturalness, and his ballads are still popular.

The poet of our own time who seems to have inherited the mantles of the minor Romanticists is Giovanni Prati, the *poeta cesareo* of the Piedmontese court, so long as there was such a court. But even he, at one time, turned from his heritage of old clothes, from his ballads and romances and *novelle*, and boldly sang freedom and Italy. Yet, as Arnaud says, "he lacked what his brother poets have ordinarily not lacked, — a good dose of misfortune." And his political poems are few in number, and not, as it appears to us, very potent in quality.

The first poem which attracted public notice to Prati was the *Edmenegarda*, written while the author was a student at Padua, and while he was still fresh from the inspirations of his native mountains in the Trentino. It is a poetic romance, founded upon the facts of an intrigue at Venice, in which the sister of Manin (President of the Republic of 1848) and wife of an English merchant was the victim, and a young Venetian gallant was the betrayer. The affair when it occurred was full of sensation for the most scandal-loving people in the world, and the poem which celebrated it won currency throughout

Italy. To tell the truth, the incident seems to the English reader to be rather mawkishly treated by the poet, whose success rests almost entirely upon the reality of his theme and its intrinsic pathos. The popularity of this work amusingly illustrates some differences as to taste between the Italians and ourselves. All the characters of the *Edmenegarda* were living at the time of its publication, and were instantly recognized; yet there seems to have been no complaint against the poet on their part, nor any reproach on the part of criticism. Indeed, one of the characters at least was flattered by the celebrity given him. "So great," says Prati's biographer, — one of the most effusive of the writers of the *Galleria Nazionale*, — "was the enthusiasm awakened everywhere, and in every heart, by the *Edmenegarda*, that the young man portrayed in it, under the name of Leoni [the seducer], imagining himself to have become, through Prati's merit, an eminently poetical subject, presented himself to the poet in the Caffè Pedrocchi at Padua, and returned him his warmest thanks. Prati also made the acquaintance, at the Caffè Nazionale in Turin, of his Edmenegarda, but after the wrinkles had seamed the visage of his ideal, and cancelled perhaps from her soul the memory of anguish suffered." (!) If we are to believe this writer, the story of a wife's seduction, abandonment by her lover, and repudiation by her husband, produced effects upon the Italian public as various as profound. "In this pathetic story of an unhappy love was found so much truth of passion, so much naturalness of sentiment, and so much power, that every sad heart was filled with love for the young poet, so compassionate towards innocent misfortune, so sympathetic in form, in thought, in sentiment. From that moment Prati became the poet of suffering youth; in every corner of Italy, the tender verses of the *Edmenegarda* were read with love, and sometimes frenzied passion; the political prisoners of Rome, of Naples, and Palermo found them a grateful solace amid the privations and heavy tedium of incarceration; many sundered lovers were reconjoined indissolubly in the kiss of peace; more than one desperate girl was restrained from the folly of suicide; and even the students in the ecclesiastical seminaries at Milan revolted, as it were, against their rector, and

petitioned the Archbishop of Gaisruk that they might be permitted to read the fantastic romance."

From Padua, Prati went to Milan, and thence to other cities in Northern Italy, nowhere fixing his residence for a prolonged time, but everywhere making and publishing the ballads and poetic romances upon which his fame rests. During the revolutions of 1848, he was a patriot in poetry; and, on their suppression, he seems to have taken up his abode at Turin, where, in 1852, after Orsini's attempt upon the life of Napoleon, he wrote a poem condemning Orsini and congratulating the Emperor. In fact, "the poet of suffering youth" had now become *poeta cesareo*, — the poet of suffering royalty, — with all the cares and responsibilities of office, and he fell where D'Azeglio and Palmerston prostrated themselves. He might well refuse to exult in an attempt at regicide, thinks his biographer, "condemning, on moral principles, an act so contrary to the interests of liberty; but," adds the same writer, with deep mortification, "to lift his voice in malediction of the illustrious Italian martyr, in order to console a French monarch, and not to withdraw his hand when that consoled monarch offered him official pay for a purely official poem, is an anomaly in the life of Prati which we cannot and do not seek to understand, and over which we drop, for shame's sake, a veil."

This does not appear to us a very remarkable or uncommon character among second-rate poets; and we read with less surprise than amusement Marc-Monnier's personal description of Prati, as he saw him at Turin. "Would you know the poet in ordinary of the king of Sardinia? Go up the great street of the Po, under the arcades to the left, around the Caffè Florio, which is the centre of Turin. If you meet a great youngster of forty years, with brown hair, wandering eyes, long visage, lengthened by the imperial, prominent nose, diminished by the moustache, — good head, in fine, — and proclaiming the artist at first glance, say to yourself that this is he, give him your hand, and he will give you his. He is the openest of Italians, and the best fellow in the world. It is here that he lives, under the arcades. Do not look for his dwelling: he does not dwell, he promenades. Life for him is not a combat nor a journey: it is a saunter (*flânerie*), cigar in mouth, eyes to the wind;

a comrade whom he meets, and passes a pleasant word with; a group of men who talk politics, and leave you to read the newspapers; *puis cà et là, par hasard, une bonne fortune;* a woman or an artist who understands you, and who listens while you talk of art or repeat your verses. Prati lives so the whole year round. From time to time he disappears for a week or two: where is he? nobody knows. You grow uneasy; you ask his address: he has none. Some say he is ill; others, he is dead: but some fine morning, cheerful as ever, he reappears under the arcades. He has come from the bottom of a wood or the top of a mountain, and he has made two thousand verses. . . . . He is hardly forty-one years old, and he has already written a million lines. I have read seven volumes of his, and I have not read all."

We have not ourselves had the patience here boasted by M. Marc-Monnier; but three or four volumes of Prati's have sufficed to teach us the spirit and purpose of his poetry. Born in 1815, and breathing his first inspirations from those airs of romance blowing into Italy with every northern gale, — a son of the Italian Tyrol, the region where the fire meets the snow, — he has some excuse, if not a perfect reason, for being romantic and half German in his feeling. And as Piedmont and northernmost Lombardy only, of all the Italian countries, seem to have had a native ballad, it is natural that Prati should love that form, and should pour into its easy verse all the wild legends heard during a boyhood passed among mountains and mountaineers. He betrays love of country in all his poems; but it is usually love of country as a home, and not as a state; and far better than political songs, he loves to write of those well-known phases of the affections concerning which the world will perhaps not weary of hearing so long as there are love-sick youths and maidens in it. As we read his poetic tales, with a little heart-break, more or less fictitious, in each, we seem to have found again the sweet German songs that fluttered away out of our memory long ago. There is a tender light on the pages; a softer passion than that of the south breathes through the dejected lines; and in the ballads we see all our old acquaintance once more, — the dying girls, the galloping horsemen, the moonbeams, the familiar, inconsequent phantoms, —

scarcely changed in the least, and only betraying now and then that they have been at times in the bad company of Lara, and Medora, and other dissipated and vulgar people. The following poem will give some proof of all this, and will not unfairly witness of the quality of Prati in most of the poetry he has written: —

"THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

I.

"Ruello, Ruello, devour the way!
On your breath bear us with you, O winds, as ye swell!
My darling, she lies near her death to-day, —
Gallop, gallop, gallop, Ruel!

"That my spurs have torn open thy flanks, alas!
With thy long, sad neighing, thou need'st not tell;
We have many a league yet of desert to pass, —
Gallop, gallop, gallop, Ruel!

"Hear'st that mocking laugh overhead in space?
Hear'st the shriek of the storm, as it drives, swift and fell?
A scent as of graves is blown into my face, —
Gallop, gallop, gallop, Ruel!

"Ah, God! and if that be the sound I hear
Of the mourner's song and the passing-bell!
O heaven! What see I? The cross and the bier? —
Gallop, gallop, gallop, Ruel!

"Thou falt'rest, Ruello? O courage, my steed!
Wilt fail me, O traitor I trusted so well?
The tempest roars over us, — halt not, nor heed! —
Gallop, gallop, gallop, Ruel!

"Gallop, Ruello, O, faster yet!
Good God, that flash! O God! I am chill, —
Something hangs on my eyelids heavy as death, —
Gallop, gallop, gallop, Ruel!

II.

"Smitten with the lightning stroke,
From his seat the cavalier
Fell, and forth the charger broke,
Rider-free and mad with fear, —
Through the tempest and the night,
Like a wingéd thing in flight.

"In the wind his mane blown back,
With a frantic plunge and neigh, —
In the shadow a shadow black,
Ever wilder he flies away, —
Through the tempest and the night,
Like a wingéd thing in flight.

"From his throbbing flanks arise
Smokes of fever and of sweat, —
Over him the pebble flies
From his swift feet swifter yet, —
Through the tempest and the night,
Like a wingéd thing in flight.

"From the cliff unto the wood,
Twenty leagues he passed in all;
Soaked with bloody foam and blood,
Blind he struck against the wall:
Death is in the seat; no more
Stirs the steed that flew before.

III.

"And the while, upon the colorless,
Death-white visage of the dying
Maiden, still and faint and fair,
Rosy lights arise and wane;
And her weakness lifting tremulous
From the couch where she was lying,
Her long, beautiful, loose hair
Strives she to adorn in vain.

"'Mother, what it is has startled me
From my sleep I cannot tell thee:
Only, rise and deck me well
In my fairest robes again.
For, last night, in the thick silences, —
I know not how it befell me, —
But the gallop of Ruel,
More than once I heard it plain.

"'Look, O mother, through yon shadowy
Trees, beyond their gloomy cover:
Canst thou not an atom see
Toward us from the distance start?
Seest thou not the dust rise cloudily,
And above the highway hover?
Come at last! 't is he! 't is he!
Mother, — something breaks my heart.'

"Ah, poor child! she raises wearily
Her dim eyes, and, turning slowly,
Seeks the sun, and leaves this strife
With a loved name in her breath.
Ah, poor child! in vain she waited him.
In the grave they made her lowly
Bridal bed. And thou, O life!
Hast no hopes that know not death?"

From this facility, prettiness, and unreality, it is grateful to turn to something of different quality. In the first quarter of this century was born a poet, in the village of San Giorgio, near Verona, of parents who endowed their son with the magnificent name of Aleardo Aleardi. His father was one of those small proprietors numerous in the Veneto, and, though not indigent, was by no means a rich man. He lived on his farm, and loved it, and tried to improve the condition of his tenants. Aleardo's childhood was spent in the country, — a happy fortune for a boy anywhere, the happiest fortune if that country be Italy, and its scenes the grand and beautiful scenes of the valley of the Adige. Here he learned to love nature with the passion that declares itself everywhere in his verse; and hence he was in due time taken and placed at school in the Collegio* of Sant' Anastasia, in Verona, according to the Italian system, now falling into disuse, of fitting a boy for the world by giving him the training of a cloister. It is not greatly to Aleardi's discredit that he seemed to learn nothing there, and that he drove his reverend preceptors to the desperate course of advising his removal. They told his father he would make a good farmer, but a scholar never. They nicknamed him the *mole*, for his dulness; but, in the mean time, he was making underground progress of his own, and he came to the surface one day, a mole no longer, to everybody's amazement, but a thing of such flight and song as the *reverendi* had never seen before, — in fine, a poet. He was rather a scapegrace, after he ceased to be a mole, at school; but when he went to the University at Padua, he became conspicuous among the idle, dissolute students of that day for temperate life and severe study. There he studied law, and

* Not a college in the English sense, but a private school of a high grade.

learned patriotism; political poetry and interviews with the police were the consequence, but no serious trouble. His great trouble, indeed, was of a different nature, — the mother whom he loved very tenderly died during his stay at Padua, leaving him a heritage of grief that enriched his whole life with belief in the goodness of women. In due time he took that garland of paper laurel and gilt pasteboard with which the graduates of Padua are sublimely crowned, and returned to Verona, where he entered the office of an advocate to learn the practical workings of the law. These disgusted him, naturally enough; and it was doubtless far less to the hurt of his feelings than of his fortunes that the government always refused him the post of advocate.

In this time he wrote his first long poem, *Arnalda*, which was published at Milan in 1842, and which won him immediate applause. It was followed by the tragedy of *Bragadino;* and in the year 1845 he wrote *Le Prime Storie*, which, with a patience and self-denial incredible in America, where the ink of the pen dries contemporaneously with the ink of the press, he suffered to lie unpublished for twelve years. It appeared in Verona in 1857, a year after the publication of his *Monte Circellio*, written in 1846.

The revolution of 1848 took place; the Austrians retired from the dominion of Venice, and a provisional republican government, under the presidency of Daniele Manin, was established, and Aleardi was sent as one of its plenipotentiaries to Paris, where he learnt how many fine speeches the friends of a struggling nation can make when they do not mean to help it. The young Venetian Republic fell. Aleardi left Paris, and, after assisting at the ceremony of being bombarded in Bologna,* retired to Genoa. He later returned to Verona, to close the eyes of an old and dear friend, and there passed several years of tranquil study. In 1852, for the part he had taken in the revolution, he was arrested and imprisoned in the fortress at Mantua, thus fulfilling the destiny of an Italian poet of those times. He was allowed a German grammar and

* "Alla vigilia del bombardamento di Bologna, corse nella eroica città per assistere a quelle ore di vita coraggiosa." — *Contemporanei Italiani:* Aleardo Aleardi, per Augusto Bazzoni.

dictionary, and for the first time studied that language, on the literature of which he has recently lectured in Florence. He had, like most of the young Veneti of this day, hated the language, together with those who spoke it, until then, but at last found it beautiful and rich, and deplored his previous aversion. One morning, after some months' incarceration, he was marched out with his comrades into the castle court, in the uncertainty whether he was to be shot or sent to another prison in Germany. But he was merely to be pardoned. He returned to Verona and to his books, publishing another poem in 1856, called *Le Città Italiane Marinare e Commercianti.* His next publication was, in 1857, *Rafaello e la Fornarina;* then followed *Un' Ora della mia Giovinezza*, *Le tre Fiume*, and *Le Tre Fanciulle*, in 1858.

The war of 1859 broke out between Austria and France and Italy. Aleardi spent the brief period of the campaign in a military prison at Verona, where his sympathies were given an ounce of prevention. After the peace of Villafranca he was liberated, and left the Austrian states, retiring first to Brescia, and then to Florence. His publications since 1859 have been a *Canto Politico* and *I Sette Soldati.*

The first great work of Aleardi was *Le Prime Storie* (Primal Histories), in which he traces the course of the human race through the Scriptural story of its creation, its fall, and its destruction by the deluge, through the Greek and Latin days, through the darkness and glory of the feudal times, down to our own, — following it from Eden to Babylon and Tyre, from Tyre and Babylon to Athens and Rome, from Florence and Genoa to the shores of the New World, full of shadowy tradition and the promise of a peaceful and happy future.

He takes this fruitful theme, because he feels it to be alive with eternal interest, and rejects the well-worn classic fables, because

> "Under the bushes of the odorous mint
> The Dryads are buried, and the placid Dian
> Guides now no longer through the nights below
> Th' invulnerable hinds and pearly car,
> To bless the Carian shepherd's dreams. No more
> The valley echoes to the stolen kisses
> Or to the twanging bow, or to the bay

Of the immortal hounds, or to the Fauns'
Plebeian laughter. From the golden rim
Of shells, dewy with pearl, in ocean's depths
The snowy loveliness of Galatea
Has fallen; and with her, their endless sleep
In coral sepulchres the Nereids
Forgotten sleep in peace."

The poet cannot turn to his theme, however, without a sad and scornful apostrophe to his own land, where he figures himself sitting by the way, and craving of the frivolous, heartless, luxurious Italian throngs that pass the charity of love for Italy. They pass him by unheeded, and he cries: —

"Hast thou seen
In the deep circle of the valley of Siddim,
Under the shining skies of Palestine,
The sinister glitter of the Lake of Asphalt?
Those coasts, strewn thick with ashes of damnation,
Forever foe to every living thing,
Where rings the cry of the lost wandering bird
That, on the shore of the perfidious sea,
Athirsting dies, — that watery sepulchre
Of the five cities of iniquity,
Where even the tempest, when its clouds hang low,
Passes in silence, and the lightning dies, —
If thou hast seen them, bitterly hath been
Thy heart wrung with the misery and despair
Of that dread vision!

"Yet there is on earth
A woe more desperate and miserable, —
A spectacle wherein the wrath of God
Avenges Him more terribly. It is
A vain, weak people of faint-heart old men,
That, for three hundred years of dull repose,
Has lain perpetual dreamer, folded in
The ragged purple of its ancestors,
Stretching its limbs wide in its country's sun,
To warm them; drinking the soft airs of autumn
Forgetful, on the fields where its forefathers
Like lions fought! From overflowing hands,
Strew we with hellebore and poppies thick
The way."

The truth of this reproach cannot be strange to those who know Italy, even now when the dull repose is at last broken;

and its eloquence cannot be unknown to any. But the throngs have passed by, and the poet takes up his theme. Abel sits before an altar upon the borders of Eden, and looks with an exile's longing towards the Paradise of his father, where, high above all the other trees, he beholds,

> "Lording it proudly in the garden's midst,
> The guilty apple with its fatal beauty."

He weeps; and Cain, furiously returning from the unaccepted labor of the fields, lifts his hand against his brother.

> "It was at sunset;
> The air was severed with a mother's shriek,
> And stretched beside the o'erturned altar's foot
> Lay the first corse."

> "The fratricide
> Beheld that blood amazed, and from on high
> He heard the awful voice of cursing leap,
> And in the middle of his forehead felt
> God's lightning strike."

> "And, moved and shaken like a conscious thing,
> The tree of sin dilated horribly
> Its frondage over all the land and sea,
> And with its poisonous shadow followed far
> The flight of Cain."

> "And he who first
> By th' arduous solitudes and by the heights
> And labyrinths of the virgin earth conducted
> This ever-wandering, lost Humanity
> Was the Accursed."

Cain passes away, and his children fill the world, and the joy of guiltless labor brightens the poet's sombre verse.

> "The murmur of the works of man arose
> Up from the plains; the caves reverberated
> The blows of restless hammers that revealed,
> Deep in the bowels of the fruitful hills,
> The iron and the faithless gold, with rays
> Of evil charm. And all the cliffs repeated
> The beetle's fall, and the unceasing leap
> Of waters on the paddles of the wheel
> Volubly busy; and with heavy strokes
> Upon the borders of the invaded woods

The axe was heard descending on the trees,
Upon the odorous bark of mighty pines.
Over the imminent upland's utmost brink
The blond wild-goat stretched forth his neck to meet
The unknown sound, and, caught with sudden fear,
Down the steep bounded, and the arrow cut
Midway the flight of his aerial foot."

So all the wild earth was tamed to the hand of man, and the wisdom of the stars began to reveal itself to the shepherds,

"Who, in the leisure of the argent nights,
Leading their flocks upon a sea of meadows,"

turned their eyes upon the heavenly bodies, and questioned them in their courses. But a taint of guilt was in all the blood of Cain, which the Deluge alone could purge.

"And beautiful beyond all utterance
Were the earth's first-born daughters. Phantasms these
That now enamor us decrepit, by
The light of that prime beauty! And the glance
Those ardent sinners darted had beguiled
God's angels even, so that the Lord's command
Was weaker than the bidding of their eyes.
And there were seen, descending from on high,
His messengers, and in the tepid eves
Gathering their flight about the secret founts
Where came the virgins wandering sole to stretch
The nude pomp of their perfect loveliness.
Caught by some sudden flash of light afar,
The shepherd looked, and deemed that he beheld
A fallen star, and knew not that he saw
A fallen angel, whose distended wings,
All tremulous with voluptuous delight,
Strove vainly to lift him to the skies again.
The earth with her malign embraces blest
The heavenly-born, and they straightway forgot
The joys of God's eternal paradise
For the brief rapture of a guilty love.
And from these nuptials, violent and strange,
A strange and violent race of giants rose;
A chain of sin had linked the earth to heaven;
And God repented Him of His own work."

The destroying rains descended,

"And the ocean rose,
And on the cities and the villages
The terror fell apace. There was a strife

Of suppliants at the altars; blasphemy
Launched at the impotent idols and the kings;
There were embraces desperate and dear,
And news of suddenest forgivenesses,
And a relinquishment of all sweet things;
And, guided onward by the pallid prophets,
The people climbed, with lamentable cries,
In pilgrimage up the mountains.

"But in vain;
For swifter than they climbed the ocean rose,
And hid the palms, and buried the sepulchres
Far underneath the buried pyramids;
And the victorious billow swelled and knocked
At eagles' Alpine nests, extinguishing
All lingering breath of life; and dreadfuller
Than the yell rising from the battle-field
Seemèd the hush of every human sound.

"On the high solitude of the waters naught
Was seen but here and there unfrequently
A frail raft, heaped with languid men that fought
Weakly with one another for the grass
Hanging about a cliff not yet submerged,
And here and there a drowned man's head, and here
And there a file of birds, that beat the air
With weary wings."

After the Deluge, the race of Noah repeoples the empty world, and the history of mankind begins anew in the Orient. Rome is built, and the Christian era dawns, and Rome falls under the feet of the barbarians. Then the enthusiasm of Christendom sweeps towards the East, in the repeated Crusades; and then, "after long years of twilight," Dante, the sun of Italian civilization, rises; and at last comes the dream of another world, unknown to the eyes of elder times.

"But between that and our shore roared diffuse
Abysmal seas and fabulous hurricanes
Which, thought on, blanched the faces of the bold;
For the dread secret of the heavens was then
The Western world. Yet on the Italian coasts
A boy grew into manhood, in whose soul
The instinct of the unknown continent burned.
He saw in his prophetic mind depicted
The opposite visage of the earth, and, turning
With joyful defiance to the ocean, sailed

Forth with two secret pilots, God and Genius.
Last of the prophets, he returned in chains
And glory."

In the New World are the traces, as in the Old, of a restless Humanity, wandering from coast to coast, growing, building cities, and utterly vanishing. There are graves and ruins everywhere; and the poet's thought returns from these scenes of unstoried desolation, to follow again the course of man in the European annals. But here, also, he is lost in the confusion of man's advance and retirement, and he muses: —

"How many were the peoples? Where the trace
Of their lost steps? Where the funereal fields
In which they sleep? Go, ask the clouds of heaven
How many bolts are hidden in their breasts,
And when they shall be launched; and ask the path
That they shall keep in the unfurrowed air.
The peoples passed. Obscure as destiny,
Forever stirred by secret hope, forever
Waiting upon the promised mysteries,
Unknowing God, that urged them, turning still
To some kind star, — they swept o'er the sea-weed
In unknown waters, fearless swam the course
Of nameless rivers, wrote with flying feet
The mountain pass on pathless snows; impatient
Of rest, for aye, from Babylon to Memphis,
From the Acropolis to Rome, they hurried.

"And with them passed their guardian household gods,
And faithful wisdom of their ancestors,
And the seed sown in mother fields, and gathered,
A fruitful harvest, in their happier years.
And, 'companying the order of their steps
Upon the way, they sung the choruses
And sacred burdens of their country's songs,
And, sitting down by hospitable gates,
They told the histories of their far-off cities.
And sometimes in the lonely darknesses
Upon the ambiguous way they found a light, —
The deathless lamp of some great truth, that Heaven
Sent in compassionate answer to their prayers.

"But not to all was given it to endure
That ceaseless pilgrimage, and not on all
Did the heavens smile perennity of life
Revirginate with never-ceasing change;

And when it had completed the great work
Which God had destined for its race to do,
Sometimes a weary people laid them down
To rest them, like a weary man, and left
Their nude bones in a vale of expiation,
And passed away as utterly forever
As mist that snows itself into the sea."

The poet views this growth of nations from youth to decrepitude, and, coming back at last to himself and to his own land and time, breaks forth into a lament of grave and touching beauty: —

"Muse of an aged people, in the eve
Of fading civilization, I was born
Of kindred that have greatly expiated
And greatly wept. For me the ambrosial fingers
Of Graces never wove the laurel crown,
But the Fates shadowed, from my youngest days,
My brow with passion-flowers, and I have lived
Unknown to my dear land. O fortunate
My sisters that in the heroic dawn
Of races sung! To them did destiny give
The virgin fire and chaste ingenuousness
Of their land's speech; and, reverenced, their hands
Ran over potent strings. To me, the hopes
Turbid with hate; to me, the senile rage;
To me, the painted fancies clothed by art
Degenerate; to me, the desperate wish,
Not in my soul to nurse ungenerous dreams,
But to contend, and with the sword of song
To fight my battles too."

Such is the spirit, such is the manner, of the *Prime Storie* of Aleardi. The merits of the poem are so obvious, that it seems scarcely profitable to comment upon its picturesqueness, upon the nobility of its style, upon the excellent art which quickens its frequent descriptions of nature with a human interest. The defects of the poem are equally obvious, and we have again to acknowledge the critical acuteness of Arnaud, who says of Aleardi: "Instead of synthetizing his conceptions, and giving relief to the principal lines, the poet lingers caressingly upon the particulars, preferring the descriptive to the dramatic element. From this results poetry of beautiful arabesques and exquisite fragments, of harmonious verse and brilliant diction."

Nevertheless, Arnaud confesses, the poetry of Aleardi "is not academically common," but pleases by the originality of its very mannerism; and it seems to us, that, in reading it, you feel the presence of unquestionable power.

Like "Primal Histories," the "Hour of my Youth" is a contemplative poem, to which frequency of episode gives life and movement; but its scope is less grand, and the poet, recalling his early days, remembers chiefly the events of defeated revolution which give such heroic sadness and splendor to the history of the first third of this century. The work is characterized by the same opulence of diction, and the same luxury of epithet and imagery, as the "Primal Histories," but it somehow fails to win our interest in equal degree: perhaps because the patriot now begins to overshadow the poet, and appeal is often made rather to the sympathies than the imagination. It is certain that art ceases to be less, and country more, in the poetry of Aleardi from this time. It could scarcely be otherwise; and had it been otherwise, the poet would have become despicable, not great, in the eyes of his countrymen.

The "Hour of my Youth" opens with the following lines, and we can recall no passage of descriptive poetry superior to that which they present. Here the colors are laid on with a master's hand; here is the freshness and freedom of a sketch, and none of its imperfection. In this picture, — where, for once at least, all the brilliant effects are synthetized, — the poet has ordered the whole Northern world, and you can dream of nothing grand or beautiful in those lonely regions which you do not behold here: —

"Ere yet upon the unhappy Arctic lands,
In dying autumn, Erebus descends
With the night's thousand hours, along the verge
Of the horizon, like a fugitive,
Through the long days wanders the weary sun;
And when at last under the wave is quenched
The last gleam of its golden countenance,
Interminable twilight land and sea
Discolors, and the north-wind covers deep
All things in snow, as in their sepulchres
The dead are buried. In the distances
The shock of warring Cyclades of ice
Makes music as of wild and strange lament;

And up in heaven now tardily are lit
The solitary polar star and seven
Lamps of the Bear. And now the warlike race
Of swans gather their hosts upon the breast
Of some far gulf, and, bidding their farewell
To the white cliffs, and slender junipers,
And sea-weed bridal-beds, intone the song
Of parting, and a sad metallic clang
Send through the mists. Upon their southward way
They greet the beryl-tinted icebergs; greet
Flamy volcanoes, and the seething founts
Of Geysers, and the melancholy yellow
Of the Icelandic fields; and, wearying,
Their lily wings amid the boreal lights,
Journey away unto the joyous shores
Of morning."

In a strain of equal nobility, but of more personal and subjective effect, the thought is completed: —

"So likewise, my own soul, from these obscure
Days without glory, wings its flight afar
Backward, and journeys to the years of youth
And morning. O, give me back once more,
O, give me, Lord, one hour of youth again!
For in that time I was serene and bold,
And uncontaminate, and enraptured with
The universe. I did not know the pangs
Of the proud mind, nor the sweet miseries
Of love; and I had never gathered yet,
After those fires so sweet in burning, bitter
Handfuls of ashes, that, with tardy tears
Sprinkled, at last have nourished into bloom
The solitary flower of penitence.
The baseness of the many was unknown,
And civil woes had not yet sown with salt
Life's narrow field. Ah! then the infinite
Voices that Nature sends her worshippers
From land, from sea, and from the cloudy depths
Of heaven smote the echoing soul of youth
To music. And at the first morning sigh
Of the poor wood-lark, — at the measured bell
Of homeward flocks, and at the opaline wings
Of dragon-flies in their aerial dances
Above the gorgeous carpets of the marsh, —
At the wind's moan, and at the sudden gleam
Of lamps lighting in some far town by night, —

And at the dash of rain that April shoots
Through the air odorous with the smitten dust, —
My spirit rose, and glad and swift my thought
Over the sea of being sped all-sails."

There is a description of a battle, in the "Hour of my Youth," which we cannot refrain from quoting before we leave the poem. The battle took place between the Austrians and the French on the 14th of January, 1797, in the Chiusa, a narrow valley near Verona, and the fiercest part of the fight was for the possession of the hill of Rivoli.

"Clouds of smoke
Floated along the heights; and, with her wild,
Incessant echo, Chiusa still repeated
The harmony of the muskets. Rival hosts
Contended for the poverty of a hill
That scarce could give their number sepulchre;
But from that hill-crest waved the glorious locks
Of Victory. And round its bloody spurs,
Taken and lost with fierce vicissitude,
Serried and splendid, swept and tempested
Long-haired dragoons, together with the might
Of the Homeric foot, delirious
With fury; and the horses with their teeth
Tore one another, or, tossing wild their manes,
Fled with their helpless riders up the crags,
By strait and imminent paths of rock, till down,
Like angels thunder-smitten, to the depths
Of that abyss the riders fell. With slain
Was heaped the dreadful amphitheatre;
The rocks did bleed; and if with gasping breath
Some wounded swimmer beat away the waves
Weakly between him and the other shore,
The merciless hunters from the cliffs above,
With their inexorable aim, beneath
The waters sunk him."

The *Monte Circellio* is part of a poem in four cantos, dispersed, it is said, to avoid the researches of the police, in which the poet recounts in picturesque verse the glories and events of the Italian land and history through which he passes. A slender but potent cord of common feeling unites the episodes, and the lament for the present fate of Italy rises into hope for her future. More than half of the poem is given to a description of the geological growth of the earth, in

which the imagination of the poet has unbridled range, and in which there is a success unknown to all other attempts to poetize the facts of science. The epochs of darkness and inundation, of the monstrous races of bats and lizards, of the mammoths and the gigantic vegetation, pass, and, after thousands of years, the earth is tempered and purified to the use of man by fire; and that

> "Paradise of land and sea, forever
> Stirred by great hopes and by volcanic fires,
> Called Italy,"

takes shape: its burning mountains rise, its valleys sink, its plains extend, its streams run. But first of all, the hills of Rome lifted themselves from the waters, that day when the Spirit of God dwelling upon their face

> "Saw a fierce group of seven enkindled hills,
> In number like the mystic candles lighted
> Within His future temple. Then he bent
> Upon that mystic pleiades of flame
> His luminous regard, and spoke to it:
> 'Thou art to be my Rome.' The harmony
> Of that note to the nebulous heights supreme,
> And to the bounds of the created world,
> Rolled like the voice of myriad organ-stops,
> And sank, and ceased. The heavenly orbs resumed
> Their daily dance and their unending journey;
> A mighty rush of plumes disturbed the rest
> Of the vast silence; here and there, like stars
> About the sky, flashed the immortal eyes
> Of choral angels following after Him."

The opening lines of *Monte Circellio* are scarcely less beautiful than the first part of *Un' Ora della mia Giovinezza*, but we must content ourselves with only one other extract from the poem, leaving the rest to the reader of the original. The fact that every summer the Roman hospitals are filled with the unhappy peasants who descend from the hills of the Abruzzi to snatch its harvests from the feverish Campagna, will help us to understand all the meaning of the following passage, though nothing could add to its pathos, unless, perhaps, the story given by Aleardi in a note at the foot of his page: — "How do you live here?" asked a traveller of one of the

peasants who reap the Campagna. The Abruzzese answered, "Signor, we die."

"What time,
In hours of summer, sad with so much light,
The sun beats ceaselessly upon the fields,
The harvesters, as famine urges them,
Draw hither in thousands, and they wear
The look of those that dolorously go
In exile, and already their brown eyes
Are heavy with the poison of the air.
Here never note of amorous bird consoles
Their drooping hearts; here never the gay songs
Of their Abruzzi sound to gladden these
Pathetic hands. But taciturn they toil,
Reaping the harvests for their unknown lords;
And when the weary labor is performed,
Taciturn they retire; and not till then
Their bagpipes crown the joys of the return,
Swelling the heart with their familiar strain.
Alas! not all return, for there is one
That dying in the furrow sits, and seeks
With his last look some faithful kinsman out,
To give his life's wage, that he carry it
Unto his trembling mother, with the last
Words of her son that comes no more. And dying,
Deserted and alone, far off he hears
His comrades going, with their pipes in time
Joyfully measuring their homeward steps.
And when in after years an orphan comes
To reap the harvest here, and feels his blade
Go quivering through the swaths of falling grain,
He weeps and thinks: haply these heavy stalks
Ripened on his unburied father's bones."

In the poem called "The Marine and Commercial Cities of Italy" (*Le Città Italiane Marinare e Commercianti*), Aleardi recounts the glorious rise, the jealousies, the fratricidal wars, and the ignoble fall of Venice, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa, in strains of grandeur and pathos; he has pride in the wealth and freedom of those old queens of traffic, and scorn and lamentation for the blind selfishness that kept them Venetian, Florentine, Pisan, and Genoese, and never suffered them to be Italian. We take from this poem the prophetic vision of the greatness of Venice, which, according to the patriotic tradition of Sabellico, Saint Mark beheld five hundred

years before the foundation of the city, when one day, journeying toward Aquileja, his ship lost her course among the islands of the lagoons. The saint looked out over those melancholy swamps, and saw the phantom of a Byzantine cathedral rest upon the reeds, while a multitudinous voice broke the silence with the Venetian battle-cry, *Viva San Marco!* The lines that follow illustrate the pride and splendor of Venetian story, and are notable, we think, for a certain lofty grace of movement and opulence of diction.

"There thou shalt lie, O Saint!* but compassed round
Thickly by shining groves
Of pillars; on thy regal portico,
Lifting their glittering and impatient hooves,
Corinth's fierce steeds shall bound; †
And at thy name, the hymn of future wars,
From their funereal caves
The bandits of the waves
Shall fly in exile; ‡ brought from bloody fields
Hard won and lost in far-off Palestine,
The glimmer of a thousand Arab moons
Shall fill thy broad lagoons;
And on the false Byzantine's towers shall climb
A blind old man sublime, §
Whom Victory shall behold
Amidst his enemies with thy sacred flag,
All battle-rent, unrolled."

The late poems of Aleardi are nearly all in this lyrical form, in which the thought drops and rises with ceaseless change of music, and which wins the reader of many empty Italian canzoni by the mere delight of its movement. It is well adapted to the subjects for which Aleardi has used it; it has a stateliness and strength of its own, and its continual lapse and ascent give animation to the ever-blending story and aspiration, appeal, or reflection. In this measure are written "The Three Rivers," "The Three Maidens," and "The Seven Soldiers."

* The bones of St. Mark repose in his church at Venice.

† The famous bronze horses of St. Mark's still shine with the gold that once covered them.

‡ Venice early swept the Adriatic of the pirates who infested it.

§ The Doge Enrico Dandolo, who, though blind and bowed with eighty years of war, was the first to plant the banner of Saint Mark on the walls of Constantinople when that city was taken by the Venetians and Crusaders.

The latter is a poem of some length, in which the poet, figuring himself upon a battle-field on the morrow after a combat between Italians and Austrians, "wanders among the wounded in search of expiated sins and of unknown heroism. He pauses," continues his eloquent biographer in the *Galleria Nazionale*, "to meditate on the death of the Hungarian, Polish, Bohemian, Croatian, Austrian, and Tyrolese soldiers, who personify the nationalities oppressed by the tyranny of the house of Hapsburg. A minister of God, praying beside the corpses of two friends, Pole and Hungarian, hails the dawn of the Magyar resurrection. Then rises the grand figure of Sandor Petöfi, 'the patriotic poet of Hungary,' whose life was a hymn, and whose miraculous reappearance will, according to popular superstition, take place when Hungary is freed from her chains. The poem closes with a prophecy concerning the destinies of Austria and Italy." Like all the poems of Aleardi, it abounds in striking lines; but the interest, instead of gathering strongly about one central idea, diffuses itself over half-forgotten particulars of revolutionary history, and the sympathy of the reader is fatigued and confused with the variety of the demand upon it.

For this reason, "The Three Rivers" and "The Three Maidens" are more artistic poems: in the former, the poet seeks vainly a promise of Italian greatness and unity on the banks of Tiber and of Arno, but finds it by the Po, where the war of 1859 is beginning; in the latter, three maidens recount to the poet stories of the oppression which has imprisoned the father of one, despoiled another's house through the tax-gatherer, and sent the brother of the third to languish, the soldier-slave of his tyrants, in a land where "the wife washes the garments of her husband, yet stained with Italian blood."

The author's latest poem, the *Canto Politico*, we have not read; and a doubt whether anybody has new thoughts about the immortality of the soul has closed to us the *Lettere a Maria*. Aleardi could not sing of love without saying something memorable and beautiful; but in his idyl concerning the loves of Raphael and the Fornarina, he has not moved us greatly. As to the *Triste Dramma*, addressed to a woman

whose lover is hanged for political offences at Mantua, and who afterwards loves again, it is dignified by the author's treatment; but the theme is so revolting and terrible in itself that it repels the reader.

A very little book holds all the poems which Aleardi has written, and we have named them all but two brief lyrics, "The Venetian to the Milanese Women," and "Love and Light." As a poet he has been twice wise: he has written little poetry, and little but poetry. He has in greater degree than any other Italian poet of this age, or perhaps of any age, those merits which our English taste of this time demands, — quickness of feeling and brilliancy of expression. He lacks simplicity of idea, and his style is an opal which takes all lights and hues, rather than the crystal which lets the daylight colorlessly through. He is distinguished no less by the themes he selects than by the expression he gives them. In his poetry there is passion, but his subjects are usually those to which love is accessory rather than essential; and he cares better to sing of universal and national destinies as they concern individuals, than the raptures and anguishes of youthful individuals as they concern mankind. The poet may be wrong in this, but he achieves an undeniable novelty in it, and we confess that we read him willingly on account of it.

No one could be more opposed, in spirit and method, to Aleardo Aleardi than Giulio Carcano; but both of these poets betray love and study of English masters. In the former there is something to remind us of Milton, of "Ossian," and of Byron; and in the latter, Arnaud notes very obvious resemblances to Gray, Crabbe, and Wordsworth in the simplicity or the proud humility of the theme, and the unaffected courage of its treatment. The critic declares the poet's æsthetic creed to be, God, the family, and country; and in a beautiful essay on Domestic Poetry, written amidst the universal political discouragement of 1839, Carcano himself declares that in the cultivation of a popular and homelike feeling in literature the hope of Italy no less than of Italian poetry lies. He was ready to respond to the impulses of the nation's heart, which he had felt in his communion with its purest and best life, when in later years its expectation gave place to action, and many of his

political poems are bold and noble. But his finest poems are those which celebrate the affections of the household, and poetize the mute, pathetic beauty of toil and poverty in city and country. He sings with a tenderness peculiarly winning of the love of mothers and children, and we shall give the best notion of the poet's best in the following beautiful lullaby, premising merely that the title of the poem is the Italian infantile for sleep.

"NANNA.

"Sleep, sleep, sleep! my little girl:
Mother is near thee. Sleep, unfurl
Thy veil o'er the cradle where Baby lies!
Dream, Baby, of angels in the skies!
On the sorrowful earth, in hopeless quest,
Passes the exile without rest;
Where'er he goes, in sun or snow,
Trouble and pain beside him go.

"But when I look upon thy sleep,
And hear thy breathing soft and deep,
My soul turns with a faith serene
To days of sorrow that have been,
And I feel that of love and happiness
Heaven has given my life excess;
The Lord in his mercy gave me thee,
And thou in truth art part of me!

"Thou knowest not, as I bend above thee,
How much I love thee, how much I love thee!
Thou art the very life of my heart,
Thou art my joy, thou art my smart!
Thy day begins uncertain, child:
Thou art a blossom in the wild;
But over thee, with his wings abroad,
Blossom, watches the angel of God.

"Ah! wherefore with so sad a face
Must thy father look on thy happiness?
In thy little bed he kissed thee now,
And dropped a tear upon thy brow.
Lord, to this mute and pensive soul,
Temper the sharpness of his dole:
Give him peace whose love my life hath kept:
He too has hoped, though he has wept.

" And over thee, my own delight,
Watch that sweet Mother, day and night,
To whom the exiles consecrate
Altar and heart in every fate.
By her name I have called my little girl;
But on life's sea, in the tempest's whirl,
Thy helpless mother, my darling, may
Only tremble and only pray!

" Sleep, sleep, sleep! my baby dear;
Dream of the light of some sweet star.
Sleep, sleep! and I will keep
Thoughtful vigils above thy sleep.
O, in the days that are to come,
With unknown trial and unknown doom,
Thy little heart can ne'er love me
As thy mother loves and shall love thee!"

Art. II. — British Finance in 1816.

Lord Liverpool's administration, at the close of the great French war, contained perhaps not a single member endowed with less originating power than Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The twenty-three years during which that struggle had raged almost without intermission had seen many men in succession attempting, after their own fashion, to sustain the enormous and rapidly increasing burden under which the resources of England were strained to exhaustion. Mr. Pitt, who, in spite of all that may be said, was great as a finance minister, even in his errors, Mr. Addington, Lord Henry Petty, and Mr. Spencer Perceval had, one after another, tried their ingenuity, not in restoring order to the finances, for they all found any such purpose far beyond their powers, but in holding England back from the brink of national bankruptcy. When, in 1812, Mr. Perceval was assassinated, and Lord Liverpool became the First Lord of the Treasury, it was not supposed that so weak an administration could long sustain the weight of the public interests; and Mr. Vansittart seems to have been placed at the head of the Exchequer rather in the

expectation that the position would not be permanent, than with any idea that he might become the most important member of the government. Nominally, indeed, the financial policy of the country was under the control of the Prime Minister, and the whole administration was responsible for its direction. But Lord Liverpool was himself not a great man, and Lord Castlereagh, whose ability was really considerable, gave, as could scarcely have been otherwise, his whole attention to his own department of foreign affairs. Nevertheless, weak as it was in 1812, this administration brought the war to its conclusion, placing Great Britain in a position more powerful and commanding than she ever had held before, or probably will ever hold again. But the close of this long struggle, and the settlement at last effected by the treaty of Vienna, changed with great rapidity the task of the English government. Questions of internal policy sprang into surpassing interest and prominence; and while Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh were still occupied in maintaining British influence on the Continent at the same point to which they had raised it in 1815, the movement had already begun among the people, which, fifty years later, ended in the official avowal of the uselessness and mischief of the traditional foreign policy of Great Britain.

Mr. Vansittart was not a person of so much consequence that it has been thought worth while to publish his papers; and we cannot now learn whether he was in any way conscious of the enormous duties which the close of the war threw upon him, — duties which would have overtasked Pitt himself, and which Huskisson and Peel made the foundation of their great reputations, while a host of inferior men were buried under the weight. Even now it is impossible to draw up a clear statement of the condition of English finances in 1816. It is impossible to determine with certainty even the simplest of all the facts, — the amount of the debt. If, therefore, the following account of English financial affairs appears unintelligible to the reader, there is only one consideration to be offered in its excuse. This account is difficult to understand, and may contain errors; but there can be no possible doubt that a clear and positive statement would be quite unworthy of belief.

The Parliamentary Paper No. 443 of the session of 1858 gives an official return of the amount of the public debt of the United Kingdom for every year since that debt has had an existence. There is excellent reason to doubt whether the sums given are in the majority of cases more than approximations to the truth; but there seems to be no reason to expect greater exactness from any other source. The following may, therefore, be assumed as a fair statement of the national debt of Great Britain in 1816, the first year after the return of peace.

	Great Britain.	Ireland.	Total.
Funded Debt.	£	£	£
Bank of England, at 3%	11,686,800		11,686,800
Bank of Ireland, at 5%		2,169,231	2,169,231
South Sea Company, at 3%	14,814,085		14,814,085
Five per cent Annuities	136,181,688	10,579,485	146,761,173
Four per cent Annuities	74,935,719	789,785	75,725,504
Three and half per cents		10,740,014	10,740,014
Three per cent Reduced Annuities	164,701,456		164,701,456
Three per cent Consolidated Annuities	382,447,774		382,447,774
Three per cent " " (Germany)	5,731,192		5,731,192
Three per cent " " (Portugal)	534,712		534,712
Bank Annuities (1726), at 3%	1,000,000		1,000,000
Total	792,033,426	24,278,515	816,311,941
Unfunded Debt.			
Exchequer Bills	41,441,900		41,441,900
Treasury Bills (Ireland)		2,497,808	2,497,808
Debentures	787,400		787,400
Total	42,229,300	2,497,808	44,727,108
Grand Total	834,262,726	26,776,323	861,039,049

The nominal capital was, therefore, about eight hundred and sixty million pounds; and in January, 1816, six months after Waterloo, the three per cents stood at 60 in the market. It must, however, be stated at the outset, and always borne in mind, that the funded debt of Great Britain cannot be rightly represented by a statement of the nominal amount of capital supposed to be involved. One nation borrows money, and, by the terms of the contract, engages to repay the whole sum lent, and fixes a time for the repayment. Another nation borrows without the profession of any intention ever to return the capital at all; and Great Britain's whole funded debt was contracted

in this manner. In technical language, the government sells annuities, and no purchaser is either in law or in equity entitled to demand more than his stipulated annual interest upon the sum which he has lent. No man can ever claim of right any part of the principal of the public funds. It is true, however, that there are two sorts of annuities, which must be clearly distinguished. The perpetual annuities, in which heading the mass of the funds belong, are also called redeemable, because, whenever they rise above par in the market, and it accordingly becomes profitable to pay them off by borrowing the money at a lower rate of interest, there is nothing in the contract which forbids the operation; and accordingly this has been regularly done, until now the whole debt has been consolidated in three per cents, and may at any time be reduced still lower, should they rise above par. But the terminable annuities are not redeemable, and depend on an entirely different principle.

These terminable annuities are of two kinds, — those for lives and those for a term of years. They bear a higher rate of interest, calculated according to special tables, so that the life annuities terminate absolutely with the life of the holder, and the others at some fixed time, according to the specified terms of the contract. The so-called long annuities, for instance, were fixed to terminate in 1860. This system of terminable annuities has, therefore, the advantage of securing the extinction of the loan at a very moderate annual charge, so that the tax-payers are unconscious that they are in fact paying off every year a portion of the capital, as well as the interest of the debt. This was at one time a favorite scheme in English finance, and there were several forms of terminable annuities, the principle of the self-extinguishing character of the debt remaining the same throughout. Although this plan of borrowing is accompanied by a higher rate of annual charge than is necessary when borrowing on a perpetual annuity, it was usually made very light by granting the annuity for a long term of years. Thus, an annuity for a hundred years is the same thing to most persons as an annuity forever; and it is also nearly the same by calculation, its value at four per cent being twenty-four and a half years' purchase, and therefore only a half-year's purchase less than an annuity forever. It has been contended that the

whole debt ought to have been contracted in this form, and possibly, if the government had begun so, it might have succeeded; but in practice the public naturally prefer, where the choice is given them, the perpetual investment. These terminable annuities were also objected to, reasonably or not, on the ground that they encouraged the popular tendency to improvidence.

The unfunded debt, also, is not fairly represented as capital. Exchequer bills were habitually used to some extent, in anticipation of revenue that could not be immediately collected. Far the larger portion, however, was really so much debt, which had to be ultimately paid off or funded. Large sums were usually voted upon them towards the conclusion of each session of Parliament, particularly in time of war, to answer exigencies of the public service.

It is, therefore, the charge of the debt alone which is the true measure of the liabilities of Great Britain. The same authority which has been already quoted states this charge to have been, in 1816, as follows: —

	Great Britain.	Ireland.	Total.
Funded Debt.	£	£	£
Interest on Capital	27,233,994	1,044,928	28,278,922
Long Annuities	1,359,436		1,359,436
Short Annuities	230,000		230,000
Life Annuities	199,845		199,845
Bank Annuity		16,731	16,731
Exchequer Annuities	43,677	44,924	88,601
Total	1,832,958	61,655	1,894,613
Interest of Stock for Redemption of Land Tax	3,815		3,815
Management	284,674		284,674
Total	29,355,441	1,106,583	30,462,024
Unfunded Debt.			
Exchequer Bills (Interest)	1,971,699	124,890	2,096,589
Debentures (Interest)	39,370		39,370
Exchequer Bills issued in anticipation of Taxes (Interest)	47,635		47,635
Total	2,058,704	124,890	2,183,594
Grand Total	31,414,145	1,231,473	32,645,618

We may begin, therefore, with the assumption, that the capi-

tal of the national debt amounted, in 1816, to the sum of £861,040,000, bearing an annual burden of £32,645,618.

The regular annual expenses of the government amounted to nearly the same sum as the charge of the debt. The whole amount which was required to be raised by taxation, in the year subsequent to the war, was about £61,000,000. Many years afterwards, when the popular cry for economy had exercised its full power, and circumstances had allowed a considerable reduction to be effected in the charge for interest of the debt, the annual expenditure of the country sank as low as £47,000,000; but the first peace budget was one of more than sixty millions sterling.

This immense burden was levied on a population which probably did not exceed twenty million souls; and of this number fully six millions were Irish. But Ireland was bankrupt. So bad was her financial condition, that, after every effort, she found herself unable to meet by taxation even the charge of her debt. That charge amounted, in 1815, to £6,370,000; while the net revenue paid into the Irish exchequer was little more than £5,000,000. It was not to Ireland that the people of Great Britain could look for the faintest assistance in the support of their common credit.

There remained a population of fourteen millions in England, Scotland, and Wales, and of this number it is hardly rash to say that one half contributed little to the payment of taxes. The warehouses were choked with goods, for which no market was to be found. The price of grain had fallen from five and six pounds sterling the quarter down to two pounds and a half, bringing distress to every farmer in the kingdom. More than £6,000,000 were annually raised, by local taxation, for the support or relief of the poor in England and Wales alone. Under these circumstances, it seems a liberal allowance to suppose that the whole weight of an annual taxation of £60,000,000 fell practically upon not more than ten millions of people; and from these, in 1815, the government had actually succeeded in grinding £72,000,000. But even allowing that the whole fourteen millions contributed in just proportion, the burden of taxation is terrible to consider, when the vast mass of poverty and pauperism is taken into the account.

The income returns of Great Britain for the year 1815 give the following result: —

Customs	£10,487,522
Excise	26,562,432
Property Tax	14,318,572
Assessed Taxes	6,214,987
Land Tax	1,079,993
Stamps	5,865,413
Post-Office	1,548,000
Miscellaneous	366,867
Total . . .	£66,443,786

To this total, about £5,000,000 is to be added on account of Ireland, which still had an exchequer, and even a currency, distinct from that of Great Britain. It must also be mentioned, that the distinction between customs and excise was merely nominal, and did not indicate the nature of the taxes. The transfers from one to the other head seem to have been arbitrary; and, as the same article frequently paid both an excise and a customs duty, it was more convenient that one board should collect the whole.

More than half of the revenue was produced by the excise and customs. It was, therefore, of paramount importance that these two branches should be carefully fostered, simplified, and systematized. When Mr. Pitt assumed the control of the finances, after the American war of independence, he found the customs in a state of such inextricable confusion, that the most experienced merchants were unable to foresee what would be the amount of duty affecting the articles they were importing, or to know the course to be followed in entering or clearing their vessels. In the midst of a chaos of contradictory statutes, irreconcilable systems, and arbitrary regulations, the inheritance of a century of bad government, the clerks of the custom-house ruled with supreme authority over the whole commerce of Great Britain. Among the measures by which Mr. Pitt gained his right to be considered the greatest of English administrators, the one which did away with this state of things was by no means the least in value. In 1787 he succeeded in carrying through Parliament an act abolishing all

the existing duties, and substituting in their place single duties on each article, according to a regular tariff, which was still further assisted by a reform in the method of transacting business in the custom-house.

But the new system had scarcely produced all its beneficent results, when the French war broke out; and for twenty-three years Parliament piled one customs law upon another, until the old confusion reigned in the custom-house as absolutely as ever before. The same article paid duty repeatedly, — now to the customs, now to the excise. The laws were without a system, and incapable of being classed under any imaginable plan. There were bounties or drawbacks upon half the articles of commerce or production. Fees were multiplied to excess. Five hundred different statutes regulated the customs alone. A complete and vigorous measure was urgently required for the consolidation of the customs laws; and the example of Mr. Pitt made the neglect of the step by any subsequent government all the more obvious and inexcusable.

This, however, was a part of the situation which lay nearest the light, and was most easily reached. It concerned only the form of collecting the taxes; and the real difficulties of the case extended throughout the whole length and breadth of the system of taxation itself. There seems to have been scarcely a fragment of the English revenue laws which was not marked by peculiar faults of its own, besides sharing in the radical vices that lay at the foundation of almost all of them. The principal exceptions which modern writers appear to have made in this sweeping condemnation of the old system are those of the house and land taxes, and the property or income tax, as the most economical and the most just that existed. But these required a degree of reform and alteration which would almost have converted them into new taxes.

It is unquestionable that the nation, apart from the form of its burdens, was very much over-taxed. The most ordinary and necessary articles of consumption were overloaded with duties. The case of the salt duties was a notorious example of this evil. The natural cost of salt was less than eightpence the bushel, while the law required fifteen shillings on each bushel, raising its price to about twenty-two times its value.

The same objection ran through most of the excise duties. It was, however, comparatively a simple difficulty; and although it needed prompt and effective correction, no very high intellectual power was required to arrive at the remedy, so long as the question of protection was not involved.

But it was rare indeed that the question of protection could be kept out of any projected improvement in English taxation at that time. Protection coiled like a tangled cord around and over and through every portion of British finance. The reformers, who, with no enmity to the long-established principle of protecting home industry, still wished to relax a little here and there the strain of taxation, which was tearing the very muscles out of the bodies of their poorer fellow-countrymen, tugged now at one projecting evil of the vast system, and now at another; but wherever they came, they found the whole mass, confused and chaotic as it was, bound hard and fast in the inextricable meshes of protection. Some alarmed interest sprang out of the darkness to cry shame, and to excite popular hatred against them at the very moment when they were hoping at last to have a chance of stirring the phlegmatic government and the wretchedly indifferent Parliament into taking a step which could by no possibility harm any living creature.

Everything was protected. Every petty interest of the country had its rag of protection, — not merely against the genius or activity or superior circumstances of a foreign rival, but against allied branches of industry at home. Tiles complained if slates were untaxed. Wool was jealous of cotton. The brain of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was racked by hopeless efforts to maintain a proper equilibrium between home industries, while protecting them all against the foreigner. The irresistible logic of the principle was really carried out to that extent from which tamer modern protectionists shrink. One part of the United Kingdom was protected from the other. The products of English industry were protected from the rivalry of Ireland, and the manufactures and produce of Ireland were only admitted under suitable precautions into England. It is true, that the policy was, in this particular case, pursued with somewhat superfluous energy, since not only were heavy duties exacted for the protection of manufactures which

actually existed in Ireland, but also for that of some which did not exist at all, and never had existed, and which a moderate degree of knowledge of the subject would have shown never could exist; so that the Irish people enjoyed, through a long series of years, the most favorable of possible opportunities for observing the operation of a thoroughly efficient protective system of their own choice.

Nor was this all. Besides the protection granted to each industry against its neighbor, besides that which built a wall between the different states of the same empire, and besides that which guarded them all against the foreigner, the British system undertook to protect one foreign nation from another; and this was even regarded as a masterpiece of statesmanship. A brilliant example of this form of protection was furnished in the case of Portugal. For an entire century, down to 1831, the British people were condemned to drink the vintage of Portugal, in order to protect both countries against the superior attractions of French wine.

But even as regarded the ordinary and almost universally accepted practice of protecting home industry against the foreigner, the system of 1816 was far in advance of the mild conceptions of 1866. The statesmen of that day shrank from no consequence of their theory. It was not enough to lay protective duties of sixty or a hundred per cent on rival enterprise. It was not even enough to tax at the rate of fifty per cent as a manufactured article the very mummies that were imported from Egypt, lest they should interfere with the British product. If the principle was good at all, it was held to be good to the extent of absolute prohibition; and as, on the one hand, the law required that the Englishman who had been so unlucky as to die could only go to his grave in a winding-sheet of British woollen, so it was enacted, that any man, duke or beggar, who might be suspected of wearing or possessing even a silk handkerchief of foreign manufacture was liable to have it taken from his neck or his pocket, or to have his house entered and ransacked from garret to cellar. There was an element of the most intolerable tyranny inherent in the very nature of the prohibitive laws.

It might be supposed that difficulties and confusion enough

would have resulted from such a revenue system. But in point of fact, there was nothing peculiarly strange or remarkable in it. Similar principles lay at the base of almost every financial theory at that time, and the countries of Europe, and even of America, accepted them as their rule of action. It was here that the British system began to show itself in its own strength; but it was only when the colonial and navigation laws were added to the over-taxation and to the eccentricities of ordinary protection, that confusion became confounded, and absurdity ran riot in the English statute-book. The principle which then lay at the bottom of the colonial system was, that the colonies existed for the benefit of the mother country; and the successful protest of the North American Colonies, in their war of independence, had not yet succeeded in convincing Great Britain of the radical error of this theory. No ships but British ships could enter the ports of a British colony, and no market but the English market was open to the colonists. The West Indian sugar-planter was obliged to send his produce to England for sale. He might perhaps have gained something had he refined it before shipment; but the British refiner would have suffered, and the British mercantile marine must have the benefit of the bulkier freight. In return, he was obliged to receive only British goods, or goods which had passed through Great Britain. But the West Indian colonies were dependent upon the nearer ports of the United States for many of the very necessaries of life; and the negroes died of hunger when those ports were closed. This necessity of obtaining food was alone the cause of a slight relaxation in the law, by which a limited trade was permitted in certain articles, from certain ports, by a certain class of vessels, with the United States. On the other hand, if the price of colonial sugar was twice or more than twice that of the foreign, as was sometimes the case, the British public were required to pay the additional tax of several millions sterling annually for the benefit of the colonial system.

The timber trade with the Canadian colonies was a still more curious example of British protection and its complications. It was undisputed that the timber of Norway was not only the easiest to procure and the cheapest, but also much the best in

the market. But the interests of the colonies required protection, and the British marine was accordingly built of inferior material. The reformers demanded the abolition of this mischievous system, and called upon the shipping interest to join in obtaining its repeal. The ship-owners refused. They resisted desperately every attempt to reopen the Norway timber trade; and their argument was, that, as the naval power of Great Britain demanded a numerous merchant marine as its basis, and as the timber trade with Canada supplied an enormously bulky freight, and required long and frequent voyages, it would be a violation of the very first principles of British policy to allow their ships to be built of the best timber. The liberal members of Parliament, irritated at this extravagant taxation of the nation for what they considered a gross piece of jobbing, tried to reduce the argument to the absurd, and indignantly declared that Parliament had better at once enact by law that the Newcastle colliers, instead of bringing their coal direct to London, should sail "north about" to their market, and make a preliminary tour around the United Kingdom. The answer to the attempted sarcasm was quick and decisive. The ship-owners retorted, without hesitating, that, although it must indeed be admitted that the Newcastle colliers were allowed by law to choose the shortest and easiest route to London, still it was not to be supposed that even here the shipping interests had been overlooked. The laws practically forbade the use of the inland and cheapest transit from the nearer mines, with the single object of encouraging and developing the coastwise shipping in the interest of the national marine.

A protective system so logically perfect, so rigid in its obedience to a single purpose, so universal in its scope, so minute in its application, contains elements almost of grandeur. The ruling class of England appeared in it as the masters of the world. Around them and in harmony with them stood the English nation. The colonies existed for their benefit. Allied nations were made use of for their purposes, and the rest of mankind were their enemies. It is literally true, that, if the British Parliament had at this time possessed the power to protect the interests of the people of the United Kingdom and its colonial dependencies by causing every other existing nation to

be annihilated from the surface of the earth, an enactment to that effect would have been only the logical sequence of its whole system of legislation.

It is of course impossible even to conjecture what was the actual cost to the citizen of this indirect taxation. But there is one means of showing how grievously it all pressed upon the public, and how intolerable it would have been if the power of the government could have enforced it.

There is a strange law of finance, which has fixed a limit to indirect taxation, and decreed that, where the line is passed, a new agent shall intervene for the protection of a misgoverned people and the vindication of the laws of statesmanship. At a certain point, the smuggler appears and rescues the nation from its burdens. The extent to which smuggling is carried is, therefore, the measure of bad revenue systems.

In England in 1816 there was no limit to the activity of the smugglers. From Kent to Dorset and Devonshire, the whole line of the coast swarmed with them, and wherever they came the sympathies of the people were with them. Coast guards were multiplied in every direction. The army itself was employed in the service of the custom-house. The severity of the penalties was terrible; yet any gentleman in London could, at ten days' or a fortnight's notice, obtain any prohibited article from the Continent, at thirty per cent advance upon its cost there. Foreign silks were prohibited; but, in spite of the prohibition, they were to be seen in every haberdasher's shop in England, and in the very Houses of Parliament. Mr. Hume, the well-known member for Aberdeen, when arguing once against the absurdity of these protective laws, "produced his bandana handkerchief before the very eyes of the House, and, having triumphantly unfurled the standard of smuggling, blew his nose in it, and deliberately returned it to his pocket." The only vindication of the offended majesty of the law attempted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer consisted in his reminding Mr. Hume that any member of the House had an absolute right to seize that bandana handkerchief and export it to a foreign country. "Upon every information laid under this prohibitive law," said Mr. Huskisson in 1826, "the chances are, that the informer and the constable have bandanas round their necks, and

that the magistrate who hears the charge has one in his pocket." Another prohibited article was Scotch whiskey, and Mr. Hume took again the occasion to inform the House that he had at that moment smuggled Scotch whiskey in his cellar, and he defied the whole power of the government to prevent his having it.

These were, however, only luxuries. The case was much worse when it concerned the great articles of consumption among the people. Salt paid its duty of two-and-twenty times its value on fifty thousand tons annually; but it was supposed that twice as much more was consumed which paid no duty at all, or only the moderate one which made the profit of the smuggler or the thief. Soap was smuggled to nearly as great an extent as salt. By this universal evasion, fraud, and violence, the whole national character was perverted and degraded.

But even the spectacle in England was a harmless comedy in comparison with the results of this same system in Ireland. If armies of four or five hundred smugglers, supported by the population, fought pitched battles with the coast guard and revenue officers on the chalk downs of Sussex and Hampshire, and were not always defeated, there reigned all over Ireland, from Dublin to Kinsale, a state of actual civil war, which was waged by the peasantry, with horrible cruelty, by assassinations and savage deeds of violence that are still remembered with vivid force in that unhappy country, and which were met and repressed, so far as force could repress them, by equally exasperating acts of legalized cruelty and military violence. Here it was the excessive duty on spirit that was intolerable to the population; and yet this duty was but five shillings and sixpence on the gallon, while more than twice the charge was borne in England without serious difficulty. Financially, the result was, that about three million gallons paid the tax, and about seven millions were distilled and consumed in defiance of the law. Politically, the attempt to enforce the tax resulted in making Ireland more than ever a danger and disgrace to Great Britain.

Such were some of the results of over-taxation and of an overstrained protective system. It is obvious that the very highest and most statesmanlike qualities were required in the

government that was to attempt the task of reform. But it is not to be supposed that this was the only field for the activity of reformers in the financial affairs of the country. The operation of the taxes on the welfare of the people is only one side of financial science. The administrative system under which the revenue is collected and expended, if not first in actual importance, is certainly first in order of time among financial problems; for it is useless to expect economy and foresight from a wasteful and blundering treasury, whose errors are not the mere mistakes of an incompetent chief, but are the inevitable result of false principles.

It is absolutely impossible to furnish anything like a fair picture of the system under which the finances of Great Britain suffered at the beginning of this century. The student, who has labored month after month to comprehend it, turns away at last with despair, and abandons the attempt as not worth, even if successful, a tenth part of the mental effort that is required to fathom it. There was no beginning, no middle, and no end. There was a bottomless ocean of accounts, without a system, without connection, and without result. There were innumerable departments and bureaus, independent of each other, and accountable to no one. The mysteries of the exchequer were portentous. Few Englishmen, even then, had any conception what functions were exercised by such mediæval creations as the Department of the Pells, the Pipe Office, and the Tally Court, the calm abodes of happy sinecurists, whose duties of inconceivable clumsiness had long been assumed by the Bank of England and other offices, but who were still permitted to perform by deputy an imaginary routine. If any one should still be unwisely curious to penetrate these forgotten absurdities, he must consult the reports of Parliamentary commissions from 1824 to 1834, which resulted in their abolition. England, Scotland, and Ireland had each its own exchequer, repeating these costly eccentricities inherited from the Middle Ages.

Leaving this part of the investigation as of merely secondary importance, the main inquiry must be directed to the method of administering the treasury. This was an inheritance from Mr. Pitt. When he had remodelled, in 1787, the whole sys-

tem of English finance, his great object was, not only to restore order and method where only confusion had existed, but to secure the ultimate redemption of the public debt. His idea seems to have been, that, if a sufficient portion of the permanent revenue were to be set aside and appropriated by law to the payment of the annual interest and a certain part of the principal of the debt, the result would be, not only to simplify the accounts, but to furnish an additional guaranty for the national credit. He therefore divided the whole of the revenues of the country into two branches, applicable to two distinct classes of payments. The first comprised all the permanent taxes, united into one *consolidated fund*, and this was by law appropriated to the payment of the permanent charges of the national debt and the civil list. The second comprised the taxes voted by Parliament only for the year, and was left for the charges of the army and navy, and the civil expenditure of the government.

Mr. Pitt's famous sinking fund was the supplement to this plan. His original scheme was, that one million sterling should be applied annually from surplus revenue, and should accumulate at compound interest until the whole debt should be extinguished.

These large and ingenious arrangements answered all Mr. Pitt's wishes for the first five years. His success was such as to place him unquestionably at the head of all living statesmen But then the French war broke out, and no possible financial scheme, except the simplest, could have resisted the pressure of the next twenty-three years. In a surprisingly short time all Mr. Pitt's elaborate structure crumbled to pieces. Yet not only he, but all his successors, clung to the hollow shells of the two funds with an obstinacy as remarkable as their conduct of the war itself. For every new loan that was raised, Parliament carefully set aside some new tax to meet the annual charge, and appropriated it to the consolidated fund, as though that fund still had some inherent virtue which would insure the payment of the national obligations in case all the rest of the system should become bankrupt, or as though every tax, of whatever description, was not just as much pledged to the payment of the interest of the debt as though fifty acts of Parlia-

ment had reasserted the fact. This, however, was only a cumbrous form of management. The sinking fund became a most pernicious burden on the nation. Every loan that was contracted, however ruinous the terms, was increased by the amount of a certain proportion of the whole, which was set aside as a part of the sinking fund. In other words, it was expected to pay off the debt by borrowing money at a time when the nation's credit was at its lowest ebb. Under this treatment, the sinking fund rapidly grew to gigantic proportions. It was perfectly evident that the debt also increased in a similar or a greater ratio; but nevertheless the government actually introduced a measure, which became law, restricting the operation of the fund, on the ground that it would pay off the debt too rapidly. Nothing could shake the infatuated faith of the British people in the magical efficacy of these two funds. The argument against them was simply met by the assurance that, whether right or wrong, the confidence of the public and the respect of foreign nations was so largely founded on a belief in the efficacy of the system, that the national credit would not stand the shock of abandoning it.

However effective this answer may have been during the dark years of the war, when the salvation of England depended on her credit, it seems as though the return of peace should have deprived it of further force. Yet the two funds continued to flourish with unabated energy. The original scheme of Mr. Pitt had long been lost, and little of his project remained except the names and the mistakes. The system had ceased to be comprehensible. The public accounts were a chaos, and the budget speeches seem really to have been made with the intention of adding to the confusion.

Parliament never knew, nor could know, what was the exact relation between the income and expenditure of the year; and when unreasonable radicals supplicated for a balance-sheet, they were answered as though such an innovation was big with revolutionary dangers. The fact of the total want of a balance-sheet seems to modern minds so incredible, that it may be well to quote a passage from the report of a select committee on the public accounts, made to Parliament in 1822, six years after the time now spoken of.

"The principal and most prominent defect in the present form of the accounts is, that they neither do, nor can, exhibit any balance between the income and expenditure of the year. The income side of the account shows the amount collected from the subject and the amount paid into the exchequer within the year. . . . . The expenditure-sheet has not been framed on this principle; and, with respect to some of the chief heads of the service, such as the army and the ordnance, instead of containing a statement of the issues made from the exchequer, it gives the amount of payments by the distributing public officers, to whom the moneys required for their respective services are issued from the exchequer. The account of incomes and the account of expenditure, therefore, are accounts of different kinds, and no true balance can be struck by comparing them together."

No man, whatever industry he might possess, could come to an undisputed conclusion upon the financial situation of the country. Mr. Hume stated, in 1821, and no less an authority than Mr. Ricardo indorsed the statement, that not only was there a difference of some millions between the budget and the annual accounts, in regard to the reduction of debt, but even on so simple a matter as the deficiency of the consolidated fund there were three public accounts, all signed by the same person, all relating to the same period, and all presenting a different result.

If Mr. Hume, whose Scotch sagacity and indefatigable patience have never been equalled, and Mr. Ricardo, who was the first political economist of his time, abandoned in despair the attempt to unravel the complications of the consolidated fund, which was then the principal part of the financial system, the chance is small indeed that any man in the present day can arrive at a better result. The budget speeches were almost silent in regard to it, and the information given by the official accounts was apparently only such as the humorous disposition of the public accountant incited him to furnish by way of a riddle for the amusement of over-zealous members of the House of Commons. If the difficulty even were explained, it is doubtful whether most people could understand the explanation. The nature of the fund has already been described. Certain taxes were appropriated to certain purposes. So long as the taxes were sufficiently productive for those payments, the system worked tolerably well. But there were sometimes

years when the taxes fell off, and their amount was not sufficient to meet the charges put by law upon the fund. When this happened, the government borrowed the amount of the deficiency from the Bank, pledging exchequer bills in return, and pledging the next quarter's receipts of the fund to meet and pay these exchequer bills. The deficiency meanwhile might or might not be reckoned as a part of the annual deficiency, or a deduction from the annual surplus. The Chancellor of the Exchequer enjoyed a wide latitude of conscience on that point, and it was sometimes very convenient to be able to shut his eyes to a deficit of seven or eight million pounds, with which of course neither he nor the House nor the country had anything to do, since it concerned only the consolidated fund. The consolidated fund existed for the very purpose of providing for the national debt, without allowing the matter to enter into the range of common questions of supply. There was, therefore, much to be said in favor of the official view of the question.

But the transaction did not end always even here. The fund borrowed, as a sort of independent corporation, the amount of its arrears from the Bank. Let us suppose ten millions to have been borrowed in this way. The Bank received the taxes composing the resources of the fund as fast as they were collected. Let us suppose a quarter's income, or say eight million pounds, to have been nearly received, constituting the guaranty for the debt owed by the fund. The government now stepped in and borrowed this eight million for its immediate wants, thus exhibiting the strange anomaly of first creating a fund for no other purpose than to secure the payment of debt, then allowing that fund to create a debt of its own, and, finally, itself borrowing, as an advantage to the public, its own money, which was already doubly pledged, and substituting its own bonds as the security for the security of the security for the national securities.

Is it to be wondered at that the cleverest men in England were mystified when these transactions were put before them piecemeal in separate accounts, and they were asked to guess the riddle? It was notorious, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, whose experience at least was ample, did not understand the very explanations which he himself made to the

House, far less the accounts that came to him from his own department. The officers of the Exchequer openly confessed that they could not comprehend the accounts which they made out, and to which their names were signed. The public knew nothing but their taxes.

There was another evil incident to this confused condition of the finances. The functions of the Exchequer were assumed by the Bank of England; and in the absence of a powerful mind at the head of the government, the Bank had become almost the exclusive director of the financial policy of the country. The management of the Bank was not so remarkable for ability at this time as to make such an arrangement a great advantage. Mr. Ricardo went so far as to say that it was totally ignorant of the principles of political economy. When the House of Commons decided, in 1819, to return to specie payments, the Bank presented a remonstrance which contained a remarkable paragraph, appealing to its duties to the community at large, "whose interests in a pecuniary and commercial relation had, in a great degree, been intrusted to its discretion." This assumption of authority, on the part of a mere subordinate office, was treated by Mr. Peel as a melancholy truth, the fault of Parliament itself, and of the government which had thus allowed its functions to fall into the hands of a private corporation.

If an energetic reform was required in the system of taxation and in the administration of the public property, it was certainly not less necessary to subject the expenditure to the most rigid scrutiny. A thoroughly economical government is among the rarest blessings ever vouchsafed to a nation, and a long period of war does not tend to teach or to encourage the habit of frugality. Besides, the English system of government and of society was essentially an extravagant one, and only the most resolute popular opposition could make the ruling party conscious of this fact.

There were two great branches in the national expenditure, which were about equal in amount. There was, in the first place, the regular annual interest on the national debt, funded and floating, which amounted to more than £30,000,000 sterling; and this was, for the time, beyond the reach of economy.

But even here there was much to be done. It was necessary to fund a large amount of the exchequer bills. It was necessary to look sharply to the management of the debt by the Bank. Above all, it was the part of a good finance minister so to adapt his measures as to encourage popular confidence in the national credit, in order to hasten the moment when a reduction of interest should be possible on the most burdensome of the public securities. This in itself involved a whole system of finance, and demanded ability of the highest order.

The second branch of the expenditure was divided into several heads. There were the civil expenses of government, the army, the navy, the ordnance, and a miscellaneous division which embraced a variety of appropriations as well for internal improvements as for other purposes.

The most immediate want was, of course, a large measure of reduction in the armaments, to be followed by an elaborate reform in the various departments. During some years of the war, the expenditure on this account had risen to more than seventy millions, exclusive of foreign subsidies. The question of what should be the proper peace establishment was one of especial difficulty to a generation which had scarcely known any condition but that of war; and it was made still more embarrassing by the disturbed state of Ireland, requiring it to be treated like a conquered country, as well as by the immense colonial possessions of Great Britain, which seemed to demand protection on account of their exposed positions and the mixture of races.

The civil expenditure of the government had also been allowed to flourish in unchecked extravagance during the war. There was a rich field for reformers and radicals in the extirpation of those numerous sinecure offices whose quaint names and obsolete functions were little known to the public, except so far as the regular annual parliamentary accounts established the fact that there were still men who drew the salaries attached to them. The whole amount of the civil expenditure did not, indeed, form a very large proportion of the public burdens. Two or three million pounds covered the whole charge. But, large or small, it was too heavy for the tax-payers, who were justly indignant if a single shilling were unnecessarily added

to the enormous sum which they were obliged to pay. There was the more excuse for the most rigid economy, since the privilege of possessing a constitutional monarch and an aristocratic court was by no means obtained for nothing. His Majesty's household cost the nation more than a million sterling annually, with no visible return, since the King was blind and insane, and lived in close confinement at Windsor. How much the Prince Regent cost, Heaven only knows. He drew £ 65,000 a year by way of pension on the consolidated fund; but as he was perpetually in debt, and as the country was perpetually called upon to pay his debts, it is not easy to discover where the expense ended. Besides the King and the Prince Regent, there were fifteen royal princes and princesses who drew pensions, varying from £ 35,000 downwards, from the consolidated fund alone, making an aggregate of rather more than £ 250,000 annually, on account of the royal family; in return for which the nation not only failed to obtain a magnificent court, but was obliged to satisfy itself with one which was particularly offensive to its tastes.

It was, however, the British theory to pay public servants well, except where they were not paid at all. Perhaps nothing would have stung the average British mind more sharply, than the idea that the representatives of his country abroad were unable to maintain as high a scale of expense as those of France, Russia, and Austria. The example of Russia and the United States of America was of no effect, except to place those countries low in the British estimation. It was certain, however, that the gratification of this fancy added largely to the national expenditure; not so much, perhaps, from the actual salaries paid, as by the scale of expense which was encouraged, and the habit of lavishing large sums for small objects. The most burdensome form in which this practice showed itself was in the shape of pensions, superannuation allowances, and similar charges, either for life or in perpetuity; which, considering the fact that the salaries themselves were in most cases so liberal, seem to have been somewhat superfluous, and by no means calculated to impress any lesson of economy upon the servants of the crown. The precise amount of all the different classes of pensions after the war cannot easily be ascertained,

if, indeed, it is possible at all to collect them from the published accounts of so many various departments throughout the three kingdoms; but they formed one of the most serious items of expense with which the government had to deal, and those connected with the army and navy gave occasion, in 1822, for an effort on the part of Mr. Vansittart to diminish their burden, which was the last of many financial operations effected by him, and which made his name long notorious.

We have now passed in review, rapidly, and no doubt superficially, but at as much length as is possible, the financial difficulties with which England at the close of the war had to struggle, so far as they related to the revenue. It would have been fortunate for her if these had been the only evils bequeathed to her by the war. Serious as they were, although they demanded the most laborious attention, the exercise of the highest order of intellect, and the most resolute perseverance, there remained still another evil, which lay behind them all, and demanded an immediate remedy.

Considering the length and the violence of the strain to which the resources of England had been subjected, it is rather a matter of surprise that her currency had not become utterly worthless, than that it should have suffered a certain degree of depreciation. The Bank had suspended specie payments in 1797; but for more than ten years after that time the Bank paper remained on a par with gold, or at a very slight discount. It was only in 1809 that the price of bullion began to maintain itself at a permanently higher rate, which continued till the close of the war. In 1810, the average depreciation of the currency was $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In 1814, it was 25 per cent, and this was its lowest point. In 1815 and 1816, the Bank paper gained credit, and averaged $16\frac{7}{10}$ per cent discount.

How far this depreciation was the cause of speculation and overtrading, it is difficult to prove. It is, however, agreed, that there was a very considerable rise in prices from 1812 to 1814, and that the country bankers undertook to do more business than their capital justified, on security that was of too fluctuating a value to be safe. The consequence was, that when, in 1814 and 1815, a reaction took place, first of all in the price of corn, and then in that of almost every staple article of trade,

there ensued a crash among the private bankers, accompanied by a collapse of their credit as banks of issue, which at once purged the circulation of a vast amount of paper, and substituted that of the Bank of England in its place. But the relief thus given to the currency showed itself towards the close of 1816 by the restoration of the Bank paper to a par with gold.

Unfortunately, however, the mere fact that the Bank notes were of the same value as gold was by no means equivalent to a return to specie payments. The country had gone through a period of depreciation, and, if it was allowed to continue, was certain to be demoralized by it. Already the agricultural interest complained because the farms, leased at a time when corn sold at six pounds the quarter, could no longer be made to pay the extravagant rental thus fastened upon them. The business classes, the merchants, the bankers, the retailers, naturally timid in the face of measures likely to affect their interests, trembled with fear at the thought of commencing business upon a system entirely new to all but the oldest among them. Every month that the return to a specie basis was delayed strengthened the ultimate opposition to the measure, and encouraged the party which maintained that promptness was dangerous, and that it was necessary by act of Parliament to prevent the nation's too easy progress up an ascent so difficult that few nations have ever succeeded in climbing it.

The history of the process by which Great Britain succeeded at length in restoring its original standard of value is one so important, so instructive, but also so complicated and disputed, that it cannot be dealt with in a few sentences. It requires an entire chapter to itself. It called into full play the best ability in England, and for many years after the result was accomplished a perpetual dispute was maintained in regard to its justice and its effects. Among the many financial difficulties which surrounded the government of that day, this was the one which a high statesmanship would have considered the most pressing, for it lay at the basis of all transactions involving an exchange of values, as well between the government and its subjects as between every individual and his neighbor.

With this last difficult problem of the currency our survey of the financial situation of Great Britain may be considered com-

pleted. Yet something remains to be said in regard to the men upon whom the vast labor fell of restoring order in the national affairs, and of creating the new formulas by which the economy of the nation was destined in the future to be represented. For it is obvious that between such a condition as has been described and that which England enjoys at present there is not a difference of degree, but of kind. It is a complete revolution that has taken place, and not merely a modification. Only fifty years have passed, and there has been no break of continuity, but a steady and natural process of development has been always going on, always irresistibly tending towards one result, until at length we find that the principles upon which the government of England acts are the direct reverse of those which it considered essential in 1816. Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Peel, and Mr. Frederick Robinson were all in the government at the close of the war, and supported Mr. Vansittart's measures so far as they were called upon to do so; yet these were the very men by whom the subsequent policy was created and developed. There appears to be something that needs explanation in this curious copartnership.

Lord Liverpool's followers comprised a considerable majority of the House of Commons, and usually followed their leader without useless remonstrance, wherever their orders directed. But nevertheless the government itself contained two classes of members so strangely differing in character that their successful co-operation may well be a matter of surprise.

Lord Liverpool's own opinions were naturally sound and liberal upon economical questions, though he wanted the force of personal character to stamp them upon his administration. Nor indeed was there even in men like Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Rose any such devotion to antiquated prejudices as might be supposed from the condition of the departments they directed. Mr. Vansittart was not a man gifted with the blind Toryism of Lord Sidmouth, or the narrow-minded perverseness of Lord Eldon. He was simply a thoroughly incompetent mind. It would scarcely be worth the while to dwell upon his qualities at any length, if it were not that he was almost a perfect representative of the old school of financiers, — the school of Perceval and Addington, — a school

which had sprung from Mr. Pitt's side when his better days had passed, and which lent the influence of narrow minds to encourage and aggravate the mistakes of a great one. English finance has not even yet entirely cleared itself from the traditions of this period.

Mr. Vansittart had served long in the treasury, and had stored his mind with all the intricate knowledge of financial machinery that a laborious subordinate can always so readily learn. Mr. Pitt, no doubt, was an object of his unbounded admiration. But the qualities which he would admire in Mr. Pitt's mind would probably be precisely those which caused him, with all his genius, to create nothing which has endured. Men like Mr. Vansittart and his contemporaries in office thought it little that Mr. Pitt had aimed at magnificent results, that his ambition led him into a superb attempt to pay off the national debt, and that to effect his purpose he had created, with scarcely any assistance from precedent, a great and admirable system where none existed before. What dazzled the eyes of Mr. Pitt's successors was, that the machinery invented by him was rich in detail and ingenious in expedients. That every loan should have its special tax, that every tax should go to a special fund, that each fund should be so constructed as to balance and support the other, — that there should be wheels within wheels, and springs beneath springs, until the whole structure was elaborated to a point of theoretical perfection, — this it was that seemed wonderful to the men that had seen its creation and had received it from the hands of its dying inventor. The results of such an education were most disastrous to England, for there arose a race of so-called financiers; — men who drew their political economy from the traditions of the Exchequer, and their financial knowledge from the Stock Exchange; men whose highest idea of a policy was the skill to place a loan at a half per cent better terms than its predecessor had obtained; men who to effect this tried to mystify the public, and to avail themselves of all the complications in which the official accounts were so rich; men who in the struggle to obtain means for carrying on the war forgot that there were laws which regulated the limits of taxation, to go beyond which was a folly and a crime; and finally, men

who, in their zeal to raise money, entirely disregarded the fact, that the first duty of a finance minister is to exercise some degree of economy in spending it.

As a Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Vansittart's incapacity was scarcely a matter of dispute. But he possessed, from long experience, the kind of tact and business knowledge which gives men influence in the House of Commons, and frequently enabled him to meet with success the attacks of the Whig opposition. There was in his character a fund of good nature and a cordial indifference to abuse which attracted sympathy, and protected him when opposition members howled in his face, that "the present distresses were occasioned by having a miserable, miscalculating, puny Chancellor of the Exchequer, who did not know the resources of the country, owing to the ignorance and want of power of his little mind." Although a heavy burden to the Ministry of which he was a member, he long retained his office, and only retired to the honorable ease of the House of Lords in 1822, after having been ten years at the head of the finances.

Of the liberal wing of the administration Mr. Huskisson was by far the ablest member, and indeed it is not too much to say that, within his own sphere of economical subjects, he was not surpassed by any man then in public life. The extent of his knowledge, the soundness of his judgment, the breadth of his views, and his natural instinct, leading him always to stand just so far in advance of his contemporaries as to inspire them with confidence in the safety and moderation of his guidance without obliging them to accept paradoxical or unpopular truths, — these qualities combined to give Mr. Huskisson a personal weight which only needed the support of high office to prove itself in great administrative reforms. But, unfortunately, he was no politician, and in consequence had so managed his party course as to throw away the power he had a right to claim, until at forty-six years old he still found himself buried out of sight as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, when he might and should have been in a commanding position in the Cabinet.

The political blunders of Mr. Huskisson had thrown a younger and much weaker man into the foreground. This was Mr. Frederick Robinson, the Vice-President of the Board

of Trade, who rapidly rose to be President of that Board, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary for the Colonies, and Prime Minister. Mr. Frederick Robinson, Lord Goderich, or Lord De Grey and Ripon, by whichever name we may choose to call him, was a man of considerable abilities and a decidedly liberal turn of mind; but as a statesman he was particularly happy in having two great men at his side, Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson. With their assistance he accomplished great results, without it he found the burden of a high position intolerable. At the return of peace he was still in a subordinate office, but even there his influence was thrown, not without effect, on the side of progress and reform.

It cannot be said that this was the case with Mr. Peel, who was the Chief Secretary for Ireland at this time. Mr. Peel's power consisted, not so much in the opinions which he held and advocated, as in his capacity for changing them at the right moment. Few statesmen of his rank have changed their political creed so much and on so many points; perhaps not one has ever, like him, succeeded through all changes in retaining popular confidence and esteem. At the close of the war he was an extreme Tory; and although he was ultimately influenced greatly by his association with Mr. Huskisson, it was a very long time before he became a convert to those opinions on questions of trade which have made his reputation eclipse that of his teacher. It is one of the most curious facts of modern English history, that he who in 1817 was the ally of Lord Sidmouth and Lord Eldon should have become the disciple of Cobden and the model of Gladstone.

The ablest of all the statesmen of this period was certainly Mr. Canning. But, unfortunately both for himself and for the country, Mr. Canning had allowed the wave of political success to sweep over him, and to carry Lord Castlereagh on its crest. It was not until Lord Castlereagh's death, in 1822, that Mr. Canning's influence obtained the control of the administration, and began to set in action the progressive energies of the nation.

All these men belonged to the Tory party. The old Whig opposition had little to offer that was better, if so good, and what little it had was soon lost. The ablest of the Whigs in

the field of financial science was Mr. Francis Horner, who, as chairman of the famous Bullion Committee, had treated very roughly the strange absurdities of Mr. Vansittart. The report of that committee, of which he was for the most part the author, was made in 1810, and in spite of the triumphant vote by which, in 1811, Mr. Vansittart carried his resolution, that "the promissory notes of the Bank of England have hitherto been, and are at this time, held to be equivalent to the legal coin of the realm," Mr. Horner's argument practically settled the question, and made his opponent's name an object of standing ridicule down to this day, — a result the more annoying, since Mr. Vansittart was not himself the real author of the resolution. It is safe to say that, if Mr. Horner had lived, his influence on the financial and commercial policy of England would have been very considerable; but his death, which took place in 1817, broke short a most promising career, and, combined with that of Sir Samuel Romilly, deprived the Whig opposition of all its best vital force.

For it cannot be said that Mr. Henry Brougham's brilliant qualities at all supplied the place of Mr. Horner's sound intellect. Mr. Brougham busied himself with economical questions, as he did with every other topic; but before and above all, he was a politician, and a selfish one. A man of far greater worth, from every point of view, was Mr. Ricardo, whose position as a member of Parliament often enabled him to infuse into the debates a spirit of philosophy which is rare enough in the best of legislative assemblies. He, however, did not enter Parliament till 1819; and his death, in 1823, took place before the new theories of internal policy were fairly developed. Another person, who came into public life at the same time, but whose career lasted through all the vicissitudes of free trade down to a very late day, was an eminently useful and energetic reformer, whom the English public laughed at and abused during his whole life, but discovered after his death to have been one of those rare, bold, indefatigable, and scrupulously honest characters, whose existence makes amends for a world of Parliamentary nobodies. This was Joseph Hume, — a thorn in the side of each successive Ministry, a sort of self-constituted tribune of the people, with an eye for abuses and a

tongue for dilating upon them that made him at once the terror of ministers and of the House, which fled from his speeches with some reasonable excuse. Mr. Hume was, however, a man of broad and statesmanlike views, which is more than can fairly be said of Mr. Cobbett, who was even more active in his denunciation of the evils that were so strongly stamped upon the system of internal government. In fact, the popular feeling was too strongly directed upon political grievances to allow of its giving any deep attention to difficult financial and commercial questions, the connection of which with its own objects was not always obvious; and popular orators, like Cobbett and Hunt, exercised only an indirect and very modified influence upon the development of those liberal and progressive economical theories which neither Whig nor Tory could claim as exclusively their own property, but which each party made use of in its turn.

Thus it will be seen how small was the number of prominent men who, in 1816, could exercise an influence in favor of reform. And in this respect it is only right to do justice to Lord Liverpool and Mr. Vansittart. Neither they nor their opponents considered finance as a field for party divisions. Mr. Vansittart's want was one of capacity, not of will. It is a curious fact that he, though administering a system in which protection was carried to absurdity, was yet in his opinions a free-trader, as was also Lord Liverpool. Both of them were far in advance on this point of the public opinion of their time; for the popular wishes were solely directed on financial affairs to the reduction of taxation, and the knowledge of the theories of finance was extremely slight even among the wealthiest of the middle class. This was shown in regard to the income tax. Fifty years later the income tax was a popular measure, since it threw upon the holders of property a heavy burden which otherwise must have been borne by the poor. In 1816 the property tax was thoroughly unpopular, not only among the rich, but among the poor whom it relieved, and who actually allowed themselves to be persuaded that the heavy duties on corn, tea, beer, and tobacco were preferable to one which they did not feel. It was necessary, therefore, that the small body of political economists who saw in advance that free trade, whether

suitable or not for other nations, was the only possible policy for England, should begin at the very foundations, and educate even those for whose special benefit their measures would immediately operate. There was no basis of existing public opinion upon which they could stand.

If, then, we attempt to sum up the results of this long inquiry into a condition of affairs now forgotten, we shall find that Great Britain, then a nation of twenty million inhabitants, was burdened with an annual charge of more than £30,000,000 of debt, to which was added more than £20,000,000 of ordinary expenditure; that her administrative system was in the highest degree cumbrous, expensive, and inefficient; that her revenue was drawn indiscriminately from every available source, without regard to the disastrous results upon national industries and the national character, and in violation of all the acknowledged principles of political economy; that her expenditure was extravagant, and without any sufficient check in public opinion; that her currency was deranged, and the standard of value fluctuating in such a manner as to stimulate powerful interests into a resistance to any return towards the former specie basis; that her principal officers were unequal to the effort which a return to sound financial and economical principles would have required; that Parliament was, with the exception of a very few of its members, incompetent to deal properly with such a state of affairs, and too apt to be influenced by personal and political motives; and, finally, that the people were themselves ignorant of the true nature of the difficulties under which they were laboring, and the few really progressive minds in England were obliged to trust to those natural popular instincts which in the end usually decide rightly in regard to the interests of the people.

It was not surprising that some of the most patriotic and excellent Englishmen were in alarm lest their country should succumb under this accumulation of difficulties. And yet a few years of peaceful development enabled it to support the burden of the debt with an ease which is a just subject for pride; it purged the administrative system of its abuses, and made it comparatively simple, economical, and efficient; it created a wholly new system of revenue, founded on sound

laws, and interfering to the least possible extent with the industry and character of the people. If it has not restricted the expenditure, and reduced the debt so far as was possible and right, this is merely because the people themselves, in their wealth, became indifferent and extravagant; it restored, without any concession to interested clamor, the ancient and only sound basis to the currency; it educated a race of statesmen who, in regard to economical subjects, were certainly not inferior to any in the world; it placed in Parliament numbers of men who, whatever their faults may have been or may now be, were, and are now, better acquainted with those laws of financial science — ignorance of which has become inexcusable in legislators — than the members of any other legislative assembly in Europe; and, finally, it has diffused among the people a degree of acquaintance with the true bearing of their own interests, which has strangely modified their national tendencies, and will ultimately wholly break down the ancient barriers of insular prejudice and exclusiveness.

The process by which these results have been effected, and the consideration of what has still been left incomplete, must be a worthy subject of careful study; but it involves so great a variety of topics, and so wide a range of doubtful or disputed conclusions, that, unless rigidly restricted within the proper limits of the regions that belong purely to finance, the discussion would soon extend itself beyond any ordinary capacity of endurance, and lose the interest which belongs to it of furnishing instruction to other nations which are placed in circumstances more or less similar.

ART. III. — 1. *Works of* CHARLES LAMB (*including Life and Letters, by* SIR EDWARD NOON TALFOURD). London: Edward Moxon. 1850.

2. *Eliana: being the hitherto uncollected Writings of* CHARLES LAMB. Boston: William Veazie. 1864.

3. *Charles Lamb: a Memoir.* By BARRY CORNWALL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

4. *Charles Lamb, his Friends, his Haunts, and his Books.* By PERCY FITZGERALD. London: Richard Bentley. 1866.

"I AM sorry to see the announcement of a new Life of Charles Lamb," exclaimed a lively lady the other day. "Everybody is as tired of the 'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,' pronounced over 'poor Lamb's' body by our magazines and newspapers, as the Athenians were of the 'Prepare to admire' that ushered the just Aristides into conversation. Were the question to come to a vote, this model man would be banished from periodical literature by a larger majority than that which sent the ancient embodiment of tiresome virtue into exile."

There is more reason in Mrs. ——'s outburst than may at first sight appear to Lamb's ardent admirers. He has been loved with the fond foolishness of indiscriminating affection. Not content with drawing a veil over frailties, which, like Goldsmith's vanity and Johnson's irascibility, endear a man to his fellows, Lamb's eulogists have ascribed to him all the qualities which no gentleman's character should be without; whereof many were as little to his taste as the Histories of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Flavius Josephus, the Statutes at Large, and Paley's Moral Philosophy, which Elia classed with draughtboards, bound and lettered on the back, as "books that no gentleman's library should be without, — books which are no books, but things in books' clothing," — and for which he proposed to substitute lives of the heroes of Pope's Dunciad. Biographers and reviewers have tried to subject his character to a process resembling that which his article upon Wordsworth for the Quarterly Review suffered at the hands of Mr. "Baviad Gifford," who put its soul out with his editorial snuffers. They have done their best to transform into a "goodish" per-

son one who said of himself, "I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles"; who recognized in the "smooth satinity" of a professional philanthropist's style the "silken seemingness of his nature," and refused to be crawled over by "such caterpillars"; who never learned to fold a letter or to pack a trunk; and who inferred, from the "dreadful order and proportion" in which he found his garments the morning after a dinner-party, that he had been put to bed. They forget what he wrote, at the age of twenty-five, to Coleridge: "For God's sake, don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, or do it in better verses. It did well enough five years ago, when I was moral coxcomb enough to feed upon such epithets. My sentiment is long since vanished. My virtues have done *sucking*. Such praise is fit only for a greensick sonneteer." They quote with approbation, but neglect to apply to their own labors, his answer at fifty-two to a request to subscribe for a statue to Clarkson. We commend it to those who talk of erecting a Gothic monument to Lamb's own memory, in place of the humble head and foot stones that mark where his remains lie in Edmonton churchyard, under the shadow of a "hideous structure in compo," commemorative of the virtues of a fellow-clerk.

"Goodness blows no trumpet, nor desires to have it blown. *We should be modest for a modest man*, — as he is for himself. The vanities of life — art, poetry, skill military — are subjects for trophies; not the silent thoughts arising in a good man's mind in lonely places. Instead of the locality recalling the noblest moment of his existence, it is a place at which his friends (that is himself) blow to the world, 'What a good man is he!' I sat down upon a hillock at Forty Hill yesternight, — a fine, contemplative evening, — with a thousand good speculations about mankind. How I yearned with cheap benevolence! I shall go and inquire of the stone-cutter that cuts the tombstones there what a stone with a short inscription will cost, — just to say, 'Here C. Lamb loved his brethren of mankind.' Everybody will come there to love."

It is easy to learn from these extracts how Lamb would have relished the stock epithets which have so long done duty in notices of his life, the unmanly tears shed over him by senti-

mental writers, their attitudinizing before a dead perfection, and their blindness to defects in character and faults in conduct of which his own letters supply abundant evidence. While appreciating the agreeable characteristics of Barry Cornwall's Memoir, he would have laughed at his old friend's idolatry, preferring to be known just as he was, with all his vices and weaknesses, his irritability, his fits of depression, his waywardness, his unavailing struggles against temptation in the form of a social glass or pipe too much.

But if Lamb would have been amused at the endeavors of his biographers to make him figure as an uninteresting saint, he would have been justly indignant at their transformation of him into a Christian hero or martyr, who sacrificed himself for his sister Mary's sake. He thought it an agreeable duty to share his humble home with her, instead of leaving her in an insane asylum all her life. Mary had been to him (up to the terrible moment when he wrenched from her hand the knife with which, in a fit of madness brought on by devotion to their sick mother, she had just killed that mother) all that a sister can be to a brother ten years her junior. What wonder that she should have been missed from a home darkened by such a calamity, in which the sole amusement had come to consist in games of cribbage with a querulous father, now in his dotage, who grudged Charles even the time to write to Coleridge. What so natural as the lonely brother's frequent expressions of regret at his inability to bring her home during their father's lifetime, or as his determination to do so after that poor old father's death. He could not see, he said, "what she had done to deserve perpetual confinement or the necessity of such a hardship," insisted upon though it was by friends of the family and by the elder brother John, a burly, selfish old bachelor, who would not consent to Mary's release until Charles had promised to support her during the residue of her life. "After one little half-year's illness," writes Lamb, "and such an illness, of such a nature, and of such consequences, to get her into the world with a prospect of her never being so ill again, — this is to be ranked not among the common blessings of Providence." After residing alone a few weeks, Mary went to her brother's lodgings, and thenceforward

until his death — a period of more than thirty-six years — they lived together, except during the dreary intervals, recurring every few months and lasting several weeks, which she spent in a madhouse. Lamb's letters written during her absences from home show the deep impression they made upon him, the gloom of his solitary lodgings, and his eager looking forward to her restoration. "What large pieces," he writes in 1809, "Mary's sad distraction cuts out of life; out of *her* life, who is getting rather old; and we may not have many years together." "Here," he writes in 1827, "is a comfortable house, but no tenants. One does not make a family. Do not think I am quite in despair; but, in addition to hopes protracted, I have a stupefying cold and the sun is dead." And in 1829: "I have been very desolate indeed. With all their company," — that of Emma Isola, his adopted daughter, and a fellow school-girl, — "the house is a frightful solitude." Sometimes his reason, which had once given way, seems almost to desert him. Thus he writes Coleridge in 1800, two years after his sister's first release: "My heart is quite sunk, and I don't know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and stillness. I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead." And in 1815: "The return of her disorder has been frightfully soon this time, with scarce a six months' interval. I am almost afraid my worry of spirits about the East India House was partly the cause. I don't know but the recurrence of these illnesses might help me to sustain her death better than if we had had no partial separations." But no such expressions as were wrung from him by grief for his sister's prolonged absence ever fell from Lamb's pen or lips while she was with him. Occasionally he betrayed an anxiety, caused by the increasing frequency of her relapses; but he was otherwise as calm and happy in her society as it was in his nature to be.

Mary was, by all accounts, a superior person. Of the well-known "Tales from Shakespeare," which are still the delight of young people, her share is, as Charles was fond of saying, better done than his. The same is true of the tales in "Mrs.

Leicester's School." Without possessing the genius of her brother, she told a story better than he. She was the valued correspondent of Mrs. Shelley, Miss Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hazlitt. All who knew her bear testimony to the serenity of her intellect and the beauty of her character. Hazlitt declared that she was the "only thoroughly reasonable woman" he had ever met. Talfourd says: "Miss Lamb would have been remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of all her acts and words, even if these qualities had not been presented in marvellous contrast with the distraction under which she suffered for weeks, latterly for months, in every year. In all its essential sweetness her character was like her brother's; while, by a temper more placid, a spirit of enjoyment more serene, she was enabled to guide, to console, to cheer him, and to protect him on the verge of the mysterious calamity from the depths of which she rose so often unruffled to the surface." Talfourd adds, that, though her conversation in sanity seldom rose beyond "that of a sensible, quiet gentlewoman, appreciating and enjoying the talents of her friends, it was otherwise in her madness." Then "her ramblings often sparkled with brilliant description and shattered beauty." Mr. Procter says: "She had more sympathy with modern books and fancies than her brother had. She wore a neat cap of the fashion of her youth,—an old-fashioned dress. Her face was pale and somewhat square, but very placid, with gray, intelligent eyes. She was very mild in her manner to strangers, and to her brother gentle and tender always. His affection for her was somewhat less on the surface, but was always present. There was great gratitude intermingled with it." Wordsworth calls her

> "The meek,
> The self-restraining, and the ever kind;
> In whom thy [Lamb's] reason and intelligent heart
> Found — for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
> All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers,
> Whether withheld or for her sake unsought —
> More than sufficient recompense!"

These citations are enough to show what Mary was to her friends, and also what, in their opinion, she was to her brother. It only remains to add, that he was fully aware of his great

obligations to her. He calls her, at different times, "my guardian angel," — "the most estimable person I ever knew," — "the most thoroughly devoid of the least tincture of selfishness," — "a prop" without which "I dare not think lest I should think wrong, so used am I to look up to her in my least and biggest perplexity." "I have never met with any one, never shall meet with any one, who could or can compensate me for the loss of her society." "To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could well understand. She is older and wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me, and I know I have been wasting and teasing her life these five years with my cursed ways of going on." He charges her relapses upon his own nervousness or depression, "black as a smith's beard, volcanic, Stygian." In the Elia essays, his love and gratitude to Mary, there called his Cousin Bridget, frequently appear. Thus he says: "I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division." And again: "In all seasons of distress she is the truest comforter." "I am sure always in the long run to be brought over to her way of thinking." "My obligations to her extend beyond the period of memory." Some of these eulogies may seem the extravagance of love; but Mary was certainly of as much service to Charles in restraining his excesses, regulating his waywardness, and dispelling his melancholy, as he, with all his devotion, was to her.

Through their united lives she continued to be, as she had been in childhood, his nearest friend. Her intervals of sanity becoming, as she advanced in age, fewer and farther between, his hold upon life seemed to relax with her hold upon reason, and he died about a year after he went to live with her in a private asylum, where she was thenceforward confined. It was while living thus that he wrote: "When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of the world. Her heart is obscured, not buried; it breaks out occasionally, and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere hap-

pier than under the same roof with her." Life would evidently have been of little value to Lamb, had Mary (who outlived him a period of nearly eleven years, passed in "a twilight of consciousness") died first. His reason, which was affected by the death of Coleridge a few months before his own, might not have survived the loss of his sister, although that sister had become, according to one who saw her at Enfield, a "shapeless bundle of an old woman, in a bonnet like a mob-cap."

These facts, which show the dependence of Lamb upon Mary, are derived from the very writers who talk of his "self-sacrificing love and ennobling heroism," — of "sacrifices accepted in heaven," — of "self-devotion more lovely than anything in human action or endurance," — of "the most melancholy life and the noblest sacrifice in literary history," etc. But those who employ this language directly assume or indirectly intimate that Lamb deliberately renounced the hand of a lady whom he might have married, in order to devote himself to his sister. Even were this statement borne out by the facts, it would not justify such eulogy. Not one of the women who echo the biographers' expressions but would declare that Mary would have deserved no special credit had she done for Charles what he did for her. "Women sacrifice themselves every day," said one of these enthusiasts, "for those whom they love, if you call that a sacrifice; but how rarely does a man do so, and how very rarely a literary man!" The biographers, being literary men themselves, set a high value upon an author's virtuous actions; and, being married men, attach a mysterious importance to the particular piece of self-denial ascribed to Lamb.

All our information regarding Lamb's relations with the lady to whom he is alleged to have been betrothed is derived from letters and sonnets written eight or nine months before his mother's death, from a single letter written subsequently, and from passages in the Elia essays, which were published twenty years later. In 1796, Lamb, then in his twenty-first year, writes Coleridge: "The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse. Coleridge, it may convince you of my regard for you, when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness,

as much almost as on another person who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my frenzy." And a few days later he writes again to Coleridge: "You came to town, and I saw you at a time when my heart was yet bleeding with recent wounds. Like yourself, I was *sore wounded with disappointed hope*. When you left London, I felt a dismal void in my heart. I found myself *cut off at one and the same time from two most dear to me*. In your absence, the tide of melancholy rushed in again, and did its worst mischief by overwhelming my reason. I have recovered, but feel a stupor that makes me indifferent to the hopes and fears of this world." From several sonnets written months before the date of his alleged sacrifice, we learn that "Anna was a fair-haired maid" with whom he had spent "merriest days of Love and Islington," — "*days that ne'er must come again.*" And again: —

> "Turned are those beams [of her eye] from me, who fondly yet
> Past joys, *vain loves, and buried hopes* regret."

And in a sonnet addressed to his sister, which he wrote in the asylum during a lucid interval, he says: —

> "Thou to me didst ever show
> Kindest affection; and wouldst ofttimes lend
> An ear to the *desponding, love-sick lay,*
> *Weeping my sorrows with me*, who repay
> But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
> Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend."

In a letter written three months after his mother's death, he says that in the excitement caused by that event he burned the "little journal" of his "foolish passion" which he had a long time kept. In "New Year's Eve," Elia says: "Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost." And in "A Chapter on Ears," he writes: "The blooming Fanny Weatherall of the Temple, singing at the harpsichord, had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion that not faintly indicated the dawn of that absorbing sentiment which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite for Alice W——n." In describ-

ing the gallery of family portraits at Blakesmoor, he speaks of "that beauty with the cool, blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb, that hung next the great bay-window, with the bright yellow H——shire hair and eye of watchet hue, — so like my Alice!" In the "Popular Fallacy, That we should rise with the Lark," Elia is supposed to allude to Alice in this sentence: "We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions." And, writing under the signature of "A Londoner," Lamb says: "My almost insurmountable aversion from solitude and rural scenes was never interrupted or suspended except for a few years in the younger part of my life, during a period in which I had set my passion upon a charming young woman. During this short period I contracted just familiarity enough with rural objects to understand tolerably well afterward the *poets*, when they declaim in such passionate terms in favor of a country life." In "Dream Children, a Reverie," Elia writes: —

"Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial meant in maidens; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name.'"

These passages from Lamb's writings, which are all that bear upon the question, so far from proving that he sacrificed love to duty, show that his boyish passion, after having been coquetted with by the fair Alice from his fourteenth to his twenty-first year, became clearly hopeless six months or more before the time at which his self-renunciation is imagined to have been resolved upon; that the sole alleviation of his grief was

afforded by the friendship of Coleridge and of his sister Mary; that, in consequence of the departure of the former at this critical period, he fell into a state of melancholy, which resulted in madness; that his mother's terrible death put an end to a morbid dwelling upon an irrecoverable past which might have again sent him to the madhouse, and braced his mind for the discharge of the duties which now devolved upon him; and that Alice married another, but continued to the end of his life his sweetest memory.

Eliminating the element of insanity, with all its consequences, we find no novel features in the history of this love affair. Which of us that are bachelors is not sometimes haunted by some Alice who was the idol of his youth? Which of us that are married never forgets the face of her who is his wife in tender remembrances of one who perhaps might have been so? Those only the rapture of whose first love — which came to no earthly close, as such passions rarely do — has been altogether merged in the enduring satisfaction of a second, third, or fourth love, never recall those "goldenest years" of life.

Alice W——n was often in Lamb's thoughts, not only because it was the habit of his mind to "gather himself up unto the old things," but also because he never again seriously fell in love. At least there is no evidence to that effect, unless we are to regard a vague assertion by T. W., in a letter recently written from Brussels to "Notes and Queries," as deserving of serious consideration. T. W., who, when a boy, lived next door to Lamb at Enfield, is not related to the Ulysses of American politics, whose initials he bears. He is the son of that T. W., — Walden is believed to be his surname, — "four feet and a nail high," of whose life and character Lamb's letters contain full particulars, — the John Gilpin of a commercial traveller who shrunk into a haberdasher, and finally retired upon "the scrapings together of the shop and one anecdote," who used to "laugh when he heard a joke, and also (which was much oftener) when he heard it not," upon the "gentle rising endorsation" of whose person, "innocuous as the hump of a buffalo and coronative of as mild qualities, patience seemed to sit." The son of this "star among the minor gentry" writes to "Notes and Queries," that Lamb had a love

affair "at a much later period of his life, in the *dénouement* of which he consummated the self-abnegation which has made his history one of the most touching and beautiful on record"; "but," says T. W., "as the lady who inspired this affection may still be living, it were premature to speak of it in detail." Until, however, the decease of this lady shall have unlocked T. W.'s lips, we cannot reasonably be expected to accept a statement of this character upon his bare word, unsupported as it is by evidence, direct or indirect. Possibly Lamb may have practised upon the credulity of the retired haberdasher's son, as he frequently did upon that of his elders; or perhaps the feeling inspired by the fair unknown may have been similar to that entertained for Hester Savory, a young Quaker girl to whom Lamb never spoke, according to his own confession, — "from which it may be safely concluded," says Barry Cornwall, naïvely enough, "that the attachment was essentially Platonic." Yet Lamb, in sending to his friend Manning a copy of the well-known verses — delightful for their simplicity and tenderness — which he composed upon her death, speaks of himself as having been in love with her some years, — a period brought to a close, it may be noted in passing, by Hester's death in 1803, seven years after Lamb burned the diary of his passion for Alice, and commencing, perhaps, not long subsequently.

With all the light that has been thrown upon every circumstance of Lamb's life, and with the best disposition on the part of the biographers to find evidence that he sacrificed a conjugal happiness which was within his reach for the sake of his sister, no other facts bearing upon the question, however remotely, have been brought to light. It is surprising that a man of Lamb's sensibility — it would be surprising in the case of any man — should not once, during the forty years that elapsed between his rejection by Alice and his death, have "fallen in love," in any sense authorized by the most liberal construction of those words. Had he been in love with a dozen women in the course of that long period, he would only have resembled his fellow-bachelors, and it would by no means have followed that, in continuing single, he practised heroic self-denial.

The biographers and reviewers who are so fond of ringing changes upon Lamb's imputed self-sacrifice, and upon the happiness which wife and children might have added to his life, strangely neglect to advert to a circumstance which would have raised grave doubts as to the propriety of his marrying had there been no other obstacle. We refer, of course, to his liability to madness. Without stopping to inquire whether a malady of this description be or be not transmissible from parent to child, — a question answered in the negative by a recent writer, in opposition to the general belief which rests upon the opinions of most of those who have investigated the problem, — or whether and to what extent the welfare of probable offspring should be considered in the matter of marriage, we are bound to express our surprise at the entire absence of allusion to these important points in all that has been written about Charles Lamb. A match is frequently broken off in consequence of the discovery of insanity in the family of one of the contracting parties. Fathers have been known to withhold their consent to a daughter's marriage, until convinced that the suitor's ancestry and relatives, even distant, were free from the taint. Rogers says in his Table Talk, that Jane, Duchess of Gordon, understanding that Lord Cornwallis opposed the marriage of his son with her daughter Louisa on the ground that there was madness in the family of the Duke, her husband, removed Cornwallis's scruples by telling him plainly that there was not "a drop of the Gordon blood in Louisa's body," — a manœuvre on which "the Duchess prided herself," adds Rogers, "although it had forced her to slander her own character so cruelly and so unjustly."

Lamb's sister was a lunatic, and he had himself passed several weeks in an insane asylum. Had he married, the malady, first brought on by disappointment and grief, might have recurred at critical moments in the history of the family, — just when, perhaps, wife and children stood most in need of his care and protection. The dread of a relapse would have been a constant shadow upon domestic felicity. A man might well hesitate to ask a woman whom he loved to share a life that was liable to become what the life of Charles with Mary was. It was his plain duty to take care of her, as he manfully did;

but under what circumstances could it become a woman's duty to marry a man whose liability to derangement would surely augment the anxieties and responsibilities of the conjugal and of the maternal relation, enhanced, as they must have been in Lamb's case, by the pressure of poverty? Would it not have been well for Wordsworth, before expressing his grief

> "That he [Lamb] hath been an Elm without his Vine,
> And her bright dower of clustering charities,
> That round his trunk and branches might have clung,
> Enriching and adorning,"

to ask himself whether both Elm and Vine do not under such circumstances thrive best apart? Both, we say; for it is a question whether so great a change in the conditions of life as is implied in marriage would not stimulate a mysterious disease, of the comings and goings of which the wisest know little. A prudent man in Lamb's situation, who should seriously reflect upon the subject, would decide not to marry. Happily, Lamb had no opportunity, nor, so far as is known, any serious desire after he attained man's estate to make so hazardous an experiment. But his biographers, while recognizing as fully as he did the salutary influence upon his mind of his sister's society, regret as he never did his inability to put in her place in the household a woman of whom they know nothing. Such are the inconsistencies of the writing class of mankind!

The coolness with which these same writers, after assuming, in the face of all the facts, that Alice W——n smiled upon Lamb's suit, and overlooking the bearing of his lunacy upon the question of marriage, take it for granted that he would have been in all respects better off married than single, is amusing, although perhaps not surprising in view of the circumstance that none of the gentlemen referred to are bachelors. It may be for the greatest good of the greatest number to maintain that happiness is only to be found in matrimony, rather than that it is never to be found there. But, neglecting for the moment the housekeeping aspect of the question, we venture to ask whether it be indispensable for a man of literary faculty to be a husband in order to attain his highest development, or to achieve the most for the world; whether, indeed, as good an argument may not be made on this point for the bachelor as for Benedict.

If Milton married three times and Shakespeare once, the former enjoyed little conjugal felicity, and the latter lived alone during his productive years. Bacon and Goethe married late in life. La Fontaine married at twenty-six, but abandoned his wife early in the honeymoon, and never saw her again except on business. Molière suffered, says Voltaire, in the marriage which he contracted at forty-one, twelve years before his death, *les dégoûts, les amertumes et quelquefois les ridicules, qu'il avait si souvent joués sur le théâtre.* Beaumarchais, early in life, and years before he wrote the plays upon which his reputation rests, lost two wives, one of whom he was calumniously reported to have poisoned. Addison at forty-four, three years before his death, married a countess "who was no better," says Thackeray, "than a shrew and a vixen." Sterne complains that the presence of his wife stops the flow of his ideas, and finds inspiration in the society of another man's wife. Lessing did his best work before he fell in love, or after his wife's death, and was in a state of intellectual torpor during his six years' engagement and his one year's marriage. The insanity of Thackeray's wife made him practically a widower during his last and greatest days. Plato, warned by Socrates's experience, Aristophanes, Anacreon, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Voltaire, Rousseau, Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, Heine, Balzac, Béranger, Sainte-Beuve, and in our own country Irving and Thoreau, never married. In the kindred arts, the great names of Beethoven and Michel Angelo, of whom their biographers assert, not only that they never married, but that they never loved in any but a Platonic sense, are enough to cite. Of female writers, many of the most eminent, from Miss Austen, the excellent teller of domestic tales, to Miss Martineau, Miss Cobbe, Miss Howitt, and Miss Bremer, never took husband; while others, like Miss Brontë, found that matrimony put a needle between their fingers instead of the pen. Almost all the great writers of the Middle Ages were ecclesiastics, and of course celibates. And as marriage among the Greeks was simply a housekeeping convenience, the husband spending his day and evening abroad, while the wife sewed, cooked, and paid the bills, all the Athenian poets and philosophers should be accounted bachelors. A large propor-

tion of the writers whose works belong to the same general class with those of Lamb, the writers whose privilege it has been to enliven, cheer, and sweeten life, were either bachelors or unfortunate husbands. Happy or not themselves, they have been the cause of happiness to others, have reached the secret springs of laughter and of tears, and by those touches of nature which make the whole world kin, have awakened the better selves of their readers, and communicated to them the love for their fellow-beings with which their own hearts were filled. The writings of Goldsmith, Irving, and Lamb abound in proofs that to love women it is not necessary to be a husband, that to love children it is not necessary to be a father, and that we may "love our brethren of mankind" without being bribed thereto by Wordsworth's "dower of clustering charities."

Nor should the circumstance be overlooked, that a single man has more time than the head of a family to devote to literary labor, — an important consideration in all cases where a writer either undertakes to support himself by his pen, or, being obliged to gain his livelihood by some other means, can give only his leisure moments to the Muses. This is so true in the latter class of cases, that De Quincey maintains that it is idle for a literary man to look for success unless he be able to make literature exclusively his profession, since his evenings should be spent in contributing of his wit and his wisdom to the felicity of his wife. And De Quincey complains that Coleridge, who supports the contrary thesis, avoids the difficulty by domesticating his author with a sister instead of a wife, — a view of the case derived, perhaps, from the example of Lamb, in whose home Coleridge was a frequent guest. But the pot of an author must be kept boiling, like those of other beings; and no ingenuity can prove the superiority, in an economical point of view, of a family caldron over the bachelor's stewpan. The married author, who is not in affluent circumstances, must write for money, or he must snatch an hour or two from business or family for a pursuit which demands the consecration of a life. A bachelor author, however poor, can make shift to exist. He is not haunted by doubts whether he ought not to follow some honest calling by which to provide for those who are dependent upon him. Domestic cares, like

rainy weather, "damp a gentleman's wings." Everybody knows some man that might have won distinction in letters, who has preferred to make one woman happy, — like Ulysses, *vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*, — and some other, who, finding the domestic burden which he had rashly assumed too heavy for comfort, has dropped it, as Coleridge did his Sara, and gone on unencumbered toward the temple of Fame. "Certainly," says Lord Bacon, "the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public."

There are two sides to the question. The young man for whom the golden gates of love on golden hinges turn will not be dissuaded by reasoning or facts from entering his paradise.

> "He saw the distant gates of Eden gleam,
> And did not dream it was a dream."

The old bachelor, on the other hand, whose passions have cooled, whose faith in the promised land has been shaken, turns a deaf ear to the most enticing voice. Each may be right. The life which suits Major Pendennis is not the life for Arthur. One man acts wisely in preferring vine and fig-tree to his chance of a laurel crown. Another acts as wisely in turning his back upon household gods, and following Apollo, or even Mercury, into the solitary places. Some men of genius have been unable to secure that tranquillity of mind which is a condition of healthy literary activity elsewhere than in the family circle, others have found it at their widower's fireside, and others again in a bachelor's attic. Tastes and temperaments differ. Wordsworth, having enjoyed greater felicity in wedlock than in keeping house with his sister Dorothy, concluded that Lamb's happiness might have been promoted by a similar change in his condition. But Lamb might have contended, with equal plausibility, that Wordsworth would, but for the legacies and sinecure offices that fortunately fell to him, have regretted his bachelor days.

For our own part, we sympathize as little with the jeremiades over Lamb's condition in life as we do with the efforts to transform this single-hearted, queer-headed "boy-man," as he

called himself, into a saint, hero, or martyr. Charles Lamb married, Charles Lamb father of a family, might have been worse or better than Charles Lamb single, but would have been very different from the Charles Lamb whom we know. Nor can we readily separate in our thoughts Charles from Mary, — the devoted brother from the devoted sister; the brother, never very far from the brink of that gulf of madness into which he had once fallen, from the sister, whose life was divided almost equally between the world of sense and the world of unreason; the brother, who attracted to their humble lodgings the strange company which came together there on Wednesday evenings, from the sister whose woman's tact made every guest at home; the old bachelor from the "incomparable old maid" who housed together — as Elia expresses it in "Mackery End in Hertfordshire" — "in a sort of double singleness, with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, have no disposition to go out upon the mountains with the rash king's offspring to bewail my celibacy." Nor can we regret the poverty in which Lamb's days were spent, since it enabled him to describe so well the pleasures and privations of the poor; since it afforded scope for the growth of virtues the most dissimilar, but in him most beautifully blended, — rigid economy and strict self-denial on the one hand, rare generosity and "princely" — the word is Thomas De Quincey's — hospitality on the other.

The penury, monotony, and petty griefs of Lamb's childhood; "the bright yellow hair and eyes of watchet hue" that tantalized him "seven goldenest years"; the six weeks of a madhouse, which helped him to understand his sister's case; the thirty-three years of marriage to "a severe step-wife [the India House], who keeps me," — we quote from a letter first published in Mr. Procter's Memoir, — "not at bed and board, but at desk and board, and is jealous of my morning aberrations," — a step-wife whose harsh rule may have contributed as much as the responsibility attending upon the care of his sister to keep his mind from wandering; the singular friends who "stuck to him like burrs," — such as Charles Lloyd, the mild poet, who ended his days in a madhouse, — George Dyer, an optimist, who called a murderer "an eccentric character," a book-worm whom Lamb wanted to "new-coat in Russia" and present to the Bodleian

Library, whom he bamboozled with the announcement that this "dear blundering soul" was to be offered a peerage and with the story that Lord Castlereagh was the author of the Waverley Novels, and who in broad daylight, his spectacles being at home and his mind absent from the body, walked from Lamb's front door at Islington directly into New River, — Thomas Manning, who resigned a mathematical tutorship at Cambridge to make a four years' tour in China, — Edward Irving, the gifted preacher, who sat at the feet of Coleridge and was the "brotherliest human soul" Carlyle ever met, who was hooted at by the populace which had once flocked to hear him, and whose mind finally gave way under excitement, — William Godwin, a "good-natured heathen," who maintained startling theories with great acumen and logical skill in his books, but was a quiet little gentleman in the parlor, with a large head, a weak voice, a fund of small-talk, and an inveterate habit of falling asleep after dinner, who published children's books for a living, and met the obligations of the firm by borrowing from his friends, who wrote "Caleb Williams" and "Political Justice," and divided mankind into authors and non-authors, considering the former the vastly superior class, — "Citizen" John Thelwall, a fiery Jacobin, who should have been born on the French side of the Channel, — Admiral Burney, who had been to school under Eugene Aram, had sailed around the world with Captain Cook, and had made a pun in the language of Otaheite, and who admired Shakespeare because he was "so much of the gentleman," — his son Martin, "ugliest of men," his face warped by paralysis, "hugest of eaters, honestest of friends," the subject of Lamb's exclamation, "If dirt were trumps, what a hand Martin would have!" and also of his verse, "I have not found a whiter soul than thine!" who, at forty, read the Gospel of Saint John for the first time, — John Clare, the Northamptonshire "stage-peasant in grass-green coat and yellow waistcoat," with whom Lamb walked arm in arm along the Strand, discussing the "Clare-obscurities" of his poetry, and followed by troops of boys, shouting, "There go Tom and Jerry," who was lionized by the Mrs. Leo Hunters of that day when he was not shut out by their footmen, — Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, known to Lamb as the "Janus Weathercock" of the London Magazine,

a draughtsman in whose sketches, says Talfourd, "the voluptuous trembled on the verge of the indelicate," a fop in dress and a trifler in conversation, but subsequently notorious as the poisoner of a young lady, upon whose life he had procured insurances in his own name to the amount of £ 18,000, and the forger of his wife's trust-deed, who was transported to Van Diemen's Land in 1836, where, after achieving fresh distinction in crime, he died in 1854, — William Hazlitt, a brilliant writer, a clever art-critic, a keen and aggressive reasoner, an idolater of Napoleon, and a misanthropist, — Coleridge, whose wonderful genius was palsied by irresolution and obscured by opium; — all of Lamb's most gloomy experiences and all his strangest companions formed as component parts of his life as the holidays from school passed in the old family mansion in Hertfordshire, where his grandmother was housekeeper; the hours with Mary in the "spacious closet of good old English reading" into which they were "tumbled"; their holidays together in after days; his rambles in the country; his strolls along Regent Street; or his sane friends, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey, Thomas Barnes, editor of the Times, John Rickman, head-clerk of the House of Commons, or the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, who never quite understood him in his bantering moods. And among the acquaintances whom Lamb made later in life, who will say that punning Tom Hood, with his "Methodist parson's face," or Harold Skimpole Leigh Hunt, or even the dog Dash, whose humors determined the direction and extent of his daily walks, did not contribute as much to his real life as excellent Mr. Procter, romantic Mr. Talfourd, "stout of heart" Allan Cunningham, or "clergy-gentlemanly" Mr. Cary of the British Museum, who may be remembered longer as the author of the dull verses upon Lamb's tombstone, or as the host at whose house occurred one of his latest excesses in drinking, than as a translator of Dante? In the essay upon All-Fools' Day, Lamb says: —

"I love a fool as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with childlike apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*, — not guessing at the involved wisdom, — I had more yearnings toward that simple architect that built his house upon the sand than I entertained for his more cautious

neighbor. I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and — prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors — I felt a kindliness that almost amounted to a *tendre* for those five thoughtless virgins. I have never made an acquaintance since that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants, the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a drachm of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed that 'the foolisher the fowl or fish, woodcocks, dotterels, cod's-heads, &c., the finer the flesh thereof'; and what are commonly the world's received fools but such whereof the world is not worthy? And what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess and her white boys? Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*."

"He chose his companions" — as Lamb says of himself in "A Character of the late Elia," which gives a better likeness of the man than is to be found in the biographies — "for some individuality of character which they manifested. Hence, not many persons of science and few professed *literati* were of his councils. His *intimados* were, in the world's eye, a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the color or something else in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him, but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalized (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, What one point did these good people ever concede to him?" His friends were of all callings and of all classes and conditions. He was not concerned about their political or religious views, unless they were pressed to the discomfort of others. People of the most opposite ways of thinking and of the most diverse

tastes met upon common ground at his lodgings, and some of them were unable to understand his toleration of others. But, as he wrote Southey, in reply to the latter's imputations upon certain of his friends, "I own I could never think so considerably of myself as to decline the society of a worthy or agreeable man upon difference of opinion only." Lover of letters as he was, he appreciated men of affairs. He says of his fellow-clerks at the India House: "There was more wit, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even more talent among them than in twice the number of authors by profession I have met with." Even "commonplace," says Leigh Hunt, "found a great comforter in him so long as it was good-natured, and so long only." He sometimes longed to be with men more excellent than himself, but dreaded too much of their company, lest he might be "discharged into their greater currents." Once he complains that he had been "over-watched and overpoeted" by Wordsworth.

It is singular that the writers who imagine themselves competent to better Lamb's condition and circumstances, and to recast a character of marked individuality in the mould of an exemplary person, should not have suggested emendations of his extraordinary *physique*. A Jewish nose, set between wild, uneasy eyes, that looked — to use a graphic expression attributed to Mr. Procter, but not to be found in his Memoir — "as if they would pick up pins and needles"; an "indescribable" mouth, of which N. P. Willis said that he could not be certain "whether it expressed most humor or feeling, good-nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns," but which habitually wore a smile, says Mr. Procter, "as sweet as ever threw sunshine upon a human face"; a countenance deeply marked by wiry lines, but assuming in sleep, according to De Quincey, "an expression almost seraphic, from its intellectual beauty of outline, its childlike simplicity, and its benignity," — a harmony of effect which was "disturbed by the eyes in Lamb's waking face"; an enormous head, covered with short, bristling black hair; stooping shoulders and a back slightly humped; legs not very long, but subternaturally thin, — "immaterial legs," Hood called them, — "stilts," "spider's strings," were Lamb's characteriza-

tions of a similar pair; — out of these elements was composed the visible Charles Lamb, who was always, after he had managed to wear out one snuff-colored suit, clad in "quaint uncontemporary habiliments" of black, body-coat, small clothes, silk stockings, and gaiters, which "seemed longing," writes Mr. John Forster, "for something more substantial to close in." No wonder that the best portrait of him extant is Brook Pulham's caricature, a hasty sketch scratched upon copper; no wonder that Barry Cornwall fell into a rage, and took a bookseller sharply to task for exposing in his window a *bonâ fide* likeness, which the impetuous young Procter mistook for a caricature.

A sudden, eager manner, partly the effect of a nervous temperament, and partly of the anxiety to get his sentence out which is characteristic of a man who stammers; quick, jerky movements; constant restlessness, which rendered it impossible for him to "sit and think," and kept him walking about the streets of London during the intervals of business, and in the suburbs all day after his release from the India House; a want of continuity in his studies, and a habit of saying "what came uppermost" in conversation, letters, or essays; — things such as these as clearly indicate an excitable nature as the wildness of the eye. The surprising circumstance, suggestive of the essential contradiction among its elements which gave a peculiar charm to Lamb's character, is, that, along with this excitability, he manifested unusual sobriety of judgment and severity of taste. The thing that "came uppermost" in his mind was often the best thing of its kind, — the most sensible, most humorous, or wittiest, and usually the most appropriate. Whimsical, wayward, petulant, discourteous, unsympathizing, as he sometimes was, his conduct and his writings alike show how firmly his character rested upon the foundations of good sense.

No doubt his heart sometimes led him astray. No doubt he evinced a lack of the wisdom of this world on occasions when it would have stood him in good stead. He robbed himself and his sister by giving money to those who made bad use of it, by paying pensions that prolonged worthless lives, and by assisting enterprises of which he disapproved. He wrote political lam-

poons unworthy of his genius in both substance and spirit, in order to oblige persons with whose opinions he did not sympathize, for he had no political opinions, — forgetting the pain a pasquinade might inflict upon a stranger in the satisfaction it afforded his friend. He wrote weak verses for the album of every young woman who asked the favor, and then allowed Moxon to print a collection of these rhymes as an advertisement of printers' work. He wasted time in reading manuscripts submitted by would-be authors, whom he emboldened by kind words, which they mistook for a critical judgment, to continue useless labors. He sometimes expressed an unwarrantably high opinion of a friend's literary performances, as in the case of Jem White's Falstaff letters. He allowed himself to be victimized by an artist to whom he sat for a series of British Admirals, whose likenesses were to illustrate a popular annual; by Hood's dog Dash, who acknowledged him for a slave; and by the wasps, whose nest was tolerated in his door-yard at Enfield even after Hood's pony and his own thumb had been stung. And in old age, as in youth, he forgot the lessons of experience in the excitement of good company and good liquor; for although he mastered his appetite for tobacco after many struggles, he was never able to master that for wine and gin. It is to be noted, however, that he did not often indulge after dinner, as is the English habit, and that he was easily affected by what he drank.

But, in general, he yielded to temptation in order to please others rather than to please himself. He was as thrifty in his housekeeping arrangements as a New England farmer. He contracted no debts. If he wished to purchase books or to attend the theatre, he did not indulge himself until able to afford the luxury. He was careful to return a borrowed book in good condition. He deemed it his duty to live honestly within his means, and never met a claim upon him with the special plea that he was a literary man. He even saved a portion of his little income for his sister's support, in case of her surviving him. His head rarely went wrong, except where his heart led the way. His intellect was sane. When Bernard Barton proposed to give up a clerkship and endeavor to gain a livelihood by his pen, Lamb sent him a sensible letter, that should be read by

all authors who dream of "drawing upon their brains for daily sustenance." "Keep to the bank, and the bank will keep you. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I embrace this our close but unharassing way of life." And when Barton hesitated to accept a present from rich friends, Lamb urged him not to refuse what was not offered to bribe him "*from* any duty, but *to* a duty," yet not to be tempted by the gift to let fall the clerical "bone (hard as it is) for the shadow of independence." So when Barton expressed apprehension that confinement was telling upon his health, Lamb advised him to exercise, smoke, drink, have a good conscience, keep in ignorance of the seat of his disorder, and "believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly."

Loving out-of-the-way authors as he did eccentric people, he valued each for his genuine excellence, not closing his eyes to faults. With a rare catholicity of taste, he enjoyed the learning and humor of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," — the only book that tempted Dr. Johnson out of bed; the grave meditations of Sir Thomas Browne; the quaintness of Quarles and Wither; "unpretending, pretty-mannered, matterful Vincent Bourne, sucking from every flower, making a flower of everything, his diction all Latin, his thoughts all English"; "the graceful rambling of Cowley's prose essays," which he preferred "to the courtly elegance of Addison, abstracting from this the latter's exquisite humor"; the "prattle of age and outlived importance" of Burnet's "History of his own Times," "full of scandal, which all true history is," but "much better than the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, the philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold and unnatural, Dr. Robertson's periods with three members, or Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference"; the "plain, natural, gentlemanly chitchat" of Sir William Temple, who "never quotes an authority below an ambassador"; the "innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart" of Izaak Walton, — "such sweet religion, next to John Woolman's"; "the homely old version of the Psalms" in the Prayer-Book, which he could "read for an hour or two without weariness"; Priestley, "who strings up

the Scotch doctors, three at once"; "the golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel Fuller"; the thin folio, "full of sound reasoning and constitutional argument," of Samuel Johnson, the Whig; the wit of Prior and Gay; the conceits of Donne; and "high, fantastical Madge," Duchess of Newcastle.

But it would be wrong to infer, as Mr. Procter does, from Lamb's weakness for the last-named writer, that he "liked those authors most who have thriven least with posterity." On the contrary, his culture was bottomed upon books which posterity shows least inclination to let die. Shakespeare was his constant study; and he indicates, throughout the notes to his "Specimens of the Elizabethan Dramatists," that he valued each for those excellences in which he most nearly resembled the master. He was fond of both the prose and the poetical writings of Milton, but, with Wordsworth, preferred "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost," the Adam and Eve of which were, he said, "too much like married people." Homer in Chapman's translation, Chaucer, Spenser, Jeremy Taylor, Montaigne, Swift, Addison, Steele, Dryden, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Thomson, Fielding, Smollett, were among his "ragged veterans." He speaks of the "deep knowledge of human nature" evinced in De Foe's novels, of the "intense appearance of truth given to them," and of the style, "everywhere beautiful but plain and homely," and calls this author "always my darling." He begs Bernard Barton to stop "the sacrilegious hand" that is getting out a "splendid edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim," — "a thought which is enough to turn one's moral stomach." He speaks of Don Quixote (the first part) as "the father of gentle ridicule, and, at the same time, the very depositary and treasury of chivalry and highest notions." He published with affectionate comment the Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney, at the account of whose heroic death the leaf was found folded down after his own decease.

Contemporary writers rarely secured the attention of Lamb until he had made their personal acquaintance. "All I want here," he wrote from Enfield, "is books of the true sort, not those things in boards that moderns mistake for books, what they club for at book-clubs," — among which he included the Waverley Novels, although he felt enough interest in their

author to look across the street at him. "There were few modern volumes," writes Lamb's neighbor at Enfield, "in his collection, and such presentation copies as he received were wont to find their way into my own book-case, and often through eccentric channels. A Leigh Hunt, for instance, would come skimming to my feet through the branches of the apple-trees (our gardens were contiguous), or a Bernard Barton would be rolled down stairs after me from the library door. 'Marcian Colonna' I remember finding on my window-sill, damp with the night's fog; and Hood's 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' I picked out of the strawberry-bed." He thought Shelley's long poems "thin sown with profit or delight," but enjoyed some of the shorter pieces. Of Byron he said: "I have a thorough aversion to his character, and a very moderate admiration of his genius; he is great in so little a way. To be a poet is to be the Man, not a petty portion of occasional low passion worked up in a permanent form of humanity. Shakespeare has thrust such rubbishly feelings into a corner, — the dark, dusky heart of Don John in 'Much Ado about Nothing.'" He appreciated two living authors, however, who were personally unknown to him, — Burns, "the god of my idolatry at school," and Cowper, whose lunacy enlisted his sympathies, and whose "chitchat" he calls "divine."

Among the poems of his friend Coleridge he expressed the warmest admiration for "The Ancient Mariner," but estimated some of his other productions more highly than posterity has done. Of the poems of Wordsworth, he valued most highly those upon which the seal of best approval has since been put; but he seems to have stood too much in awe of his austere friend to treat him with as much freedom as he used with Coleridge, to whom, in the very infancy of their friendship, he pointed out one of the dangers that beset him. "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge; or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight with it its own modest buds and genuine sweet and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hotbeds in the gardens of Parnassus." Many times, in the progress of their intercourse, he laments the incapacity of this friend to

complete any of the thousand things he undertook, and laughs at his assumed omniscience and omnipotence. To Southey he writes in 1799: "You are too apt to conclude faintly with some cold moral. A moral should be wrought into the body and soul, the matter and tendency, of a poem, not tagged to the end, like a 'God send the good ship into harbor,' at the conclusion of a bill of lading." And again: "The passage about Love" (in "Joan of Arc") "is very confused, and sickens me with a load of useless personification." And in another letter to Southey he says: "You have been temperate in your use of localities, which generally spoil poems laid in exotic regions. You mostly cannot stir out (in such things) for humming-birds and fire-flies." Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, as well as Bernard Barton, — a much humbler bard, whom Lamb called "dull enough, but not nonsensical," — thought highly of his critical faculty, and his long letters called forth by their publications abound in proofs of his acuteness. In the essays upon "The Tragedies of Shakespeare," "The Genius and Character of Hogarth," and "The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century," he showed a masculine grasp of his subject. The first-named contains, in the opinion of good judges, the most valuable criticism existing upon King Lear, — Lamb's sympathy with the throneless old monarch in his insanity seeming to aid him to a comprehension of the whole play. His remarks, in the other essays referred to, upon the prurient prudery of his generation, — the "detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon everything," — "the coward conscience, stimulated with frequent appeals, dulled rather and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be," — the wrapping up of our morality, "in our anxiety that it should not take cold, in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and the sunshine," — deserve to be quoted at length. In the essays upon Hogarth and upon "The Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art," he shows taste, and a knowledge of the principles of criticism applicable to paintings. These and other writings contain many excellent thoughts concerning the true nature and office of the imagination. Imagination was, indeed, Lamb's supreme gift, the soul of his genius, the quality which removes his prose writings,

by a whole heaven, from the literary performances of the funny fellows for whom is claimed kinship with him. His prose writings, we say; for his poetical productions, except three or four short pieces, — "The Gypsy's Malison," some lines in "The Three Graves," "The Old Familiar Faces," "Hester," and "The Farewell to Tobacco," — should be forgotten, with the lottery puffs and the epigrams whereby he undertook to eke out his income. His sonnets are little better than his album verses. They possess the qualities which he found to praise in the pieces of Coleridge's publisher and would-be Boswell, Joseph Cottle, — "sweetness and a New Testament plainness," — but have no body of thought, and not a spark of inspiration. "The complacent, equable dulness" which, according to Lamb, John Kemble diffused over a play he wished his audience to hiss, belongs to them all. Coleridge, with whom Lamb had his only quarrel during an intimacy of forty years, apropos of the publication in a joint volume of the first poetical fruits of the two friends together with those of Charles Lloyd, subsequently printed parodies upon his own and his associates' contributions. Those upon Lamb's verses do him no injustice. Here is one of them: —

"TO SIMPLICITY.

"O, I do love thee, meek Simplicity!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress, —
Distress, though small, yet haply great to me!"

This quarrel with Coleridge, — for a complete account of which we are indebted to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's dish of odds and ends, professedly served as an appetizer for Mr. Procter's Memoir, which it preceded a few weeks, — although largely due to the arrogance of Coleridge, is in part attributable to Lamb's vanity. Instead of calmly considering the critical suggestions of the friend under whose protection his verses were to see the light, he cries, "Spare my ewe-lambs." At this period he was, as years afterwards he called somebody whose name is forgotten, an "L. E. L. in pantaloons"; and would not have been the worse for the discipline which he proposed for Miss L. E. Landon herself, — "If she belonged to me, I

would feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry."

In like manner, Lamb's genius deserted him when he undertook the composition of farces. While engaged in writing "Mr. H——," which was damned at the Drury, he wrote to Mrs. Shelley: "I can do the dialogue *commey for;* but the damned plot, — I believe I must leave it out altogether. The scenes come after one another like geese, not marshalling like cranes or a Hyde Park review." We are unable to agree with Lamb in thinking the dialogue *comme il faut*, with Mr. Talfourd in the assertion that in the piece "letters are made instinct with the most delicate humor," or with Mr. Percy Fitzgerald in calling it "firm and bold," and pervaded with "the mellow humor of the elder dramatists." (The statement made by Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Procter, and other writers, that this farce has been performed to acceptance in America, we believe to be without foundation.) The dulness of the dialogue is deepened by dreary plays upon words, the characters are feebly discriminated, and the plot *is* "left out altogether." "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," which was published in Blackwood, has still less merit. "John Woodville," a more serious attempt, is characterized by similar defects. The inordinate amount of drunkenness in the piece, not alluded to, as is that of the King in Hamlet, but disfiguring almost every scene, was justly ridiculed at the time of the publication. There are a few passages of true poetry in the play, but almost all that is pleasing in it is borrowed from Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The same lack of the dramatic faculty is shown in "Rosamund Gray," a story resembling a dream, of which we are unable to recombine the elements by daylight, but so gracefully and delicately told as to be

> "felt like an odor within the sense."

The tales which Lamb contributed to "Mrs. Leicester's School" are little more than reminiscences of passages in his own childhood under other names, and the narrative is not flowing. It was not that Lamb had no eye for differences of character or peculiarities of situation, — for his letters and the Elia essays abound in graphic sketches of relatives, friends, and acquaint-

ances, — but that he was unable to put his *dramatis personæ* in action.

Those who praise every performance of a favorite author, and quote with approbation the old proverb, which Elia would have taken great delight in including among his "popular fallacies," that "the king's chaff is as good as other people's corn," should read the paragraph with which Lamb introduced a sketch of De Foe's secondary novels, contributed to Mr. Walter Wilson's Life of that author: "It has happened not seldom that one work of some writer has so transcendently surpassed in excellence the rest of his compositions, that the world has agreed to pass a sentence of dismissal upon the latter, and to consign them to total neglect and oblivion. It has done wisely in this not to suffer the contemplation of excellences of a lower standard to abate the pleasure it has agreed to receive from the masterpiece." The world will have its way in these matters; and the attempt to thwart it only creates a belief, in indiscriminating minds, that all the works of an author thus injudiciously praised deserve to be forgotten. It is partly owing to this feeling that the number of those who appreciate Lamb's genius is comparatively small, as the number of those whom the thorough-going eulogies of his personal character have prevented from appreciating his lovable qualities is comparatively large.

It would have been better for Lamb's fame, also, if Serjeant Talfourd had taken the pains to edit the letters which he has published in three volumes, omitting those which contain no characteristic passages and those which are mere duplicates, instead of printing every scrap of Lamb's writing just as it fell into his hands. The best of the letters are so fresh and free, so grotesque, so capricious, so airy, so full of fun, tenderness, and good sense, that our pleasure in them ought not to be marred by the association in the same book of indifferent productions. But these sins of omission are less objectionable than Mr. Talfourd's comments, his needless explanations, his efforts to impound Lamb's vagrant fancies and to convince the public that he never said a foolish thing, violated conventional proprieties, or expressed an unfavorable opinion of a worthy man, — all the lawyer's red tape and

the school-girl's blue ribbons which he has tied around the unarranged, incorrectly printed, and misdated or undated letters. Equally distasteful are the persistent endeavors of the biographers and reviewers to save in Lamb's name witticisms that would be damned on their own merits, and the tiresome repetitions, under pretence that they have never before been accurately reported, of Lamb's few good sayings.

Lamb's masterpieces are his essays and his letters, which should be considered together for the reason that they complement each other. In some respects, Elia the essayist is superior to Charles Lamb the correspondent; in others, the writer for one friend's eye is more pleasing than the writer for the public. Sometimes his mind looks best in its "quotidian undress and relaxation," and sometimes in its richer and better-fitting suit of ceremony. In the letters are found the germs of most of the essays, as well as a number of spores that never developed into essays; and in a few cases, as in the letters to Manning in China and to Barron Field in Australia, which suggested Elia's "Distant Correspondents," the earliest stage of growth is the most agreeable. The essays are as autobiographical as the letters. The former embrace reminiscences of the writer's childhood; the latter carry him through the valley of the shadow of sentimentality in love, poetry, and religion, and into the "vale of deliberate senectitude," and both alike record his experiences and observations during the thirty years' interval. Together they show that Lamb's virtues were weaned early in life. He had a man's head upon the shoulders of a boy of twenty-two, and a boy's heart in the bosom of a man of sixty. At twenty-two he was the same Charles Lamb as at sixty, had the same tastes, the same caprices, the same feelings, and expressed himself after the same fashion, and sometimes in the same language. He is at all periods fond of arraying a lie in the austerity of truth, and a truth in the Joseph's-coat of falsehood. He plays tricks upon Hood as he did upon Manning twenty years before, and ends pages of nonsense at fifty as he did those written at thirty with a child's apology, "I 'm only making believe." He passed through as many moods in an hour as in a decade. He loved London while living with his father in the Temple precisely as he loved it when he came

back to the metropolis from Wordsworth's lakes and mountains, or when he longed for the "sweet security of streets," while taking "purposeless walks" in the "little teasing" suburbs where he ended his days. Friends, books, places, whims, once adopted, are his for life. The only exception we have met with is his taste for roast pig, which, in his very last communication to the public, he declares that he has outgrown; but this admission occurs in a letter of thanks for a basket of game, and may have been made out of compliment to the donor. We never ask at what age he wrote a letter or an essay, so similar are the productions of his pen. "I never knew a man," says Mr. Procter, "upon whom Time wrought so little." His life is not a series of epochs, nor is his character a succession of superposed growths, of which one dies as the next arrives; but the whole man lives in each moment; — a fact not to be accounted for by the lack of stirring events in his history. For it is not circumstances that make a man old. The fault is in himself, not in his stars. Lamb's "armor against fate" was his imagination, which, though not competent to the creation of character, to the invention of incident, or to the dramatic employment of such characters and incidents as were at its disposal, was able to throw the light that never was on sea or land over ordinary experiences, and also to make the "majesties of the ideal world" familiar. "He stands" — as he said of Munden, the comic actor — "wondering, like primeval man, with the sun and stars about him. Who, like him, can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest objects? A beggar in the hands of Michel Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So his gusto antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His most fantastical gestures are the grand ideal of force. He seems as though he belonged to the earliest and the stateliest age of Comedy, when, instead of superficial foibles and the airy varieties of fashion, she had the grand asperities of man to work on, when her grotesque images had something romantic about them, and when humor and parody were themselves heroic. His expressions of feeling and bursts of enthusiasm are among the most genuine which we have ever felt. They seem to come up from a depth of emotion in the heart."

These paragraphs might have been written of Lamb himself, so accurately do they describe his faculty. He "antiquates and ennobles whatever he touches," from the maiden aunt, whom his childish imagination identified with the witch of Endor, to the "almost clergy imps" of chimney-sweepers; from pedagogue Bird, the strange figures "upon whose flowered India gown were interpreted by the boys into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering," to Sarah Battle, who lived to play whist, and "rarely unbent her mind over a book"; from the cross-grained maid of all work, who, "with all her airs, was yet a home-piece of furniture, a record of better days," to Bridget's visit to the farmer's wife, "like the meeting of the two Scriptural cousins"; from the solitary church at Hastings, "like the first idea of a church before parishioners were thought of," to the caves where our unlanterned ancestors "grumbled at one another in the dark." Read what Lamb says of London, of Skiddaw and Helvellyn, or of his first sight of the sea; read the paragraph in which he sums up the little things that made life dear to him, the many passages in which a child's experiences and feelings are depicted, the essay that defines with as much truth as pathos the bachelor's relation to married people and their families, the essay which exposes the affectation of "modern gallantry," or those which set forth the pleasures of convalescence, the privations of idleness, the ennui of wealth; read the letters about a boarding-house, a common cold, the headache after a debauch, the "dislocation of comfort implied in what we call moving"; — open the volumes where you please, and you will come upon a page or a sentence which contains real poetry. The satirist, as Coleridge said of Hogarth, "never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet, and which, even when the attention is no longer consciously directed to the cause of this feeling, still blends its tenderness with our laughter, and thus prevents the instructive merriment at the whims of nature or the foibles or humors of our fellow-men from degenerating into the heart-poison of contempt or hatred."

It was Lamb's imagination which irradiated a life differing from that of his fellow-clerks only in the painful circumstances connected with his sister's malady; which relieved the mo-

notony of the "desk's dead wood," and the more oppressive monotony of uncongenial visitors; which lit up a poor man's home and a poor man's simple pleasures; which elevated one human being's idiosyncrasies almost to the dignity of laws of nature. It was his imagination which gave him that "rare sympathy with childhood" which a genial writer declares to be his chief charm. He possessed the power of returning, at will, to the heaven that lies about us in our infancy; or rather he never, except during the period of adolescence, travelled far away from it. He resents "the impertinences of manhood," and cannot understand why everything should be "mannish." The impressions of infancy were "burnt into" him. He does not philosophize about childhood with Wordsworth, nor exhibit infant phenomenons with Dickens, but is a child, looks at the world through a child's eyes, has his night fears, his day-dreams, his attachments, his repulsions, his awe of the unknown, and his shrinking from the unfamiliar. The pleasures tasted in boyhood still tickle his palate; the peccadilloes of which he was then guilty still demand absolution. Lamenting the death of one who had been his friend and his father's friend, he whimpers, "I have none to call me Charley now." Mr. Procter says that at forty he called the stately servant, who stood behind his chair at Mr. Rogers's breakfast-table, "terrible." He likes to hear the boys playing beneath his window as he writes. He exclaims with them against the destruction of the old sundial and fountains of the Temple. Finding a dozen children devouring a pastry-cook's stock with their eyes, he invites them to share a more substantial feast with him. He sits on a doorstep with Sheridan Knowles's little girl, to see a Punch and Judy show. He puts himself under the orders of Wordsworth's son when he comes to London, and writes long letters to the father about "William Minor's" doings. He performs a promise to take charge of a school in the master's absence, by giving the boys a holiday. To the last he had a boy's fondness for good things to eat, for brilliant shop-windows, for fairy-tales, and for practical jokes, — a boy's horror of dull moralizing, a boy's hatred of the artificial and the conventional, and a boy's frankness of speech.

It was Lamb's imagination, also, which enabled him to enter

so completely into the spirit of the old English writers, that he has been called "a living anachronism, a seventeenth-century man, mislaid and brought to light two hundred years too late." His contemporaries were upon his shelves. He would kiss Chapman's Homer or Fuller. "How do you know them apart?" asked a stranger, surprised to observe that the strong-backed volumes, of which many had been rebound or patched by "a wizened old cobbler," were not lettered upon the back. "How does a shepherd know his sheep?" was the characteristic reply. He was affected by a gap in the bookcase, as others are by a vacant chair at table. But there was little bibliomania in his feeling. Only Chaucer was in black-letter, and no work was prized solely for its rarity. His affection for most of his favorites had been born in the closet, where Mary and he "browsed upon the fair and wholesome pasturage" of an old library. There his mind acquired that antique coloring which tinged all its products. There he imbibed many of the prepossessions and prejudices which made him Charles Lamb. He had much more in common with the men the productions of whose genius he assimilated, than with the authors of his own generation, — much more of the spirit of the seventeenth than of the nineteenth century. He felt the old Grub Street contempt for tailors. Dread mingled with his dislike of Jews, as in the Dark Ages. He inherited from Swift and Johnson, from the days of Elizabeth, from the wars of the Pretender, an "imperfect sympathy" with Scotchmen, whose merits and defects were alike opposed to his own. His sole interest in the victory at Leipsic lay in the fact that it brought Cossacks to London, and enabled him to see the Hetman Platow, whose "sublime ugliness" was "delectable." The French Revolution found in him neither friend nor foe. "I can make the Revolution [of 1688] present to me," he writes Manning; "the French Revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far *from* me." The Napoleonic wars, fought from beginning to end during his lifetime, attracted his attention less than a game of whist. He was "sorry for the death of Nelson, — the only pretence of a great man we had." But he also says, "Bonaparte is a fine fellow, and I should n't mind standing bareheaded to do him service in his fall." He was without

sympathy in the philanthropic movements which seem to most men the glory of this century, and was opposed to systematic benevolence, because it brought about the "decay of beggars." He spoke of distant regions like a man born before Columbus. The idea which pervades his essay on "Distant Correspondents" and his letters to travelling friends, fantastic as it seems to many readers, whimsical as are some of the shapes it takes, corresponded to a genuine feeling. He had no taste for public lectures, and did not enjoy even those of his friend Coleridge. He had the speechlessness of Hawthorne. Being toasted at a dinner given in his honor at the London Tavern, "Gentlemen," he began, and there stopped. He says that he was not "cut out for a public functionary," and had "a horror, which amounted to a foible, of looking like anything important and parochial, and a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character." He was antipathetic to "official heaven-expounders," as he called clergymen, to reviewers, and to heads of bureaus. "There seemed to be," he writes Mrs. Wordsworth, "a great gulf of inexplicable moral antipathies and distances between me and that gentleman concerned in the stamp-office whom I so strangely recoiled from at Haydon's. I think I had an instinct that he was the head of an office. I hate all such people,— accountants' deputy-accountants. The dear abstract notion of the East India Company, as long as she is unseen, is pretty, rather poetical; but, as she makes herself manifest by the persons of such beasts, I loathe and detest her as the scarlet what-do-you-call-her of Babylon." Perhaps this is the same comptroller of stamps whom he treated with strange discourtesy, according to a story related by Haydon. The official having, in the simplicity of his heart, asked Wordsworth whether "Milton was not a great genius," Lamb gravely rose, and, advancing toward the querist, candle in hand, requested permission to examine his phrenological development. And at every subsequent remark of the poor comptroller, he shouted,

> "Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
> Went to bed with his breeches on."

He knew nothing of the discoveries of modern science, abhorred modern methods of instruction and investigation, and

called himself a "matter-of-lie" man, in contradistinction from "matter-of-fact" people. In the essay on "The Old and the New Schoolmaster," he says: "In everything that relates to science, I am a whole encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. Not that I affect ignorance, but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can bear without aching. There is nothing I dread so much as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man, who does not know me." He goes on to recount his sufferings upon the rack where he was stretched by a fellow-passenger in a stage-coach, who apparently took "no interest in his inquiries for their own sake, but felt bound in some way to seek after knowledge." A lawyer who read Virgil because a barrister ought to know Latin awakens his amused wonder. A blue-stocking having put him to flight on their first interview, he prepares himself for the second. "I crowd cotton in my ears; I read all the reviews and magazines of the past month against the dreadful meeting; and I hope by these means to cut a tolerable second-rate figure." He rated female authors below actresses, and called Mrs. Inchbald "the only endurable clever woman" he knew. He disliked close-bargainers, misers, bankrupts, and whatever savored of the money-making spirit of the age.

The want of sympathy of this "boy-man" of the seventeenth century with the generation in which he happened to be born has alienated many who might otherwise have been drawn towards him. He has been blamed for his indifference to schemes of philanthropy, — a reproach which might as appropriately be addressed to Sir Philip Sidney. De Quincey complains that he had no ears for the cannon of Waterloo; but he was no more deaf to them than was Sir Thomas Browne. Southey regretted that his essays did not manifest a "sounder religious feeling"; and it is true that he deviated into a conventional religiosity only during his short love-period, in the letters written during which period sectarians have found what they call proofs of early piety. But his later writings, if less stuffed with good words than these colorless productions, are fuller of what he denominates "silent Scripture." One re-

viewer is shocked at the immoral doctrines advanced in the essay upon the Comedies of Congreve; yet the scope of Lamb's argument is to show that these plays are harmless, for the reason that the personages are beings of another world, whose actions are neither for example nor for warning, being alien to us, as were the heroes of the Pirate's Own Book to Marjorie Fleming, or as are the intrigues of an opera to a well-regulated mind. Of all the forms of cant, Lamb hated the moral form most strongly. It was in speaking of the rejection of "The Gypsy's Malison" by an annual, on the ground that it would "shock mothers," that he anathematized this "cursed, canting, unmasculine age," and declared that he would "write for antiquity." He was, by the uniform testimony of his friends as well as of his writings, purity itself. "Nothing left a stain," said Coleridge, "on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which move his affections."

Some persons of robust intellect, who consider it a sign of weakness to like this author, have ventured to charge Lamb with "brutality,"—an accusation which mainly rests upon a single passage in the Essays and upon two reported sayings. The first part of the essay upon "Poor Relations" indicates, say these critics, a hardness of heart toward a class of people whose misfortunes it does not lie in their own power to remedy, and who are abused either because the writer has suffered from their demands upon his hospitality, or because, not knowing them personally, he considers them fair game, and hopes to make capital for himself by attacking a nuisance very common in England. Without stopping to remark upon the inconsistency with Lamb's character of the motives imputed to him, or upon the uncertainty of hasty judgments in the case of a man who made frequent use of "that dangerous figure irony,"—italicized in "New Year's Eve" as the crowning pleasure of his life,—and whose best friends never quite knew whether he were speaking in jest or in earnest, we confine our attention to the essay itself. It is true that the poor relation is considered from the rich man's point of observation; but ridicule is directed, not to his penury,

but to his dependence and his ostentatious insistence upon it, without due consideration for the host's pride of position, which, however foolish, is no more so than his own pride of humility, or his envy of those above him, — to *gaucheries* that are remediable, and to the petty modes of annoyance with which an inferior consoles himself for his fate. The poor relation, who should chance to read the essay, might be wounded at first, but would, if a sensible man, profit by it. If he read it through, he would find the writer admitting that it was begun half in jest, and concluding with a sketch of the poor relation who was an honored guest at his father's table. He would perceive that Lamb had, at the outset, regarded the subject, as is his wont, from an unusual — for a kind-hearted man — point of view, and had presented so much of truth as was visible from that side. If he searched Lamb's writings, he would find him saying that he would rather be a beggar than "a retainer to the great, or a poor relation," and blaming Sheridan for making even Joseph Surface, in "The School for Scandal," refuse a pittance to a person of this class. And if he searched his biography, he would learn how generously he treated all who looked to him for assistance, whether it were the poor aunt who was imposed upon him by a rich relative at a time when his salary was barely enough to keep his sister and himself alive, or his old schoolmistress, whom he pensioned till her death. The anecdotes relied upon are as follows. A female magpie interlarded her praises of somebody with the exclamation, "I know him; I know him." "I don't," retorted Lamb, out of patience, "but d—n him, at a venture." On another occasion he declared that he hated Mr. ——. "But you don't know him." "That 's the reason I hate him. I never could hate anybody I knew." But these speeches only indicate that Lamb's repugnance to strangers was equally strong with his attachment to friends.

Lamb's timidity and self-distrust were, undoubtedly, imperfections. But a man who was remarkable for "gracious condescension to inferior intellects," even when they came in "the form of reading men"; for a cordial reception of the bores whose visits unstrung his nervous system, only paralleled by that extended by our own Abraham Lincoln to their American brethren; for a tolerance in matters of opinion and a charity in

matters of conduct which often put his friends to the blush, as when he declared to Talfourd, astonished at his wish to meet at dinner the infamous witnesses at Queen Caroline's trial, that he would "sit with anything but a hen or a tailor," — when he urged a young lady, who would have abandoned a wretched family on discovering that the father had been convicted of theft, to continue her charitable visits as if nothing had happened, remarking, "I have a delicacy for a sheep-stealer," — when he reproved Bernard Barton for making invidious comparisons in his poems between noble actions, saying, "There are too few heroic things in this world to admit of our marshalling them in anxious etiquettes of precedence," — or when he interrupted even Wordsworth, who was joining in denunciations of a person reputed to lead a licentious life, with the rebuke, "Pretty fellows we are to abuse him on that score, when every one of us, on going out into the Strand, will make up to the first pretty girl he sees"; — a man who thus manifested sympathy with the outcast, the oppressed, the criminal, who entered like a brother into the home of the very poor, and described its misery with a brother's tenderness, and who was loved as "no other literary man has been loved since Goldsmith," was not a brute, whatever else he may have been. Without going the length of saying, with De Quincey, that Lamb was a "Diogenes with the heart of a St. John," we may affirm that his faults were mainly those of a child, of a good man, born out of time, or of a humorist whose "conceptions," as he said of himself, "rose kindlier than his utterance, whom few understood, and who perhaps did not quite understand himself."

> "And you must love him ere to you
> He shall seem worthy of your love."

Beginning to discuss the sources of Lamb's imagination and of its influence upon his writings, we have been insensibly led to speak of his personal character, so thoroughly woven into one texture are his moral and intellectual qualities. The light of his genius fell no further than his limited sympathies extended, but was the light of life wherever it did fall. His affections inspired his imagination, and his imagination ennobled the objects of his affections. His wit, as has been said, "is not a

play upon words; it is not the sudden exhibition of unexpected relations, but it is something wholly inseparable from the texture of his mind and his habits of association, and assuming all the outward forms of which language is capable. It is a subtile spirit, pervading all his writings, and reaching the reader's mind by a thousand different avenues. We can neither seize it nor escape from it." Fancy gave capricious variety to his style; tenderness warmed, good sense sobered, and taste regulated it; the old authors contributed, here and there, a word or an illustration; but it was the imagination which fused all into a consistent whole. Instead of undertaking to compose a literary work out of such materials as he possessed, Lamb put himself with whatever belonged to him upon paper. A reader is less interested in the essays than in the essayist. Elia's letters to the public are as unaffected as Charles Lamb's letters to his friends, and differ from them chiefly in the circumstance that the writer's personal confidences are less detailed. In both he shows himself without reservation or disguise, — old-fashioned, brusque, perverse, paradoxical, approaching truth on a by-path, sincere and kindly. "Crude they are, I grant you," says Elia of his own writings; "a sort of unlicked, incondite things, villanously pranked out in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his* if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him." Dr. Furness says that he laid down the Essays at first with a "mental ejaculation against the artificial taste of the times"; but that, on reopening the volume years afterwards, he experienced "a new sense of the pleasures of reading." The relish for this species of olive is soon acquired.

Lamb is nowhere dull, obscure, or magniloquent. His style, though suggestive of other styles, resembles that of no other writer, as his physiognomy resembled that of no other man. His constructions are occasionally careless, and occasionally clogged with parentheses and qualifications. There is sometimes an excess of short sentences, as if the writer suffered from the obstacle which impeded his conversation. "My pen stammers like my tongue," he said; but as he warms to his

subject, long sentences are agreeably intermingled with short ones, the longest being perspicuous. He had studied successfully the art of transition. "A good writer," he says, "may be known by his pertinent use of connections. You cannot alter one conjunction without spoiling the sense; it is a linked chain throughout. In your modern books, for the most part, the sentences in a page have the same connection with each other that marbles have in a bag, — they touch without adhering." In his own case, it is rarely possible to change to advantage the order of the sentences, and there is a necessity in the order of the paragraphs. His fondness for cutting a phrase short with an "&c.," or a paragraph with a dash, (peculiarities that recall Sterne,) sprung in part from a nervous temperament, as his practice of giving only glimpses of truth sprung from the habit of doing everything by fits and starts, and as his leaving in the "naked honesty of prose" what others would have clothed in the radiant garments of poetry sprung from his horror of artifice and hypocrisy; but he always had artistic purposes in view. De Quincey laments that he did not stretch his wings for a higher heaven; but Lamb was less fond of lofty flights than the Opium-eater. He maintained, in his essay upon "The Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art," that an artist should fix the attention on essentials. Hence, while a score of his essays occupy less space than one of "The Country Parson's" performances, a paragraph often outvalues the whole stock of that dealer in the old clothes of literature.

Talfourd's attempt, in the "Final Memorials," to compare the dinners at Holland House with the suppers at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, is justly deemed infelicitous; but a striking contrast might be drawn between the host at the Temple and one of Lady Holland's most brilliant guests. Sydney Smith was a man of talent, common sense, acuteness, wit, who wrote "able reviews," worked for immediate objects, advocated practical reforms, was a man of his times. Many more bright speeches have been attributed to him than to Lamb, whose conceits needed the setting which he alone could give them. Smith's wit was communicable, for it was usually the brilliant expression of a common thought. His published works are read less

and less, and his epigrams are passing into the service of dull men who possess good memories. But the best of Lamb's writings might have been written generations ago, and will be read generations to come. When Smith explodes antiquated fallacies, or unmasks imposing commonplaces, we admire the skill with which he smites a giant wrong, or whips off the head of a poor weed of an author; but Lamb shows us how to extract from the humble herbs, growing at every cottage door, antidotes for our sorrows; and how, while laughing at what is absurd, to discern what is beautiful in familiar objects, and to love what is lovely in the men and women of our acquaintance. Each lived and moved in a narrow circle, — Smith in the arena of party politics, Lamb in the fairy ring traced by his unique genius. Each failed to appreciate objects outside of his experience, — Smith because they were to him hostile realities, Lamb because they were to him unsubstantial forms. Both had rare endowments, but Lamb possessed the vision and the faculty divine.

ART. IV. — 1. *Reports of the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company, and the Camden and Amboy Transportation Company, from* 1833 *to* 1866.

2. *Laws of New Jersey, and Proceedings of the Legislature of New Jersey, from* 1786 *to* 1866.

3. *Letters to the People of New Jersey.* By a Citizen of Burlington. 1848.

4. *The Review of an Address of the Joint Board of Directors of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad Companies.* By the same. 1848.

5. *The Railroad Monopoly.* By the same. 1849.

6. *Pamphlets by* INGERSOLL, LATHAM, JACKSON, SEWARD, "NORMAN," etc., etc. 1834–64.

WHILE the engrossing problem of the present hour is indubitably that of Southern restoration, there are nevertheless several secondary questions which crowd the antechamber of public discussion, and eagerly await their turn for final settlement.

Pre-eminent among these is one on which the commercial and political prosperity of the country in no small degree depends, and in the proper adjustment of which all the skill and foresight that modern legislation is master of is needed. This is the monopolizing tendency of the carrying trade, whether it relate to the transmission of telegraphic messages, of freight, or of human passengers. The political use which the management of well-known railroads have made of their extraordinary powers is another feature that may justly alarm the thoughtful men of all parties; and this danger is equally menacing to the probity of our legislators and the purity of the ballot-box.

It is not our intention in the present article to discuss the remedy for these evils, or to expose them in any general way. We propose to exhibit, by a rapid, though somewhat extended examination, the growth, the ordinary working, and the paralyzing influences of one representative monopoly; and it is to the instructive facts in the history of the Joint Railroad and Canal Companies of New Jersey that we would now call the reader's attention. Partly, however, in extenuation of the offending State, partly also because the antecedent facts are by no means widely known, while they are not without historic interest, we shall permit ourselves to pause a moment on the threshold of the subject, in order to glance briefly at certain attendant circumstances in the creation of this gigantic monopoly, which explain, although they do not justify, the legislation on which it was based.

The necessity of a more direct and rapid communication between New York and Philadelphia than could be furnished by the existing roads was painfully impressed upon the nation during the war of 1812. In that struggle the government expended some two millions of dollars for the cartage of military stores across the Jersey peninsula. When, therefore, New York, under the skilful lead of DeWitt Clinton, began to push forward the Erie Canal, the proposition for a similar connection between the Hudson and the Delaware met with considerable favor. A company was accordingly formed, and, although many citizens of New Jersey objected to a hasty surrender of franchises which might prove of vast value, this difficulty was finally surmounted, and a charter obtained from

the Legislature at Trenton in 1824. One clause in the enabling act made the grant dependent on the willingness of Pennsylvania to permit the Delaware River, over which it had a joint proprietorship, to be tapped for a feeder, which previous surveys had shown to be essential for the success of the canal. On applying for the assent of that State, the company suddenly encountered an exasperating and unexpected obstacle. Permission, indeed, was given, but on terms tantamount to a refusal. It was demanded that the feeder should be navigable, that its course should be changed, and that the tolls thereon should be one fourth the rate allowed by the charter, being a less sum than had ever been adopted on any canal in the world. Moreover, if New Jersey should ever refuse Pennsylvania a similar use of the common stream, or if the feeder should at any time lower the water of the river more than an inch, the consent was to be revoked. Thus hampered with impossible conditions, and the continuance of their privileges rendered subject to the chance good-will of subsequent legislatures, and a possible exemption of the Delaware from the effects of a drought, the company was sorely perplexed. As a last resort they once more memorialized the Assembly at Harrisburg, begging for a modification of the demands. The response to this petition was much the same as that made by Rehoboam to the people of Israel. Repealing the former act, the Legislature substituted in its place a bill the terms of which were even more intolerable, requiring in return for the desired privilege that the company, whose capital was limited to a million, should erect works calculated to benefit Pennsylvania solely, and which would cost more than two millions of dollars! The projectors, who had thus far been unremitting in their efforts toward interstate navigation, had now no alternative but to retire, not without serious money losses, from the field.

One result followed on this illiberality of legislation. In New Jersey the canal movement had been favored only by a meagre majority. Stage-owners, inn-keepers, and the turnpike corporations opposed it. Many farmers resisted it, on the ground that, by cheapening coal, the canal would lessen the sale of wood in New York. The conservative element was in natural antagonism to it; and the original bill had passed the

House by only one majority, gained by "log-rolling" with a similar enterprise in the northern part of the State. But the action of Pennsylvania was felt to be so unjust and ungenerous, that a sudden change came over the people at large, and they began to look upon the navigation scheme as affording a means of retaliation. Moreover, the deep current of New Jersey prejudice already set with equal strength against its eastern neighbor. For by a curious concatenation of causes the imperial State of New York had likewise been persuaded into the infliction of injuries, not only peculiarly offensive, but also of long continuance. The source of these injuries was the famous steamboat monopoly of Livingston and Fulton.

In 1787, four of the great central States had granted to ingenious, but poor and ill-starred John Fitch, certain special privileges of steam navigation. The untiring inventor, however, found no one to assist him either with money for vessels, or credit for machinery; and several years slipped by without any fruit from his labors. Meanwhile Robert Fulton had been experimenting in the same direction, and had succeeded in bringing his discoveries to a practical shape. At Paris circumstances threw him in contact with Chancellor Livingston, then Minister Plenipotentiary to France, and that statesman, having already interested himself in steamboat construction, entered warmly into the new project, and advanced funds to carry it on for the joint benefit of Fulton and himself. Returning home, they procured in 1798 the passage by the New York Legislature of an act which repealed Fitch's exclusive privileges, on the ground that he had made no use of his invention, and was "supposed to be dead," and granted similar ones to Livingston for the term of twenty years. In 1803 a second law was enacted, making Fulton a co-associate, and extending the grant to 1823. Finally, upon the successful working of the "Clermont" in 1807, a further act was passed, prolonging the monopoly five years for each additional boat that they should build, — the whole term, however, not to extend beyond 1838.

The field now seemed clear for the enterprising projectors, and they immediately proceeded to enlarge the revenue of their valuable franchises by the construction of the "Car of Neptune," and other boats of lesser burden. Rival steam-lines

were driven from the New York waters, and when at length opposition disclosed itself at Albany, the case was rapidly forced up to the Court of Errors, where the claims of Livingston and Fulton were effectually maintained. The protection thus secured remained undisturbed during the remainder of their lives.

A more formidable resistance was soon offered by the two adjoining States. As Connecticut steam-vessels entering New York harbor without Fulton's license were forfeited by New York law, Connecticut retaliated by seizing such vessels as entered her domain having that license. Against New Jersey the pretensions of New York were especially arrogant. The monopolists, sustained by the Legislature and the courts, held that their grant covered the entire water of the North River, as well as of the bay which formed the dividing line between the two States. Under this construction non-licensed vessels were not only precluded from carrying on the long-established trade between New York and New Jersey, but even from plying between two ports in the latter State. Moreover, Fulton and his colleague had made themselves peculiarly odious by permitting their sub-agents to exact extortionate charges, while passengers were compelled to pay for meals, whether eaten or not; and the New Jersey stage proprietors were taxed twenty-five cents for every person whom they transferred to the boats. The indignation which this conduct occasioned was heightened by the fact that the use of steam as a propelling power by no means originated with the monopolists, and that both Fitch and John Stevens had prior claims, in no respect invalidated by their ill success with capitalists and legislators. New Jersey, therefore, determined upon a counterblast. During the session of 1811 an act was passed at Trenton which provided that any citizen of the State who had suffered from the invidious law should be at liberty to seize any New York steamboat entering her waters. Two years later a further enactment declared that, "whereas Fitch died without deriving any benefit from the exclusive privilege awarded him (March 18, 1786), and whereas his executor had sold his rights to Aaron Ogden, who had advanced capital to Daniel Dod, and thus made great improvements in steamboat navigation, the said Ogden and Dod

shall have sole and exclusive rights for two years within New Jersey jurisdiction, or until New York shall except New Jersey boats from its law, with right to seize all steamboats infringing on Dod's improvement, including all New York boats found in New Jersey waters."

Here were rival interests, each claiming, under the laws of their respective States, the exclusive navigation of the same waters. Fulton, now left alone by the decease of Livingston, saw in these measures the death-blow to one of the chief sources of his revenue. A compromise was proposed and summarily rejected. The builder of the "Clermont," exasperated at this cavalier treatment, declared that he would seize Odgen's boat and shoot the owner if he ventured to navigate the Hudson, and that the intruder should be crushed, if there were power enough in his adopted State to do it. He resolved to go further, and to carry the war into Africa. Ogden, who had recently been a Governor of the State during the temporary supremacy of the Federalists, had made himself specially obnoxious to the Democrats. At the next session of the New Jersey Legislature this party was in a majority, and Fulton, accompanied by John R. Livingston, the brother of the late Chancellor, who had purchased the right of navigating the contested waters, presented himself at Trenton, soliciting the repeal of the recent law, and asking that the question might be heard by counsel. The petition was accorded, and an investigation ensued, lasting two weeks. It was proved that Fulton had been anticipated in his invention; that he had pirated much and falsified more. But the keen New York monopolist, contenting himself with a bold denial of these facts, resorted to political weapons as the most effective means of gaining his ends. The issue was made a partisan one. So bitter was the animosity of the Democrats against the ex-Governor, that the Speaker swore at him from his desk. Recalcitrant members of the party were forced and browbeaten into acting against their convictions. One legislator was dragged into the room to vote. Bribes were freely used, and, finally, the law was repealed by a majority of three in the lower house and one in the upper.

Having thus re-established his exclusive privileges, Fulton

turned to his home; but, in crossing the Hudson to New York in an open boat, he was exposed for some hours to a winter storm, and contracted an illness which speedily proved fatal. His death left the monopoly in the hands of John R. Livingston, who within two months effectually ended Ogden's opposition, by making him a joint associate in the management.

The monopoly now, however, encountered a formidable antagonist in Thomas Gibbons of New Jersey, a man notorious for his persistent and brutal resolution and ferocity of character. Dividing his ample means, he appropriated one share to the maintenance of his steamboats, and another to his determination to "smash Ogden." The gossip of the time was not slow to impute a personal motive to this quarrel; and it is known that Gibbons had once challenged his opponent for "interfering in a dispute between Mrs. Gibbons and" himself. Be this as it may, he at once proceeded to act upon his resolution by taking out a United States coasting license, and establishing a line between New York and Elizabethtown. When enjoined by the New York Court of Chancery, he found a temporary evasion in transferring passengers from vessels legally licensed to his own, thus bringing them to the same destination, and at a less cost than by the boats of the monopolists. The "Bellona," which was employed for this purpose, had for its captain Cornelius Vanderbilt, a name not unfamiliar to the present generation. Being again enjoined and compelled to pay costs, Gibbons, who had already carried up his former case on appeal to the United States Supreme Court, betook himself to the Legislature of his own State. At the opening of the session of 1820, Governor Williamson, in a special message, recounted the progress of the steamboat dispute, and advised the adoption of "effectual measures to assert and maintain free from interruption the just rights of the citizens of New Jersey." The Legislature responded by passing a bill, providing that any one availing himself of the New York Court of Chancery to molest citizens of New Jersey navigating between the States, besides being liable to them for all damages and for triple costs, should be perpetually enjoined from using New Jersey waters or bringing passengers into the State. This act, of the nature of a hostile pronunciamento, had an immediate effect. No fur-

ther applications for injunctions in New York were allowed, and both sides waited patiently for the decision of the supreme tribunal. In 1824 the case finally came up before the court, and the cause of Gibbons, their client, was supported by Webster and Wirt, in arguments that neither Oakley nor Thomas Addis Emmet could combat, and which secured from the bench, then occupied by Chief Justice Marshall, an indorsement that settled the fate of the monopoly forever.

The reader will have already observed that the main events in this controversy preceded a little space that of the Pennsylvania difficulty. But the constant irritation of several years had produced a profound effect. Prejudices were excited which colored every discussion, and the traditions of that struggle have had a modifying effect upon New Jersey legislation even to the present day. The feeder dispute now added fresh acrimony to the popular ill-feeling, and the fact that two States had become offenders intensified while it divided the resentment. It was not long before the passions of the hour found vent in harsh measures of retaliation.

The discomfiture of the first project for interstate travel, far from discouraging capitalists, resulted in setting on foot, not merely a new canal scheme, but also that of a railroad as a substitute. These enterprises, rivals for the same trade, and strongly supported by their respective adherents, soon filled the State with stormy agitation. Governor I. H. Williamson, who had occupied the executive chair for more than ten years, threw his influence on the side of the water route, and in 1829 called special attention in his message to a recent act of the Pennsylvania legislature authorizing the Bristol and Lehigh Canal, by which the Delaware would be tapped, and the unfriendly State be compelled, for the sake of consistency, to offer no further obstacles to the construction of a similar work in New Jersey. It was not, however, till the session of 1830 that final action was taken. In the General Assembly of that year the advocates of neither project could secure a working majority, as they embraced only the representatives of the counties which were to be directly favored by the extension through their sections of the rival routes. It was, nevertheless, possible, by combining votes, to make both measures law; and, in prefer-

ence to mutual defeat, this alternative was chosen. Accordingly, on the 4th of February, a bill passed both houses, incorporating the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company, and on the same day a charter was granted to the Camden and Amboy Transportation Company. The only protective clause in either act was a provision preventing the construction of a second canal or a new railroad within five and three miles severally of the commencement and termination of the respective works. The capital stock of each corporation was fixed at a million of dollars, with power of increase to the extent of half a million more. Tariff rates were established for each route, and a system of transit dues, to be paid in to the State, was also incorporated in the charter.

In this temporary coalition only one party achieved an immediate advantage. The railroad was a success. Offering early returns to the investment of capital, it had an additional support in being under the control of practical men, who had already proved their ability to turn a penny into a pound. Conspicuous among these were John Stevens and his three sons, John, Robert, and Edwin. Perhaps, indeed, no name was wider known throughout the State than that of this remarkable family. Owning all Hoboken and vicinity, and devoting themselves assiduously to their business, the Stevenses had accumulated sufficient wealth to hold a stringent monopoly of the through stage route, their steady tactics being to drop fares below cost until competition was killed off, and then to raise them to the maximum of popular endurance. Energetic and adventurous, they succeeded in so perfecting the stage-lines — which when Franklin was Postmaster had made the journey from Philadelphia to New York in two and a half summer days — that the traveller between the cities secured an easy passage in seven hours. This rapidity of transit was in part attained by a steamboat on the waters of New York Bay. Here Fulton's privilege hampered them, and their interest in the steamboat controversy was quite as great as that of either Ogden or Gibbons. John Stevens, the father, like his son Robert afterward, was prominent in the mechanical discoveries of the age. In 1804 he had put the steamer Phœnix on the Delaware. In 1812 he startled the State with a pamphlet on railroads, and

a proposition, which the Legislature laughed down, for connecting the Hudson and Delaware by this novel mode of transportation. He was not, however, of a nature to permit defeat; and by enlisting his sons in the scheme, by keeping up a chronic agitation and seizing the proper moment, he had now succeeded in bringing his ideas to a satisfactory conclusion. No sooner was legislative indorsement of the road obtained, than the Stevenses showed their faith by taking more than half of the stock, and vigorously pressing the work to a completion.

Meanwhile the canal enterprise languished. No one would buy the scrip. Out of fifteen thousand shares only eleven hundred and thirty-four had been taken. It seemed impossible to preserve the charter. At this critical juncture there suddenly stepped into the arena a man whose enthusiasm, pluck, and large wealth gave a new aspect to affairs. This was Robert Field Stockton, the grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Captain Stockton belonged to that class of men who make warm friends and fierce enemies in almost equal numbers. His career up to the moment under consideration had been brilliant, and there were features in it calculated to command a wide-spread popularity. He had served under Commodore Rogers during the war of 1812, had helped to punish the Algerines, had done much to root out the slave-trade, and had enhanced his growing renown by pursuing to their fastnesses the pirates of the Caribbean Sea. In Spain he had fought a duel with a British officer who had insulted his nation. In Africa, with three companions, he had penetrated the jungles and cowed down an angry mob of natives, so that they fell to the ground as before one gifted with divine authority, and he had compelled the trembling chief, under the coercion of a loaded revolver, to make a grant of Liberia. Returning home, and plunging into politics, he revolutionized his State by the sheer force of personal influence, carrying it for Adams in the face of a long series of Democratic victories. With such a record, a man of forbidding presence might easily have won his way. But Captain Stockton added to the prestige of his naval and political exploits a courtly politeness, an insidious suavity, generous impulses, and great apparent frankness. He was also still under thirty, and the young country gentlemen es-

pecially adhered to him. Like them, he took a keen pleasure in the hunt. He entered with great zest into the hazards and the joy of the turf. At one time he owned the finest stud in America. Nor is it one of the least singular phases of his character, that, with this taste for what many good people regard as demoralizing amusements, he was habitually free from intemperance, profanity, and cognate vices. Happening to be at home on a long furlough at the present emergency, he interested himself in the canal, and, perceiving the magnificent opportunity it afforded for the exhibition of his peculiar powers, he persuaded his wealthy father-in-law, John Potter, to embark money in the enterprise. With this assistance he was able to put four hundred thousand dollars into the empty treasury of the company. He did more. Heretofore, the Stevens family had displayed superior ability in legislative manipulation; he now determined to defeat them in their stronghold. At the next session Captain Stockton appeared with a bill which, while it required an enlargement of the proposed dimensions of the canal, contained the germ of a railroad grant. By running a track along the line of the water-way, the company would thus be able to double its revenue and ruin its antagonist by competition. This modification of the charter met with an energetic but ineffectual resistance on the part of the Camden and Amboy managers. The young naval officer added a fresh leaf to his laurels, and the bill became a law.

The result of the Stockton strategy soon discovered itself. A proposition came from the Stevens party which, after having been duly considered by the Delaware and Raritan leaders, was finally acceded to. The rival corporations were to coalesce. Accordingly, on the 15th of February, 1831, the amalgamation was consummated by the passage of what has since been known as the "Marriage Act." The terms of this measure declared the capital of the two companies consolidate, the stock joint, the dividends dependent upon the aggregate earnings, and the management resident in the hands of a superior board of direction. The bitterness against New York thus united with the bitterness against Pennsylvania. The two companies combined the best modes of intercommunication between the East and South, and were already in the possession of a mo-

nopoly by virtue of their double capital. It only remained to fortify this position by bringing the State into a partnership in their operations, and thereby secure to what was already a practical control of through travel the additional safeguard of law. Nor was an adequate pretext wanting. The increase in the size of the canal, rendered obligatory by Captain Stockton's bill, made it necessary that the capital stock should be largely increased. But, as it was alleged, the loans for this object could not be negotiated without more satisfactory guaranties. The agents for the affined corporations now came forward, therefore, and made a fresh proposition. The right of the State to take one fourth of the stock of the canal company was to be abrogated. In lieu of this a transfer would be made of one thousand shares of the joint capital stock, upon which all instalments should be paid by the companies, the State to appoint one director to represent said stock, but without a vote in the proceedings of the board. As New Jersey was already an owner of a thousand shares in the Camden and Amboy Railroad by a provision of the charter of that company, she would thus be in possession of two thousand shares of stock without payment of a single mill. But the companies were ready to be even more liberal. If the State would insure them against all danger of competition, they would pledge themselves to pay into the treasury an annual revenue of not less than thirty thousand dollars, in transit dues and dividends, from the day the works were completed.

Here was a tempting bribe, artful in its construction, plausible in its presentation, and with a cheerful ring of money in it, which captivated the people of a State whose provident finances had passed into a proverb. To lower the tax-estimate almost to a nullity by a mere act of retributive legislation, was to realize something beyond the dreams of the shrewdest politician at Trenton. Early in the succeeding year, therefore, a bill embodying the proposed contract was introduced in the General Assembly, and on the 2d of March became a law without serious opposition. The prohibitory clause was to the following effect: —

"Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That it shall not be lawful, at any time during the said railroad charter, to construct any other rail-

road or railroads in this State, without the consent of the said companies, which shall be intended or used for the transportation of passengers or merchandise between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, or to compete in business with the railroad authorized by the act to which this supplement is relative, etc."

Nothing could be broader or more exclusive than the terms of the above-quoted section. In making this grant the State pledged whatever sovereignty is inherent in it to prevent the building of any railroad which could be used for the through carriage of freight or passengers between the waters of the Delaware and Hudson. Of the unconstitutionality of this enactment there can be but one opinion. The regulation of interstate commerce is resident in Congress by the express language of the national Constitution, and the United States Supreme Court has more than once recognized this in its decisions. It was this very question which was involved in the famous steamboat controversy; and the ruling of Chief Justice Marshall, with which New Jersey for the past five years had been ringing, applied with no less force to the Camden and Amboy Railroad than to Ogden's monopoly. The same principle has also been strenuously maintained by Justices Story, McLean, and Grier. And it is but little more than a year ago that in a case precisely similar to this, — that of the Erie Railroad Company *vs.* The State of New Jersey, — the High Court of Errors through Chief Justice Beasley decided that "*the exercise by a State of a prerogative of this character, either so far as to burden transportation, or to prevent it altogether, is a regulation of commerce which falls under the prohibition of the Constitution of the United States.*" By this decision of its own supreme tribunal, therefore, New Jersey is convicted of having asserted a power totally inadmissible in the present structure of government. Nor can there be found a stronger proof of the immense and dangerous influence of large moneyed corporations, than is afforded by the tenacity with which for more than thirty years the joint companies have upheld their railroad privilege, in palpable defiance of the national law. It ought not to be supposed, however, that New Jersey sought in this covenant to place itself in antagonism with the nation. The history of the time shows a disposition

on the part of all the States to push the exercise of their sovereignty to the broadest possible limits. Massachusetts and New York imposed taxes on alien passengers arriving at their respective ports. Pennsylvania pretended a right to control transit across the Ohio River to the State of Ohio. Virginia asserted a similar prerogative over the same stream. And, in comparison with these claims, the protection given the Camden and Amboy monopoly was neither harsh nor offensive. The error of the State was immense, but scarcely calculable at the time. In its haste to punish the adjacent communities, and its greed to reap the benefits of two hundred thousand dollars in stocks and the transit tax of ten cents on each passenger and fifteen cents on each ton of freight, it unwittingly became *particeps criminis*, and was compelled step by step to acquiesce in measures the most repugnant and the most humiliating. From the day that the bill became a law, New Jersey parted with its freedom. The affined companies clung to the contract with the avidity of a Shylock. At every breath of opposition, they pointed to the letter of the bond. And, inasmuch as the railroad and canal were paying nearly the whole of the State tax, while their revenue seemed to depend upon the continuance of the bargain, there gradually grew up in the minds of the managers a sense of State ownership, which gave an arrogance to their conduct totally inconceivable to any one not intimately versed in the secret politics of New Jersey.

Up to this point we have found it all clear sailing. The facts we have collated, though difficult of access, have in no wise conflicted, and may be depended upon with as much confidence as any historical data. Though mainly antecedent to the monopoly, they show the influences which converged to its establishment, and may also stand as a warning against hasty legislation, and the madness which gives to temporary passion the permanence of law. But the details that follow are of a more painful description, while the labor of separating truth from falsehood, or, at best, floating and unsubstantiated opinion, has been correspondingly arduous. We have arrived at that stage where the State becomes secondary, and its creature first. From 1832 onward, New Jersey is, practically, Camden and Amboy; and the remaining narrative is the melancholy

chronicle of ineffectual revolt on the part of the people, of crimes of a corporation in the name of a State, of bargaining and corruption, of adroit ring management, of plundering reduced to a science, screened from punishment and calling itself patriotism. The sources of information lay in many separate directions. Newspapers filled with windy rumor, rank with partisanship and plausible falsehood, were to be consulted, and the grains of truth to be eliminated out of reams of rubbish. The archives of the State library are defective, and many important documents, which might have thrown light upon obscure transactions of the joint companies, have very curiously disappeared. Copies of journals desirable to establish a date, or to determine a fact, have been cut from the files, and knavishly destroyed. An immense swarm of pamphlets, etc. were to be looked through, and the conflicting nature of their statements is such as almost to defy any satisfactory conclusions. There is the material for two octavo volumes of interesting particulars in the ensuing struggle, and the necessity of condensation, of giving a sentence where a chapter would be scarcely sufficient, has added to the perplexities of the task. If, in these circumstances, it shall be found that here and there an error of opinion or of fact has crept in, the fault should be attributed only to the obscurity of the subject, and the tortuous and subterranean character of the joint companies' transactions.

Conscious of the advantage of bringing their franchises into immediate and lucrative use, the management of the companies pressed with energy the completion of the railroad. In the same year with the compact, the track was graded and rails laid from Bordentown to South Amboy. In the winter of 1833 it was carried west as far as Rancocus, and by the spring of 1834 the whole line was in practical operation. At this juncture the monopoly found itself confronted by unexpected opposition. Five days after the passage of the Protective Act, a charter had been granted at Trenton to the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company, permitting the construction of a track from Jersey City to New Brunswick, and imposing a transit duty on the corporation whenever any other railroad should so intersect their line as to constitute a through road from Pennsylvania to New York. Meanwhile, the former State

had just incorporated the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, and a subsequent addition to the charter empowered the company to purchase property in any direction whereby a continuous line to New York city could be accomplished. In pursuance of this purpose, the Straight Turnpike from Trenton to New Brunswick was bought up, and preparations were made for laying a track. There were features in this movement which gave it special popularity. The Camden and Amboy road afforded no facilities for travel to the State capital. Assembly-men were compelled to rely upon a stage route, which incessant alternation of frost and thaw throughout the months of the session made doubly disagreeable. The projected line would largely obviate this, — passing according to plan through the most thickly-settled portions of the State, while the distance to New York city would at the same time be shortened eleven miles. It was in fact very nearly the same route which the traveller now pursues who purchases a ticket by the New Jersey Railroad.

Against this formidable scheme the joint companies had nothing to oppose but the bargain, and the still lingering jealousies of the State. Of these, their main-stay seemed crumbling under foot. Eminent jurists, among them Judge Taney, pronounced the exclusive privileges unconstitutional. The first lawyer of Philadelphia, Joseph R. Ingersoll, appeared for the Straight Turnpike Company before the Legislature at Trenton in 1834, and boldly supported the prayer of the corporators for the powers of a transportation company to carry passengers and merchandise over their road, in a plea which exhausted the whole subject of contracts, and proved that the past action of New Jersey was in no wise irrevocable. Another argument of the opposition was found in the fact that the Camden and Amboy Railroad had neglected to pay the full amount of transit dues. The State Treasurer, when ordered to report upon this point, here threw his influence on the side of the monopoly, and, by delaying his answer to the resolution of inquiry, enabled the companies to retrieve this error at the very nick of time. Captain Stockton supplemented this finesse by a political demonstration. Threats, entreaties, the old State grudges, and, as is alleged, bribes were employed. A stormy

debate took place in the lower house, and on the final vote the Straight Turnpike Company was defeated by a majority of three. But the struggle was not yet ended. Able counsel gave it as their opinion that the turnpike incorporators had full power to lay a track without permission of the Legislature, and, on the strength of this opinion, rails were put down for nearly three miles. Not to be outdone, the joint companies quietly purchased a few outlying shares of the turnpike, and threw the case into the Court of Chancery. But in this sharp practice the managers overleaped themselves. They had appealed to a tribunal whose decision might be destructively adverse. The situation grew every day more perplexing. One avenue of escape remained, yet the difficulties attending it seemed insuperable. At this crisis, the habitual dash of Stockton led him to take the step from which his associates recoiled. Covertly placing his agents at work, he purchased a controlling share of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, and immediately quashed all legal procedure. Popular tradition affirms, that, in this magnificent counter movement, the operators made use of the Wall Street artifice of a "corner," forcing the stock up to $250 a share, and thereby pocketing a neat fortune in the transaction. But however this may be, it is certain that, at a subsequent period, the Camden and Amboy Company was made to pay heavily for this oblique victory. In 1840, the monopoly found itself compelled to take these shares, amounting to 5,500, and the net gains by the transfer have been estimated by a competent authority at four hundred thousand dollars!

It was not only by this opportune purchase that Stockton established himself in the confidence of the stockholders of the joint companies; his capacity for astute financial and legislative expedients was to be still further illustrated. On the 14th of February, 1835, a joint resolution was pushed through the Council Chamber at Trenton, declaring that the authorizing of any other railroad between the two cities "would be unjust, impolitic, in violation of the plighted faith of the State, and deeply injurious to its interests." But two negatives to this proposition are recorded. Yet this did not suffice. In April of the next year, the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company and the Camden and Amboy Railroad and Delaware and

Raritan Canal Companies were consolidated by a formal agreement executed under the corporate seals. Immediately upon this amalgamation, the skilful manipulator came forward with his associates and proposed to the State Legislature, that, inasmuch as the joint companies were stigmatized as monopolies, they were ready and eager to sell their franchises to New Jersey on terms that would insure to the State complete possession of canal and railroad in thirty-six years, together with a surplus in the treasury of over two and a half millions. This proposal, seemingly so magnificent, was accompanied by such limitations as forbade its acceptance; but the adroitness of the presentation deceived the public into a general belief of the probity, patriotism, and generosity of the stockholders. We have no space to enter into details, and will merely remark, in this connection, that a shrewd writer in the Newark Advertiser showed, with some little ciphering, that in reality the State would have been a loser to the extent of nearly two millions. On most Jerseymen, however, the deceptive estimates of the management had the anticipated effect, and the monopoly gained in popularity at the very moment that it was augmenting in power.

Although the railroad was now completed and in running order, the canal still lagged. Wages were high, nor could laborers in sufficient numbers be collected. It was not until 1838 that this great enterprise was ready for through navigation. Meanwhile, the joint companies had other expenses pressing on them. A spur had been thrown from Trenton to Bordentown, and on the opening of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad passengers were conveyed to the capital, thence south by the branch road, and so forward by the Camden and Amboy to New York. Moreover, public agitation had compelled the monopolists to build a line from Trenton, northeast to New Brunswick. This route intersected the New Jersey Railroad, and in January, 1839, was open for through travel. The construction account was consequently enormously disproportionate to the revenues; and as the State dividends and the transit dues pressed heavily on the companies, it was natural, on business principles, for the management to profit by every possible evasion. Stockton was at present abroad in the naval service, and upon Edwin A. Stevens — who, by tacit agreement, now represented his family

in the active operations of the direction — devolved the care of railroad interests. A novel device occurred to him, and was at once acted upon. The State tax fell only on through passengers; but from Trenton to New York travellers were classified as "way," and were therefore omitted in the quarterly returns. This circumstance was put to use. On the Pennsylvania side, at the terminus of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, the cars stopped, and the occupants were left to walk over the bridge, across the Delaware. In Trenton they took the Bordentown line, and were counted with the "way" fare. Ten cents a head was saved by this evasion. But a corporation which already controlled more than five millions of capital, though not above being "penny wise," had too magnificent conceptions to be "pound foolish." The completion of the junction with the New Jersey Railroad enabled the management to advance immensely in their scheme of defrauding the State. A secret compact was made with the connecting line, whereby one sixth of the net profits of transit were to accrue to that company, while at the same time the Camden and Amboy directors guaranteed "that not less than two thirds of the whole aggregate number of through passengers by both routes" should be carried by way of New Brunswick. Having thus laid their foundations, they proceeded, by a pettifogging interpretation of the charter, to build the superstructure. The language of that paper would, to an ordinary mind, appear peculiarly explicit. "It shall not be lawful," said the act, "for the said companies to charge more than three dollars for the transportation of passengers from and to the cities of New York and Philadelphia." It happened, however, that part of the upper route lay through Pennsylvania. Claiming that, by a liberal reading, the limitation was from State to State rather than from city to city, they fixed the price of first-class tickets from Trenton at $2.50, and from Philadelphia at $4. Every passenger, therefore, paid one dollar more than the law permitted, while the low fares within the State temporarily checked agitation. In the Quaker City, however, the overcharge produced a profound irritation.

As the south route was the least remunerative, it was natural for the companies to try to force all travel over the

Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad. In order to effect this, the Camden and Amboy line was premeditatedly ill-managed. The cars placed on the track were inferior; the hours of starting were unseasonable; the trains were slow; the depot accommodations excessively bad. Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy Philadelphian, was the proprietor of the Market Street Ferry to Camden. The Jersey managers had established a rival boat, and thereby materially diminished his business. In the prevailing condition of public sentiment, he now saw an opportunity for revenge. Placing the steamboat Hornet on the Delaware, he carried passengers from Philadelphia to Trenton, transferred them to the cars at the latter place, and thus made the through fare from city to city only three dollars. This sharp competition, accompanied as it was by a very considerable patronage, excessively annoyed the railroad kings; and the manner in which they put an end to it deserves notice, since it illustrates the arrogance and contempt for law which the possession of enormous franchises was beginning to develop.

A variety of minor expedients, such as selling tickets twenty-four hours in advance, building a high fence around the train, and interrogating travellers as to their residence, had been tried without avail. Stockton, made post-captain while in the Mediterranean, had now returned, and the trips of the Hornet provoked him beyond measure. One day, a little before the arrival of the Philadelphia boat, he appeared on the railway platform in company with the President of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, his cousin Robert Stockton Field, then Attorney-General of the State, John R. Thompson, and other directors of the joint companies. The excitement had been on the increase for some weeks, and a large crowd of Trenton people was assembled, — their sympathies mainly on the side of Ridgway. When the passengers by the Hornet arrived at the depot, hot words were passed, which presently changed to blows; Stockton felling Payne, the steamboat agent, with his cane. Then followed a startling scene. The enraged mob closed upon the canal president, and for a second he was obscured from sight. At this juncture, the Attorney-General gave his signal. A gate flew open, and a body of Irish navvies, who had been sent up from the railroad workshops at Bordentown, and were hitherto

concealed, sprung forth, and flung themselves into the *mêlée*. This reinforcement soon brought the fight to an end; but on taking up the senseless body of Payne, it was found that he had been stabbed. The grand jury chanced to be in session, and not even the fact that a State official had lent his presence to this infraction of the peace could prevent their instituting an immediate inquiry. The investigation resulted in a true bill being found against Captain Stockton; but the judge on the bench, availing himself of the pretext that the victim of the disturbance exhibited signs of recovery, dismissed the defendant with a eulogy on his great national and State services, and a nominal fine of fifty dollars. It was evident, however, that these high-handed proceedings could not safely be repeated; and a few days after the opposition was effectually stopped by the purchase of the Hornet and the rest of Ridgway's ferry property both in Philadelphia and Trenton.

This action of the grand jury was not the only proof of a still existing independence on the part of the people. A few untrammelled journals called the attention of the State authorities to the Bordentown fraud, and the illegal charges by the New Jersey Railroad. Hints were, moreover, thrown out of collusion between the joint companies and public officers. The State Treasurer, in alarm, began a correspondence with the Attorney-General and the railroad managers. In 1840, the Legislature took the matter in hand; and finally, after two years of discussion, a joint resolution, accepted by the companies under seal on October 3, 1842, declared that the transit dues covered all cases where the transportation was from the Delaware to the Raritan; while it was also agreed that the State should receive one half of any sum over three dollars that might be charged on any of the lines between Philadelphia and New York.

As we shall presently be overcrowded with examples of the utter disregard of the joint companies for its solemn compacts, it may not be improper at this point to anticipate events, and state at once that the second clause in this agreement was never carried out. The four dollars fare continued until late in 1849. In that space, there became due to New Jersey, by overcharges on passengers, a sum amounting to not less than

half a million of dollars. Yet of this the State never received one cent, nor was the question brought before the courts, or in any wise pressed upon the defaulting party. The manner in which the Legislature was drugged into silence upon this as well as other subjects will shortly be shown. In the mean time another movement of the monopolists deserves notice. By a provision of their charters, the State was entitled to purchase the works of the joint companies at the expiration of a certain number of years, and this permission had a powerful influence in securing the protective grant. The managers of the canal and road now determined to make this stipulation nugatory, and the opportunity was found in the change of the State Constitution. The convention for this purpose met in 1844. Stockton, although busy at the time in constructing the steam-frigate Princeton, had still leisure to put the political machinery in motion. John R. Thompson and Richard S. Fields, his near family connections, were sent as delegates from Mercer County. Other more or less prominent agents of the monopoly were foisted upon the remaining districts, and a clause was inserted into the Constitution forbidding the State to create any debt or liability which should in the aggregate exceed a hundred thousand dollars, except for some single object or work. As the roads and canal were separate works, this was an effectual check upon any future attempt of New Jersey to resume the franchises; and in 1853 the joint companies were able to employ it with signal advantage. But although triumphant on this occasion, the next political demonstration of the managers was less successful. The Governor elect, under the revised Constitution, would have the appointment of the entire judiciary of the State. The monopolists, anxious to control the courts, compelled the Democratic party to nominate John R. Thompson for the office. A fiercely contested campaign ensued. The canvass closed in October; and although New Jersey went for Polk and Dallas in the following month, Thompson was defeated at the polls by a heavy and significant vote.

Thus far, through good and evil report, the managers have approved themselves as useful, and in the main faithful, servants of the stockholders. We now come to a different phase,

in which, by virtue of their official position, they converted the whole power of the affined companies to personal ends.

The author of a recent clever *brochure*, entitled, "The Railroad and Political Ring Manual," enunciates two cardinal points in all "ring" transactions: —

"*Axiom* 1. A railway 'ring' is a partnership among the managers for the acquisition of personal advantages from the stockholders or the public, without their knowledge, and without rendering an account or an equivalent.

"*Axiom* 2. The criterion of success is the obtaining of the largest profits to the partners without a resulting displacement in position and consequent loss of future operations."

In another part of the pamphlet, it is added that this system "was first adopted, so far as known in the United States, by" certain officers of a Western railroad. Unfortunately for the reputation of the country, this statement is erroneous. The axioms above laid down were discovered and practically developed more than twenty years ago by a few leading directors of the joint companies of New Jersey.

The steamboat Napoleon, owned by a company whose charter was obtained in the month of January, 1831, had been put upon the waters of the Raritan to run between New Brunswick and New York. Its only rival was the Union line, managed by the Stevens family; and the new enterprise soon distanced its competitor. Perceiving, by the diminishing balances of their books, that the opposition was gaining the mastery, the representatives of the older boats made overtures for the consolidation of the two companies, and fortified this proposition by a menace of ruinously low fares unless the compromise was acceded to. The threat proved effective; the Stevenses obtained a controlling interest in the New Brunswick corporation, and by May of the same year they established themselves in the Board of Direction. Three years later, as the business was paying thirty or forty per cent dividends, it was decided to water the stock, and the effect was to throw the affairs of the company more entirely into the hands of persons interested in the railroad monopoly. As it is essential that this should be clearly understood, we subjoin a list of the owners of a majority of the two hundred shares: —

	Shares.
R. L. Stevens, Pres. Camden & Amboy Rail. Co. } E. A. Stevens, Treas. & Supt. " " }	50
Robert F. Stockton, Pres. Del. & Rar. Canal Co.	22
John Potter, Pres. Joint Co.	20
James Neilson, Treas. Canal Co.	12
	104

These men were all of them directors of the joint companies, and, as their official positions indicate, pre-eminent in influence, much trusted, and bound to respect the interests of the stockholders. It now devolves upon us to show the mode in which this solicitude displayed itself. At a meeting of the Joint Board of Directors in 1834, the legal responsibilities of common carriers were made a subject of serious discussion, and, as a result of the plausible arguments advanced, a resolution was finally passed, authorizing Edwin A. Stevens to make a satisfactory arrangement with the Napoleon Company for undertaking the complete charge of all transportation over the railroad, and subsequently on the canal. Mr. Stevens, as agent of the monopoly, consequently held communication with Mr. Stevens, as manager in the New Brunswick corporation, and the conference naturally terminated in an immediate bargain. The agreement, as ultimately concluded, was to this effect. All the employees, rolling-stock, and equipment of the railroad, all the barges, tow-boats, and other agencies of the canal, were to be turned over to the Napoleon Company, and every expense to be defrayed by the joint companies. In return, the Napoleon Company was to pay $7.64 per ton on the railroad, and one fourth of all freight receipts on the canal. By this means the monopoly shareholders received, or appeared to receive, all the tolls that they were in law entitled to, while the "Ring" had under their direct and exclusive control the entire transportation across and in the State of New Jersey. Shortly after, they persuaded the Joint Board to enter into a similar arrangement with the Camden Ferry Company, which was also managed in their interest; and the western as well as the eastern terminus of the two great works thus came into the possession of the operators.

Then commenced a system of organized plunder. The joint

companies were limited by their charter to eight cents a mile on through freight. The New Brunswick Company, on the other hand, charged per mile ten, twelve, and even fifteen cents habitually, while for the whole route, the legal rate of which was $7.54, they demanded as much as $60 a ton for large amounts, and in some cases, even for the short distance of Burlington, they compelled payment at the rate of $80 per ton, which was equivalent to $100 per ton from city to city! It was precisely similar on the canal. As this water way was open to any applicant who desired to use it, the managers made the tariff so enormous as to force private parties in preference to employ their agency. Their own charges were then raised to the highest amount that the public would endure. What the earnings by this double business averaged it is now impossible to state, as the Company published no reports, apparently declared no dividends, and were in fact a close corporation. But there are still data for a partial conception of their profits. The "Ring" paid the canal twenty-five per cent on their bills of freight. For every dollar coming into the joint companies three dollars were taken by the Direction. Up to 1845 the canal nominally received $359,000, which would give to the managers $1,077,000. A further idea may be obtained by their gains through the Camden Ferry Company. In winter, as the canal could not be used, a contract was made for transportation on railroad. An estimate of a careful pamphleteer of the period, from the receipts on only 27,000 tons of winter freight, was as follows: —

Camden Ferry Company, one mile, . . .	$32,000
Camden and Amboy Railroad, ninety-two miles,	63,000
Managers for collecting bills (through the New Brunswick Company contract), . . .	75,000
Total, ...	$170,000

Of which the "Ring" took $107,000. Nor should the reader neglect to notice the relative profitableness of the managers' one mile to that of the ninety-two miles of railroad which was simply stockholders' property.

The crowning feature in this magnificent system has yet to be related. The "Ring" was charging extortionate rates, on

the pretext that the office of common carriers imposed heavy risks. Whether the dangers on this score were as great as asserted may reasonably be doubted, since other roads habitually perform the same work for a less compensation than accrued to the stockholders of the affined companies. But however this may be, the managers determined to free themselves of the hypothetical burden. All merchandise intrusted to them was conveyed by certain nominal unincorporated companies, called the Merchants' and Swift Sure lines, whose agents at the receiving stations registered the freight and collected the bills. In case of miscarriage of goods these subordinates affected to be ignorant of the names of their employers, and it was found practically impossible to discover any party who could be made legally responsible.

In these operations, covering a space of nearly eleven years, the grasping and eager hands of the managers fell with equal weight upon the citizens of New Jersey and those of the adjacent communities. Feeling themselves secure from the law they became careless in the delivery of freight, insolent in their replies, and excessively arbitrary in their charges. It would seem from the history of New Jersey that its population is long-suffering and patient under indignities. But it happened that in Trenton there resided a New-Englander, one Peter Briggs, brother of Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, who had been a victim of the extortions of the "Ring," and was determined to test their legality. A statute of the State laid a penalty of one hundred dollars on each and every infringement by a corporation of its authorized tariff rates, the whole money to accrue to the informer. Mr. Briggs, putting one of the overcharged bills into court, demanded payment of this fine. In April, 1847, he obtained judgment against the monopoly. The case was next carried up to the Supreme Court, where, in the succeeding year, the judgment was reaffirmed. Once again the managers appealed, and went before the Court of Errors.

Previous to this litigation, however, the managers had caught the alarm, and, fearing lest their high-handed contempt for statutory law might involve them in desperate bankruptcy, they suddenly refused to prolong the Napoleon contract. Ac-

cordingly, on the first of April, 1846, the responsibility of the overcharges was transferred to the joint companies. But this admirable stroke of cunning, although it saved them from personal liability in the Briggs suit, did not prevent an exposure of the "Ring." Mr. John D. Hagar had been Secretary of the New Brunswick Company from the day of its charter. Owning eight shares, and accustomed to annual dividends of from thirty to forty per cent, he found that shortly after the agreement with the joint companies, when the earnings of the business were more than quadrupled, he was paid only sixteen per cent on his stock. Moreover, though holding an important office, he had been most contemptuously put aside. His calls for meetings were laughed at, and in no case responded to. The control of the corporation was in the hands of the monopoly leaders. The Treasurer, Mr. Neilson, was also Treasurer of the Canal Company. The books were therefore denied him, and to his request for an explanation the cavalier reply was vouchsafed that the interests of the stockholders required a concealment of the business and profits. Hagar, indignant at this manifest fraud, and being of a different mould from the other minority shareholders, filed a bill in the Court of Chancery, and brought the case to issue. As the managers had already excited the displeasure of the English bondholders, besides being the object of sharp clamor at home, they now made every effort to hush up the proceedings. Hagar was compromised with at the rate of $1,456 a share, although the original price of the stock was only $125. The inquiry was brought to a close in the court, and the quarrel veiled as far as possible from the public.

But it was not in the nature of things that the malfeasances of the "Ring" should escape scrutiny. In the midst of the Hagar difficulty and the brisk litigation of Mr. Briggs, opposition of a not less serious nature had developed itself in an unexpected quarter. During the month of January, 1848, a series of letters made their appearance in the Burlington Gazette, which at once attracted wide attention. The style of the writer was trenchant; his language defiant; his logic remorseless and irrefutable. But what most caught the public was the startling character of the statements. It was an ex-

position in an ascending scale of the encroachments of the State on the nation, of the joint companies on the State, and of the Management on the joint companies. It was shown that the railroad still persisted in charging four dollars for through passengers where the law limited it to three, and that, despite the stipulation recorded in an earlier part of this article, the State was defrauded of all profits in this transaction. It was proved that for over eleven years there had been an habitual continuance of overcharges in freight, and that inaccurate and insufficient returns were made to the State Treasurer by the monopoly, and to the joint companies by the New Brunswick Company. The loss to the stockholders alone by the suppression of earnings was estimated at from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000, equal to a dividend of one hundred per cent, of which the State was entitled to $200,000. Nor was it only in this last particular that the citizens of New Jersey suffered. A table was drawn up of the fares on thirty-five railroads in the United States (being all north of Baltimore and east of Ohio), including a number of small roads, whose yearly business was less than that of the Camden and Amboy in a fortnight. These averaged $2\frac{85}{100}$ cents per mile, while the purely State charges of the Camden and Amboy Railroad were at the rate of $4\frac{54}{100}$ cents per mile. Still further, a general belief was abroad that New Jersey profited largely by the bargain. But the actual figures sadly shook the foundations of this theory. The State received annually: —

In Transit Duties, about	$57,000
In Dividends, "	24,000
Total, ...	$81,000

While by virtue of the monopoly grant there was received

By the C. & A. Rail. and the D. & R. Canal,	$1,400,000
From Trenton Railroad and Sub-Companies, over	600,000
	$2,000,000

As the joint companies exacted double rates of fare, it followed that New Jersey, for the sake of eighty-one thousand dollars, robbed itself and the nation at large of a million of dollars each year, while trade languished, travel was hindered,

and the natural extension of new lines hopelessly checked. "As citizens of New Jersey," the writer added, in language homely but pithy, "we plunder our citizens largely; but we receive little but the shells, while the managers pick out the kernels for their own eating." These energetic appeals began to produce echoes. Some few journals had the courage to reprint the letters. Merchants and farmers repeated the arguments to each other, and the question became a disturbing element in politics. In Philadelphia also a movement was set on foot to secure from government the charter of a national post-route.

For four months the managers remained silent in the presence of the augmenting storm; then they dropped their reserve and issued an "Address to the People of New Jersey." To this paper the signatures of all the Directors of the Joint Board were by some means obtained. As for the style, it was probably the most sentimental document ever put forth by a corporate body. Fresh from the audacious plundering of the "Ring," they complain that no longer are their ears greeted by "the voice of cheering encouragement and approbation." The press, even, was "surrendered to sinister influences," and the companies "exposed to the envy of the few, instead of the pity of the many." Then followed a strange jumble of haughty self-assertion, of denials, of bitter invectives against their assailants, of explanations which themselves needed an explanation, of arrogant allusions to the profits of the State by the protection. This halting and timid defence did not produce the desired impression. The public was distrustful. A new sheaf of letters filled the columns of the Burlington paper, in which the "Appeal" was reviewed with a tone of quiet exultation and an increased pungency of language. The writer charged the directors with conscious falsehood. He asserted that they had used $117,000 in building boats which yielded no return to the stockholders; that the towing machinery, barges, &c. of the canal had augmented at least eightfold from 1838 to 1846, although the transportation in sworn reports was represented at two fifths less; that greater receipts were admitted to shareholders than to the State, while even from these there had been concealed nearly one hundred thousand tons of

merchandise; that the discrepancy in the returns of dutiable passengers to the State was so great as to prove manifest perjury on the part of the officers of the railroad, whom it was the clear duty of the Attorney-General to indict. Coming down once more to figures, he boldly declared that the total sum unaccounted for by the managers might be thus tabulated: —

On railroads, from 1840 to 1847, . .	$ 3,093,431
" canal, " " " . . .	1,423,000
	$ 4,516,431
Alleged expenses, which did not exist, . .	750,000
	$ 5,266,431

Out of this the State was entitled in dividends and transit dues to $ 493,066!

These statements, evidently originating in conscientious conviction and fortified by the most various proof, had a tangible effect. A motion was made and carried in the session of the General Assembly of 1848 for an investigation, although, oddly enough, the selection of the members of the board of inquisition was left to the joint companies. Moreover, the monopoly managers tacitly acknowledged the truth of some of the allegations, by hastily withdrawing the report previously rendered to the State Treasurer. Stung also by the personality of the newspaper attack, they threatened a libel suit. Up to this time the correspondent of the Gazette had modestly concealed his name, his letters appearing over the signature of "A Citizen of Burlington." But the menace of the law led him to cast aside his disguise, and it soon became known throughout New Jersey that the remorseless antagonist of the "Ring" was none other than Henry C. Carey, whose merits as a powerful and original thinker in social science were already recognized both in the United States and in Europe. Mr. Carey, having thus made the way clear to the injured managers for retrieving their crumbling reputation by appeal to a jury, gave a fresh proof of his confidence in the truthfulness of his assertions, by throwing his letters into the form of pamphlets, and distributing them in every corner of the State. In these publications the influence of the monopoly system upon the value of land, upon the products of agriculture, upon manufactures and all indus-

trial activities, were illustrated by carefully prepared tables, that exhibited beyond dispute the advantage of free railroads. Some of the contrasting facts may be worthy of mention here. It was shown, for instance, that the charges on domestic travel were enormous. The citizen of New Haven could be carried on an easy route and in commodious cars to New York for $1.50. The citizen of Camden, conveyed to the same city at far less actual cost, was obliged to pay twice this. In New Jersey no commutation tickets were sold. Travelling every day between New Haven and New York would cost $100; between Camden and the same city, $2,000. The Burlington (N. J.) farmer, going up to New York once a week with his produce, paid $360 annually for his fare alone. The Goshen (N. Y.) farmer for the same distance paid $80. In regard to freights also, the monopoly was not less oppressive. A farmer in Burlington, having an orchard of forty acres, producing five thousand baskets of peaches, paid for their carriage to the market $1000. The Goshen farmer sent up the same quantity for $240. So that the monopoly was fleecing the small fruit-growers at the rate of $760 a year for every forty acres in orchards. Nor was this the worst part of the story. Peaches, tomatoes, and the like, are perishable products. A delay of a few hours reduces their value rapidly. The managers condescended to turn this fact to their advantage. At Gravesend, Mr. Stevens and the Camden and Amboy political manager, Colonel Cook, had an extensive orchard and kitchen garden. An arrangement was made to carry their fruit, plucked with the dew still on, by the early passenger trains, while other farmers were compelled to wait till afternoon and send by freight cars. By this means the monopoly agriculturists were able to beat their competitors some twenty hours, and to get the highest market prices. Having made it clear by these and a vast number of other examples, that the State was undergoing rapid impoverishment, Mr. Carey urged that the overcharges for freight were satisfactory grounds in themselves for a *quo warranto* proceeding on the part of the Legislature, whereby the protective bill might be repealed, and New Jersey thrown open to a system of free railroads. In that event the "Citizen of Burlington" guaranteed a revenue of at least twice the amount then coming

into the treasury, by a tax on capital stock no greater than was imposed by other States in the Union.

While these pamphlet appeals were sowing the seed of agitation among the people at large, the Legislature of 1849 convened, and the report of the investigating commission was placed in the hands of the members. It may well be doubted whether a more shameless paper was ever submitted to an august body. In place of an inquiry, it was a eulogy; and the "Ring," instead of being criminals at the bar, were elevated to the bench and sat in judgment upon their accusers. The composition of the commission explains the anomaly. One of these men was counsel to a monopoly known as the Patterson Associates. Another had an interest in the Jersey City Ferry monopoly. A third had held a State office which brought him in collusion with the managers. It was, in fact, an impudent amalgamation of the very clique which ought to have been especially excluded. The General Assembly manifested its appreciation of this white-washing document by flinging it under the table. Carey exposed its falsifications in a scathing review; and the Judiciary Committee, determined no longer to trust the joint board with the choice of its inquisitors, brought in a bill creating a special commission of its own appointment. By March, this second body got to work. The Burlington pamphleteer, who next to the "Ring" itself was the man in New Jersey most thoroughly cognizant of the affairs of the company, was invited to assist in the investigation. He instantly accepted the proffer, and this fact inspired the public with confidence. It became necessary, however, during the summer months, for the commission to visit Bordentown, where the books of the monopoly were kept. From that moment a strange stupor came over them. They no longer needed the aid of the "Citizen of Burlington." The boundaries of their duties narrowed. The enormous operations of the "Ring," which at Trenton appeared to them as the meshes of a gigantic net in which the State was becoming hopelessly entangled, assumed the shape of a guileless and beneficent system as they sat at ease in the sleepy Bordentown offices. Some faint intimations of the change reached the ears of the anti-monopolists, and they resolved to try the effect of political pressure. Meetings were

held in Morristown, Newton, Jersey City, and other sections. A mass convention assembled at the State capital. Able orators lent their aid to the movement, and, in speeches compact with statistics, established the malfeasance of the monopoly management; showed how terribly the State was suffering through the bargain, — by the prevention of local roads, — by the corruption of its public men, — by the fatal stigma that already attached to New Jersey in the country at large; and urged upon the people as their only safety the repeal of the compact of 1832, and the passage of a general railroad bill in its place. The directors of the joint companies now became visibly alarmed. The air seemed charged with revolution; and an appalling fear arose lest the arguments of the agitators should bear fruit, and their franchise be forcibly wrested away. To break the force of the blow, Commodore Stockton, once more at home after a brilliant campaign in California, issued an address on his own responsibility, which had just enough of truth in its texture to bewilder superficial readers. The situation, however, was too perilous to permit of supine reliance on eloquent sophistries, and a resort was made to certain powerful agencies, which on previous occasions had been of singular efficacy. The manner and the nature of this machinery shall presently be explained; but we prefer at this point simply to state the result. The fall election came off; the Legislature assembled, and the second report was submitted to the members. It possessed some very significant features. The appendix, consisting of the testimony of various witnesses, corroborated many of the most important charges made against the "Ring." The text, on the other hand, was a substantial exoneration of the joint companies. The commission had, indeed, discovered several clerical errors, by which the returns of transit-dues to the State were lessened to the extent of thousands of dollars; but this was owing to venial blunders on the part of subordinates, and should assuredly not be ascribed to the high-minded members of the Direction. The General Assembly professed itself content. The appendix was ignored, the report accepted, and quiet reigned in Warsaw.

We have entered somewhat into detail in our description of this struggle, because among all the wars waged against the

monopoly this had the largest elements of success. Men from each of the two great parties which divided the State participated in the movement. The courts lent their support. The weight of argument against the monopoly was overwhelming. That Mr. Carey was substantially correct in his indictment is capable of cumulative proof. The report of the second commission contains unwilling, but emphatic, testimony in this direction. The voters of New Jersey, by refraining ever after to elevate the members of that commission to situations of public trust, (although they had been previously rising men in the State,) testified to the popular view of the matter. The revelations of the Court of Chancery, and the decision of the Court of Errors in Mr. Briggs's favor, are also in evidence. Moreover, the "Ring" itself, by refusing to allow Mr. Carey to examine the books, and by shrinking from bringing the libel suit which they had once threatened, and which it was certainly their duty to carry to issue if the allegations were false, supplied the only link wanting in this chain. But if the charges were true, how is it possible to account for the extraordinary spectacle of a Legislature voluntarily abandoning claims on behalf of the State treasury amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, — unwilling to resume franchises which were clearly forfeit, and which had been so managed as to clothe the State with shame, — heedless of the contempt of the joint companies for their solemn obligations, — and criminally careless of the interests of a large industrial population ground beneath excessive and destructive burdens? How, also, shall we explain the subsequent apathy of the people, when the Legislature at Trenton proved false to its trust? There is but one answer to this question, and it lies in these words: *New Jersey was drugged!* The anæsthetics were skilfully applied; an expert in political corruption might at times be baffled in his effort to detect the manner of the application, but of the fact there can be no doubt whatever.

The system through which this result had been obtained was the growth of years and the product of more than a single brain. From 1848 onward, its operations were never without some, and generally with complete success. Not even the splendid machinery of Lord Strafford merited the name of *Thorough* so

entirely as did that which the Stockton and Stevens families put in force in New Jersey. Yet, both in its origin and its habitual working, the scheme was simple. The monopoly was a bargain, and to the monopoly leaders merely an affair of dollars, cents, and mills. They had given to the State two thousand shares; they had pledged a certain amount of transit-dues; and, on account of the mooted question of the constitutionality of the grant, they felt that their privileges were at any moment in danger of being swept away. As, then, the property itself was in dispute, they were naturally eager to pay as little as possible for it. Thence the frauds in returns, the illegal fares, the freight overcharges. If the State suffered by this, it was precisely what the managers desired. The way trade they had never sought; what they wished was a sweeping control of the interstate travel and transportation. By driving out manufacturers and the artisan class, by impoverishing the agriculturalists and the small traders, they rendered the yearly dole more necessary as a relief from State tax.* Occasionally they

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* The anti-monopoly pamphlets of Mr. Carey contain innumerable illustrations of how the depleting process was carried on. It may not be amiss, however, to point out some further consequences of the protective bill. New Jersey, by virtue of its proximity to two great markets, ought to be eminently an agricultural State. Its soil is very prolific, not merely of fruit and garden produce, but also of the great staples. In proof, we subjoin two tables taken from a recent Agricultural Report of the Patent Office.

	Average yield per acre of Indian corn.	of wheat.	Average market value of corn per bushel.	of wheat per bushel.
In New York,	35 bushels.	18 bushels.	$ 0.66	$ 1.25
" Pennsylvania,	36 "	18 "	.56	1.22
" New Jersey,	37 "	19 "	.68	1.30
" Illinois,	40 "	14 "	.23	.76
" Indiana,	42 "	16 "	.29	.88

Thus New Jersey surpasses its immediate neighbors in the fecundity of its soil and the market value of its products, while, if it be considered that two thirds of the profits on Western grain are eaten up in transportation, the relative advantage of this State will be at once apparent.

How the Camden and Amboy compact has neutralized this is shown by the following statistics, compiled from the United States Census Report of 1860.

	Acres Improved.	Unimproved.	Whole number of Farmers.	Proportion to entire Population.
In New Hampshire,	2,367,034	1,377,591	35,392	Over *one tenth* ($\frac{1}{10}$)
" Connecticut,	1,830,807	673,457	30,712	About one fifteenth ($\frac{1}{15}$)
" New Jersey	1,944,441	1,039,084	30,325	One twenty-second ($\frac{1}{22}$)

By these figures it appears that even New Hampshire, which is half granite, and Connecticut, containing whole districts of drifting sand, have a less proportionate

would run excursion trains at low rates, or moderate the charges between certain stations, as a gratuity and a sensation for the people. But the permanent problem was how to turn down the screws on the people without exasperating them into uncontrollable revolution. This latter alternative was unquestionably an ever-present terror. But besides smooth words, ostentatious patriotism, and frequent appeals to smouldering prejudices, they brought to the task of averting this danger the element of influence, or, to be less euphemistic, corruption.

In the structure of American society political movements originate with the press, the professed politicians, and the legal class. Upon these three springs of popular action the Management converged the weight of their wealth, and as the State was in process of depletion they found the labor of debauching the public mind correspondingly less difficult. By noon of each secular day the journals of New York and Philadelphia are read in every city, town, and village of New Jersey. The cir-

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amount of unimproved land than fertile Jersey; while their agricultural population is relatively far greater.

But the injury of the monopoly is still further shown by its influence upon immigration. The census of 1860 gives the aggregate population of each State, together with the foreign and domestic immigration. From the tables we obtain the annexed ratio of native immigrants to foreign, selecting the purely or mainly agricultural States.

New Jersey,	80 : 122	Wisconsin,	251 : 276
Iowa,	377 : 106	Ohio,	482 : 328
Indiana,	457 : 118	South Carolina,	14 : 9
Illinois,	580 : 324	Texas,	225 : 43

The additions to the population of New Jersey are, as the table indicates, mainly from abroad. The Camden and Amboy monopoly is less known in Europe than in America.

Still another evidence is afforded by a comparison of railroad facilities, since on them depend, in no measured degree, the value and quick profits of agricultural products.

Rhode Island,	with an area in square miles of				1306,	had in	1858,	472	miles	of rail.
Connecticut,	"	"	"	"	4674,	"	"	601	"	"
Massachusetts,	"	"	"	"	7800,	"	"	1285	"	"
New Jersey,	"	"	"	"	8320,	"	"	472	"	"

The explanation of this is, that the monopoly steadily prevents the construction of new roads, unless they connect its own lines and are controlled by its management. As an instance of the high rates of freight, we might mention the recent statement of a gentleman largely interested in the pottery business at Trenton, — that the cost of bringing material from Liverpool to New York in 1866 was less than from the latter city to Trenton.

culation of local papers is thereby lessened, their profits diminished, and the struggle of existence rendered more severe. Few newspapers in the State pay. These few do it by a slavish silence in reference to whatever might decrease their daily receipts. As the monopoly was the overshadowing moneyed power, controlling capital to the extent of twenty millions, with a whole army of employees, contractors, and other agents, editors naturally hesitated to put themselves in opposition to it. The Direction gently assisted this hesitancy. Advertising patronage was offered. Editors, publishers, and their families received free passes on the line. Their goods were frequently transmitted for nothing, or at low rates. In case of revolt these privileges were forfeited, threats of diminished circulation followed, and, if the warning went unheeded, other arguments were brought to bear. How complete was the triumph of the companies in this particular is partly shown in the fact that, although the Briggs case was an exciting topic of discussion throughout the whole of New Jersey for months, there was scarcely a journal which mentioned it even by way of mere news. It is still further exhibited in the virulence with which every opponent of the monopoly is habitually attacked in their columns, in the shameless abuse of "foreigners" (i. e. non-Jerseymen), and in the constant misrepresentation of all railroad measures not emanating from the council-chamber of Hoboken. Even the spasmodic opposition of some of the papers illustrates this, as a time always comes when the clamor abruptly ceases, and the explanation of the silence would probably be found in an examination of the private account-books at Bordentown.

In reference to the legal fraternity a somewhat similar method was adopted. They also had free passes showered upon them. Wherever any danger was anticipated from members of the bar, by virtue of personal influence or oratorical gifts, they were elected as counsel to the companies, and a generous retaining-fee paid in. A competent authority asserts that in Mercer County, which contains the State capital, only two lawyers refused to be thus suborned. As to the politicians, they were gained over in various ways. Heavy subscriptions were made by individual managers for election

expenses. At important junctures the workmen and other subordinates of the railroad and canal were sent into the primary meetings. In the State conventions efficient influences were brought to bear to secure the nomination of pliable candidates. Then, where all these agencies failed, the joint companies fell back on the lobby; and it was found that in the long run it was cheaper to buy off a member at Trenton than to defeat him at home. An example of the smooth working of this machinery was given in the contest that we have just described. A certain gentleman, who had been markedly prominent in the State anti-monopoly convention, desired an appointment in connection with the Legislature. The managers arranged the wires, the agitator received the office, and from that day he has not opened his mouth except to defend or to glorify the monopoly *régime*. What occurred in this case occurred in a hundred others; and the culpable indifference of the General Assembly for 1850 was due to the policy of subsidy, and the skilful manipulations of lobby agents.

Supervising all these operations with steadfast self-interest were Edwin A. Stevens and Commodore Stockton. Although both of them had been ruling spirits of the Napoleon "Ring," they were nevertheless still confided in by the stockholders. And the reason is obvious. If these members of the Direction had falsified reports, burdened the companies with unnecessary expenses, and taken to themselves the lion's share of the profits, they had also secured the maintenance of the compact with its corollary of promptly paid dividends, amounting for several years to over eleven per cent annually. Moreover, the two families of which they were the head owned an absolute majority of the stock, so that the only recourse for redress was to bring a suit in chancery, — a proceeding certain to result in depreciation of shares, loss of profits, irritation of foreign bondholders, and many other disagreeable consequences, from all of which the financial public very naturally shrunk. The railway and canal kings, therefore, sat firmly in their seats, and went about their chosen tasks, each in his own way. Edwin A. Stevens was impelled to take prominence in party manœuvres simply from an abounding love of money. A nomination on the State Electoral ticket satisfied his ambition in politics. To

have secured his brother, Robert L. Stevens, the contract for a floating battery, which cost the national government a vast sum, and proved in the end absolutely useless, was a feat in his mind greater than a Presidential nomination. Nine years later, he was able to turn the whole of the immense power of the joint companies against the New Jersey Railroad, for the sake of personal interests involved in the Hoboken Improvement Company; and in the present emergency it was because his own property was at stake that he concerned himself with rendering the Legislature pliant.

Commodore Stockton was governed by a totally different ambition. An uncontrollable impulse forced him into the political arena. There was, it is true, an element of instability in his character, which would have proved fatal to success in this direction in any other State but New Jersey; and in New Jersey also, had he not been supported by the monopoly contingent fund. At one time he was a Federalist, at another a Whig, mainly a Democrat, and finally a Native American. Nor was it the least of his incongruities, that, while adhering to the party of Harrison, he opposed the national bank; and, while scheming for a Democratic nomination to the Presidency, he upheld a protective tariff. The immense influence of the joint companies tided him, however, over these dangers, and he was able constantly to control administrative patronage, to punish irretrievably his political enemies, and to procure for his sons, his brother-in-law, and more distant relatives important public positions. The New York Central Railroad has perhaps sent more directors and superior officers to Congress; but no corporate body in the country ever did so much for a single family as have the affined companies of New Jersey for the Stocktons. In the session of 1850 Commodore Stockton had no immediate political object to subserve, and was therefore content to assume a subordinate part. Yet it may not be amiss to remark, that the influences which Mr. Stevens was bringing to bear in order to overslaugh Carey's charges were in a very curious manner helpful to his colleague's aspirations. The people of the State were always struggling in a blind and hopeless way to frustrate the monopoly power. As the Legislature of 1850 was Whig in complexion, New

Jersey showed its indignation by electing a Democratic Assembly in the coming fall. Nothing was gained by the anti-monopolists in this seesawing; but to the President of the Canal it was a fortunate event. A deep longing had taken possession of him to be elected to the United States Senate; and, as the term of William L. Dayton was to expire in 1852, the duty of choosing a successor devolved upon the session of 1851. The manner in which Stockton satisfied his ambition affords a splendid illustration of monopoly tactics. In the Democratic caucus he was a minority candidate; but William Wright, who stood even lower on the list of Whig aspirants, feeling himself slighted by his party, entered upon a secret alliance with the Commodore. There is an apartment at the Trenton House (the principal hotel at the capital) known as Number Ten, — the supper-room of the monopoly lobby. The walls of this banquet-chamber, could they speak, would disclose a terrible tale of treachery to public interests, of shameless bargains, of deadened consciences and poisoned patriotism. Here, over oysters and champagne, occurred the secret bartering and jobbery which have made the New Jersey Legislature a by-word for corruption; and here was effected the scheme by which, through the perfidy of two Democrats and a Whig, Mr. Stockton became a Senator.

Two years later, Mr. Wright, having publicly apostatized and joined the Pierce party, received the reward of his treason by an election to the very office which the Whigs had denied him; and at the same session Commodore Stockton, tired of his experience at Washington, sent in a resignation of his Senatorship. But it was not in the man to forget either his family or the monopoly. A bill for a national post-route from Washington to New York was pending in Congress, under the charge of Governor Doty, then Representative from Wisconsin. It was necessary, therefore, that the joint companies should have a competent agent in the Senate to defeat this movement, and Stockton, putting the lobby machinery to work, succeeded in establishing his brother-in-law, John R. Thompson, in the vacant chair. The Assembly of 1853, in which these Senatorial bargains were completed, was earning notoriety from other events. A bill for an Air-Line Railroad from

Key Port to Delaware Bay had passed the House, when the monopoly leaders, perceiving that a competition was threatened, came forward with their usual appliances of entreaties and bribes. The bill was hastily recalled. A resolution was adopted to the effect that neither this nor any similar measure could become a law "without the consent of the Camden and Amboy Railroad"; and the projected line was summarily killed by a majority of nine votes. One of the members who helped to defeat this bill shortly after received an appointment of postmaster at Rahway, another was made collector for the port of Newark, and a third obtained the collectorship of Egg Harbor. Public opinion was inclined to perceive, in these opportune gifts of office, the relation of cause to effect; and, as the Air-Line was regarded as of vast importance to South Jersey, great dissatisfaction was felt.

The Whig party determined to use this irritation as a stepping-stone to power. A convention was held; Joel Heywood was nominated as Governor, and a vigorous series of anti-monopoly resolutions were adopted. In the campaign which followed, all the old arguments were advanced, while the recent political conduct of the managers was sharply commented upon. Some years before, Commodore Stockton had been reported as saying that he "carried the State in his breeches pocket, and meant to keep it there." This utterance, never authoritatively denied, was now repeated from every platform, and helped to swell the tide of indignation. The newspapers caught the enthusiasm. Prominent members of the Direction were denounced as "tax-gatherers," "farmers-general," "viceroys," "Earls of Bordentown," "Marquises of Hoboken," "Dukes of Princeton." Unfortunately, the Whigs had added to their free-railroad programme a stringent Maine-law plank. Between unrestricted apple-brandy and cider-champagne, and the overthrow of a monopoly which, after all, paid most of the State expenses, the ordinary Jersey mind found no great difficulty of choice. The joint companies, with customary generosity, supplied unstinted quantities of the objectionable beverages at all the Democratic head-quarters. They also drew on their contingent fund, and, as they now controlled capital to the extent of twenty-seven millions, and had a yearly revenue of

more than a million, they could afford to pay largely to prevent a repeal of their compact of 1832. How well they employed their moneyed power is shown by the result of the election. Rodman M. Price, the Democratic candidate, though personally unpopular, was able to carry the State by about eight thousand majority. In the Legislature, the Whigs had but five Senators to fifteen of the Democrats, and in the lower house the preponderance of the monopoly party was equally great.

So complete a triumph had hardly been looked for, and the managers lost no time in improving it. The charter of the railroad was to expire in 1859. As the limitation was for twenty years, and the road had really been in operation since 1834, the year 1853 ought in equity to have completed the monopoly. But the Direction, on one pretext and another, had been enabled to delay the requisite announcement until 1839, and it was from this date that the State had been compelled to reckon. In the lengthy, exculpatory document of the commission of 1850, there was contained a statement of extensive loans of money, made by the joint companies in Europe, amounting to four millions of dollars, and payable in 1863 and 1864. How these loans were effected, when the bonds were mainly upon a road whose charter was to expire four years before the stipulated term of payment, is difficult to explain, except on the ground that the Joint Board was certain of its power to secure a prolongation of the bargain. If this supposition be true, it will readily be seen that no time could be more auspicious for the work than that in which the Legislature which came in with Price would be in session. Accordingly, the joint companies sent their agents to Trenton, with a proposition that the monopoly grant of the canal (which extended to 1882) should be cut down thirteen years; that the monopoly clause of the railroad should be lengthened ten years, and in this way all monopoly privileges would be extinct in 1869. It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the struggle of which this was the occasion. The history is too dark, the revelations of political baseness and legislative depravity too revolting, to make the subject a profitable one. We will only add, that, after a fierce and bitter discussion, which spread over many days

and involved all New Jersey in excitement, a bill substantially embodying the provisions previously mentioned passed both houses, and on March 16, 1854, became a law. By this act it was declared not lawful, "before the first day of January, 1869, to construct any other railroad in the State without the consent of the joint companies, which shall be used in the transportation of passengers between the cities of New York and Philadelphia." When the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, the charter of which had been obtained in the same year with the renewal of the protection, was so far completed as to afford, in conjunction with the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, a circuitous through route from Philadelphia to New York, the monopoly managers were able, by means of this supplementary act, to secure an injunction from the Court of Chancery. By virtue of the renewal the joint companies have also been strong enough to prevent the construction of all local roads not immediately available for their own lines; and there can be little doubt that by 1869 they will be so entirely masters of the situation as to continue to control legislation for their purposes.

The only weak point at present in their system is the possible independence of the courts. Heretofore, however, the monopoly managers have exhibited great tact in this direction. In general the subordinate judges have been kept docile by the "slaughtering" of such as were refractory, while in the higher courts the ruling method has been to stay the proceedings by buying off opposition. The names of Judges Nevins and Vandyke, and the studied silence of Chancellor Greene, are suggestive of the former line of tactics; and the withdrawal of the appeals to the Court of Chancery in the case of the Straight Turnpike and that of Hagar are instances of the latter. It is probably by reason of this last mode of procedure that the appeal of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad to the Court of Errors has made no progress, since there can be no doubt but this tribunal would reiterate its decision in the Erie Railroad case, and the monopoly contract be thus declared unconstitutional by the highest judicial body in New Jersey. If the joint companies can contrive in the future as they have in the past to prevent this case from coming to issue, they are

probably secure in the possession of their franchises for an unlimited number of years, so far as New Jersey is concerned.

The permanence of the privileges of all railroads depends upon their ability to check competition from existing lines, and to thwart every effort toward the creation of new ones. By enjoining the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad from carrying passengers or freight save to way-stations, the monopoly removed one of its most dangerous rivals from the field. Nevertheless the New Jersey Railroad remained. We have already recounted the attempt of this company to prolong its line to Philadelphia, by the construction of a road over the New Brunswick Turnpike, which should connect with the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad at the capital. Shortly after this fruitless struggle, a temporary compact had been sealed with the Camden and Amboy, which, however, did not preclude subsequent collisions. The New Jersey Company was still eager to effect an independent intercourse with the West and South, and sought legislative permission for a continuation of their track to the Delaware River betwixt Easton and Trenton. This scheme the joint companies readily foiled; and Mr. Stevens was able, in 1859, to punish severely the uneasy antagonists of the monopoly, and at the same time to further his own interests, by the extension of the Morris and Essex Railroad to Hoboken. The secret history of that contest would probably throw more light upon the peculiar instrumentalities employed in corrupting legislations, than is afforded by any previous lobby operations of the great railroad king. Its immediate result was to paralyze the New Jersey Company, which has since ceased all active opposition. But though recently passive, there has yet been an immense power of harm to the monopoly in this railroad; and, in order to remove the last barrier to State absolution, the joint companies have this very year effected a complete consolidation with their former rival. The contract, which has been assented to by the General Assembly of New Jersey, and is certain to be acquiesced in by the stockholders, dates back to the first of last January. The New Jersey Company under this unifying measure elects nine, and the original monopoly sixteen Directors to the new Joint Board, while the State will continue to have a nominal representation in the

Direction. The shares are to be equalized, the stock largely increased, the receipts and expenses kept on joint account, and the vast capital of the two corporations practically amalgamated.

By this master-stroke of policy, the last embarrassment arising from railroads already in existence has been surmounted; and at the same time the other danger — that of future competing companies — is effectually frustrated. Our modern legislatures are proverbially inert. The spur of money is needed to overcome their lethargy, and it is exceedingly improbable that an organization of capital can be brought about capable of contending on equal footing with the immense moneyed power and political influence of the two roads. The consolidation will give to the Joint Direction a control of capital which at the lowest computation is estimated at thirty millions. Moreover, this immense wealth is spread with singular prudence over the whole State. The companies now own the Jersey City ferries; the ferries, all the wharves, and nearly all the grounds suitable for dock purposes in Camden; nearly every wharf and wharfage property at White Hill and Bordentown; all the water-line at Amboy; the Delaware Bridge and much of the river front at Trenton; the Kingston and Princeton Turnpike, and the Straight Turnpike from Trenton to New Brunswick; nearly all the West and South Jersey Railroads; the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad; both the original tracks, from Amboy and from Jersey City; the Belvidere Railroad; a large number of country railroads which feed the main trunk; the Delaware and Raritan Canal; depots, etc. in Philadelphia and New York; besides possessing enormous workshops at Bordentown for the construction of locomotives, cars, etc., and employing an innumerable body of operatives, railway agents, and bargemen. With resources much more restricted, the Camden and Amboy managers have been able to maintain the bargain against the strenuous exertions of the best men of the State; to crush out all projects for local roads not immediately serviceable to themselves; to force the travelling public to ride at unseasonable hours in crowded and filthy cars, and before 1864 on a single track, with constant danger of collision; to fix extortionate rates for the transportation of freight, and unreasonably high fares

for passengers; in fact, to render not merely New Jersey, but the whole Union, subservient to the exigencies of the joint companies' treasury. The Direction has perpetually interfered in politics, even when its moneyed interests were in no respect at stake, as markedly in the McClellan campaign. By the sophistry of transit-dues, it has prevented New Jersey from doubling its revenues by a direct tax on railroads; and in 1864 it assisted the New Jersey Railroad in obtaining a prolongation of its charter, whereby the State was defrauded of not less than two millions of dollars. The subterfuges by which the monopoly sought to evade taxation in Pennsylvania — so admirably exposed in Mr. Latham's pamphlet — would still further illustrate the ruling passion of the managers. It is preposterous, in presence of these facts, to suppose that the late consolidation will result in any reform. Indeed, judging by the ease with which the joint companies have repeatedly broken their solemn pledges, and considering the alacrity of the New Jersey Legislature in consenting to these infractions, it is much more rational to believe that before 1869 there will be a fresh bargain and a perpetuation of the monopoly. In this event the General Assembly could not do better than adopt the suggestion of Mr. Ripley, in the session of 1854, when he proposed, in view of the shameless scenes of the renewal, that the members elect of the Legislature should henceforth meet at Trenton, dine, draw their pay, and go home, leaving the Camden and Amboy managers, who already practically controlled the State, the promulgation of such laws as they might be pleased to grant. Such a decisive *reductio ad absurdum* of the monopoly rule would perhaps arouse the people of New Jersey from their singular and untoward apathy.

Up to this point we have discussed the subject purely from its aspect in reference to the State. We desired, if possible, to show conclusively that, unless hedged in and walled around by stringent limitations, it is within the power of a corporation, when backed by an expanding capital, to encroach steadily and effectually upon popular rights, until it shall finally attain to an unassailable supremacy. Yet there is another inference from this discussion. The New Jersey monopoly offends against interstate commerce. It is a revolt against a clearly-defined Con-

stitutional provision. It attempts to regulate what Congress alone can regulate. It levies imposts upon citizens of the United States, when this privilege inheres only in the central government. Heretofore, when this question has come up before the national legislature, it has been argued that, although Congress has the power to establish a post-route, and to nullify the existing compact, it is expedient that New Jersey herself should take the initiative and remove the obstruction. But if the facts already laid before the reader mean anything, they mean that the people of this State are so fettered and drugged that it is impossible for them to act in the matter. As far as regards Camden and Amboy, they have abdicated the functions of government. Mainly by the demoralization resulting from the monopoly *régime*, but partly by an imperfect conception of interstate comity, which the education of the last one or two generations has rendered seemingly ineradicable, New Jersey has become blind to the nature of the privileges it has created. Some of the first lawyers of the State can see in the transit-dues only an equitable tax on the amount of business transacted by the companies. Interest perpetually steps in to corrupt the perception of right. "The way fares," Mr. Stevens once wrote, "between places where there is a large local business, *may be reduced with advantage as the business increases, where it does not interfere with the through fares.*" And again, on another occasion, after recapitulating the immense sums which had been accumulated through the working of the monopoly, the Directors add, with persuasive eloquence, that nearly all of it had been derived "from strangers and persons not living in New Jersey." These selfish appeals, heightened by the relentless government of the railroad managers, have produced a callousness to duty; and there is, therefore, no alternative but for the nation to interfere.

Of the commercial necessity of such interference no doubt can be entertained. A glance at the widening map of the United States will show that New Jersey occupies a significant position. Close to the eastern indentation of its coast-line lies the city of New York. This metropolis, which for some years has been the principal port of the nation, bids fair to become, at a period not very remote, the great mercantile centre of the

globe. With its own and the New England States, the communication of New York is direct; with the South and Southwest its intercourse by railroad is across the State of which Trenton is the capital, and the lately consolidated companies the controlling power. Heretofore its communication with the West has been by the Central Railroad and the Erie Canal; but it is already apparent that the only swift and short route possible must be one that shall cross the northern counties of New Jersey. So that as a question of the future, — in reference, that is, to the day when the Pacific Railroad will have been completed, — New Jersey may be described as the keystone which unites the whole of America west of the longitude of New York with the chief commercial harbor of the United States, and consequently with the Old World. The New England States, indeed, are partially isolated from its influence. The coal for the factories and the iron for the machinery of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, are brought from Philadelphia direct by water. Nevertheless, where rapid transportation is required, and in all cases of passenger travel, the citizens of Boston and Providence, as well as of Philadelphia and Baltimore, must cross the sandy level of New Jersey. In that State, therefore, if anywhere, commerce should be without impediment, without restraint, and without tax; while in fact it is there that impediments, restraints, and taxes have existed, and exist, to a degree unparalleled in the history of any community since the days of Scheldt imports and Danish Sound Dues. The postal service has suffered seriously in previous years from this cause. In the war of the rebellion, the inadequacy of the existing lines was demonstrated again and again; while the loss to the commercial community by the exorbitancy of charges can be estimated only by millions of dollars.

All these embarrassments are susceptible of a ready removal. A national post-route, properly limited in tariff rates, with a prescribed double track, solidly constructed, and built with reference to great speed, infrequent stoppages, and supreme regard to the convenience of the public, would do away with all complaints. Congress can grant this, and is bound to grant it. Hitherto, the supple manipulations of the railroad kings have been efficient to produce inaction. Indeed, the peculiar and

subtile workings of the Camden and Amboy lobby at Washington would furnish an instructive chapter of political history. But we do not choose to enter upon the miserable details. It is sufficient that, by the defeat of Representative Rogers, who has been the monopoly agent in the House, and the expulsion of John P. Stockton, who was elected for service in the Senate, the influence of the joint companies has met with a signal check. The field is therefore clear for action on the part of the general government, and it is one of the imperative duties of Congress to secure for the nation a free railroad through New Jersey. Should they do this a strenuous blow will be dealt, not merely at the Jersey oppression, but at all those other monopolies that result from the absence of competition, and which have made themselves hateful through the Union by intolerable exactions and their hurtful political sway.

Art. V. — 1. *The Railway System of Massachusetts.* By Hon. Josiah Quincy. City Document, — No. 109. City of Boston. 1866.

2. *Thirty-second Annual Report of the Directors of the Western Railroad Corporation to the Stockholders.* January, 1867. Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles & Co. 1867.

3. *The Central Pacific Railroad of California.* New York: George Brown. 1866.

4. *Colorado, — its Resources, Wealth, and Prospects. Address of* Governor Evans *before the Board of Trade of Chicago.* Chicago Republican, Friday, 23 November, 1866.

The seventh day of the coming August will be the sixtieth anniversary of Robert Fulton's steamboat voyage from New York to Albany. Every one has read the story of that excursion, and has shared in its excitement, from the moment the little steamer — the unsuspected pioneer of future commercial marines and navies — cast off so inauspiciously from the pier in New York, until the steeples of Albany appeared in the dis-

tance. Altogether, it makes a day's story hardly less interesting than the story of that famous night which preceded the discovery of America. Eighteen years later, in 1825, steam was first successfully applied to locomotion on land upon the Darlington and Stockton Railroad in England, and not until 1829 was the experiment regarded as one of assured success. At exactly the same time, in this country, the Cumberland Turnpike and its construction was a fiercely agitated national question. It was part of the great system of internal improvement then contemplated; and in identifying with it his name, Henry Clay doubtless thought that he had imperishably connected his memory with a monument more enduring than bronze, — with the Appian Way of America.

From a period long before the Christian era to 1829 there had been no essential improvement in the system of internal communication. In that year it was that the new power first fairly asserted its force. The Liverpool and Manchester road, on which the success of the new motive force was then demonstrated, was a road thirty-two miles in length, and it constituted the only steam-railway line in the world which was, in the year 1830, to use railroad parlance, in course of successful operation. Fulton's experiment was made sixty years ago: the last event was only thirty-seven. At present the Cumberland Turnpike is just about as antiquated as the Appian Way, — no more useful, and far less interesting. As to the railroads, it is already impossible exactly to compute, and very difficult even to approximate, the number of miles of their length now operated upon throughout the whole world, or the millions of capital invested in them. For present purposes, and using only figures which are safely below the reality, there may, in round numbers, be said to be in both hemispheres at least 75,000 miles of railroad in actual use, constructed at a cost varying from $20,000 a mile on the Western prairies to £870,000 sterling a mile for the Metropolitan Railway in London, and averaging throughout the world, perhaps, $80,000 the mile, — thus representing, in round numbers, some $6,000,000,000 of capital in construction alone. These figures, be it remembered, represent only the first thirty-seven years of the life of a growing system which expands with a contin-

ually accelerating degree of development, which is every day exercising new influences upon mankind, and forcing upon them novel questions for immediate solution.

At present the railroad world is mainly occupied with two matters: one a matter of development, the other of administration. The work of uniting the Pacific and the Atlantic, New York and San Francisco, is now progressing at the rate of several miles a day, and that too amid scenes which no civilized being had ever trod before a time easily within the memory of men now of middle life. While the system is thus developing itself in America, the questions of administration, for some time much discussed in Europe, but now for the first time agitated in this country, are presented to the community. These questions involve nothing less than a careful scrutiny of the whole existing railroad system in its relations to its owners and managers and to the community, with a view to a readjustment of those relations if they are found to be unsatisfactory. A railroad extension to the Pacific, or elsewhere within possible limits, is a mere question of time. It may be accelerated or it may be deferred, but that it is to be no one doubts; and when finished it will be but an addition — though a very considerable one — to a system already greatly advanced. No new principle is involved. With the question of administration it is altogether different. This looks to nothing less than an entire revolution of the whole existing railroad system. For it is maintained by many careful observers of the working of this system that its history shows it to be an interest too vitally important to all communities to be intrusted to the management of corporate bodies, without at least the constant exertion of a careful and powerful supervision on behalf of the community; and further, that both statistics and experience prove that, if so intrusted without such safeguards, the interests of the community will uniformly be sacrificed to the interest of the owner when the two come in conflict.

Railroads cannot and must not be regarded simply, or even principally, as the property of individuals, — as an investment of so much capital which in its invested form belongs exclusively to the owners, and should be made to return to them the highest possible remuneration. In the early days of the sys-

tem, before its immense importance was realized, such a view might have been excusable, however short-sighted. It certainly prevailed to a very great degree, and led to the granting of many foolish charters, and to much future embarrassment. It is a view of the matter, however, which is no longer tolerable. It is only after many limitations and restrictions that railroads can be said to be private corporations at all. In common with banks, they hold relations to the community different from other corporations; for they possess many extraordinary powers, which in law are sometimes called prerogative franchises, and which partake of the quality of sovereignty, for "both currency and internal communication between different portions of a state are exclusively the prerogatives of sovereignty." Even more than banks they have a debt to fulfil to the community, as well as to their stockholders; they receive greater privileges, for which they are bound, in return, to a heavier consideration.

The great questions between railroads and the community may shortly be stated as questions of accommodation and expense, — the amount of transportation which they can afford to the community, and the consideration to be paid therefor. The interests of railroads and communities are at present in both respects essentially antagonistic. The owners of roads naturally prefer that tariff of prices which will insure to them the largest net profit, whatever may be the amount of travel or transportation over their lines. In their eagerness to be successful traders, they forget that they are also trustees. The community equally naturally desires cheap as well as abundant transportation; but, on the other hand, are far too much disposed to forget their own rights, and to look upon the corporations, not as their servants and trustees, but only as self-interested traders. Upon this good-natured forgetfulness of their *cestuis que trust* the corporations have always presumed universally and outrageously. If such an antagonism of interest does prevail, — and that it does prevail can, as an abstract question, scarcely be denied, — the railroad system is too intricately interwoven with all the interests of the community to be allowed long to remain in so unsatisfactory a condition.

Before entering into any discussion of the general principles on which a readjustment of interests might be made, or of

any particular plan proposed, the first preliminary is to induce the community to realize the true magnitude of the question involved. It must disabuse itself of many fixed ideas, and first among them is that already referred to, — the idea that the railroad system is nothing more than a dividend-realizing monopoly of certain great joint-stock companies. The real magnitude of the interest involved cannot be overstated, — its importance cannot be over-estimated, — its mere money value could not be represented in figures. The application of steam to locomotion is vulgarly looked upon as an improvement, an advance of civilization, a great result of science, a fine investment of capital, a wonderful improver of the value of corner lots, a great time-saver, an indispensable agent for the development of new country; but it may be questioned if it is often viewed in its true magnitude, as, with perhaps two exceptions, the most tremendous and far-reaching engine of social revolution which has ever either blessed or cursed the earth.

It cannot be time wasted briefly to consider, in this connection, how deeply and variously this new agent of civilization has already affected human interests. From that consideration perhaps a more just estimate may be formed of the importance of the question now agitated. For it must continually be borne in mind that the railroad system is yet in its infancy; that, in the necessary development of this system, the present or pure monopolo-corporative stage is but a period of transition; and that the duty a railroad owes to the community, as contra-distinguished from the debt it owes to its stockholders, is likely to assume a relative importance far greater in the future than it has held in the past. A just appreciation of the variety and magnitude of the interests involved is the first step towards a satisfactory solution of the problem.

The most apparent and immediate application of steam-locomotion is to geographical development. In reverting to the past, the attention is at once struck by the new and portentous law of civilized territorial increase which the era of steam has inaugurated. Until as recently as the year 1847, the old Phœnician method of colonization, somewhat improved in details, yet prevailed. As the Greeks sent out colonies to the Ægean isles, to Asia Minor, and to Syracuse, — as the Romans con-

quered the barbarians, and then held them as colonists, — so the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and the English sent out their offshoots to every quarter of the globe called uncivilized. In some regions, as in the East, they held races in subjection, and fostered colonies of the Roman type, while in others they planted feeble settlements on the model of the Greeks. As a rule, the growth of these colonies was as slow in the modern as it had been in the ancient times. By no means was it always even rapid enough to be healthy. A few, in the long course of years, struggled through the vicissitudes of infancy and became flourishing communities; many languished, and many died. The law of their progression through twenty centuries had continued essentially the same.

Steam was applied to locomotion on water and on land respectively in 1807 and 1829. At length, in 1846, vague rumors of regions rich beyond all precedent in golden ores, and only then discovered on the shores of the Pacific, pervaded the whole civilized globe, and, under the influence of steam, a new phase of colonization at once developed itself. To the new gold-fields rushed whole populations, and forthwith steam became their servant, and bound them closely with the older world. Where yesterday had been a wilderness, California and Australia took their places among the communities of the globe. The new era was making itself felt, and, under its fostering impulse, communities sprang into life full grown. Without the assistance of steam, settlements would probably have been established, and lingered in slow growth, along the shores of the sea and on the banks of navigable rivers; but the steamboat and the locomotive lent their aid, and the very Arabs of civilization became substantial communities. So far as the inducement of gold was concerned, the same process now going on upon both slopes of the Rocky Mountains was witnessed in the colonization of Mexico and Cuba. With Cuba it succeeded, as the ocean connected the colonist with the world; with Mexico it failed, because colonization was too rapid to be healthy, and the scattered colonists, cut off from and unsupported by the intercourse of their kind, merged into, and both degraded and were degraded by, the semi-civilization of the aborigines. Such will not be the case with Colorado. If that region be indeed,

as is claimed by its ex-Governor, "gridironed over with gold, silver, copper, and lead-bearing lodes," then will it very soon experience the influence of the new law of colonization. No long, wearisome, and dangerous wagon-road, scarcely marked out across the plains, will connect a nomadic population of semi-barbarous, undomesticated men with a distant civilization which is to them almost a dream of their childhood; but almost at once the ringing grooves of the railroad will connect them with the denser populations of the East and West. A community, embracing multiform industries, will spring up in the wilderness, and every comfort of life and appliance of civilization will flow to a new and opulent market. So the new era of material development, by a process of its own, is peopling and subduing the wilds of America and Australia. This is the present exemplification of a law which dates back only twenty years.

What other possible exemplifications of it await us? What new discoveries of territorial wealth may be made? What region of earth next awaits development? California and Australia have revealed their secrets; — how long will those of Mexico and South America and Africa remain concealed? The application of the new process of development to Mexico and South America can only be a question of time; already begun, it must go on. But as yet Africa can only be accounted among the possibilities of the future. Let it once share the fate, as it one day may well do, of California or of Australia, — let it once reveal a hidden wealth, which somewhere surely exists, and which will bring it fairly under the influence of the modern process of colonization and steam development, — and those now living may see the solution of its enigma. It was only in 1858 that the waters of the Zambesi were disturbed by the paddles of the little steamboat bearing Livingstone and his fortunes; but it is less than sixty years ago that the "Clermont" labored slowly up the Hudson. Those sixty years have witnessed great revolutions for the Hudson; — what revolutions may the next sixty years not have to record for that Zambesi, on whose shores Livingstone already records gold and coal, and all mineral wealth, amid unplanted fields of cotton and indigo? The little colony of Liberia has struggled feebly on for forty

years; and equally feebly struggled on the convict colonies of Great Britain for a much longer period, not dreaming of the wealth on which they walked. Why should not Africa, on some unlooked-for day, wake into life, as Australia has so recently done? Now, such a result is but a dream; but it is a dream far less strange than the Australian and Californian facts of the last twenty years. We have yet witnessed but the buddings of the green leaf: the wonders of the dry we cannot even conceive. We are always inclined to look upon the world as finished, upon known forces as having produced their final results; but results are never complete. Perhaps in 1481 the thinkers of that day may have considered that the printing-press had expended its force as a new power; and in 1522 philosophers may have supposed that the ultimate material effects of geographical discovery could be approximately estimated. The one or the other conclusion would probably have been as correct as any attempt at gauging the ultimate effects of the steam system to-day.

Neither is the extent of the revolution already worked by the new power directly under our notice often appreciated. Its varied influences enter so intimately into our daily life, are so much a part of our acts and thoughts, that they become familiar, and cease to be marvellous. The changes have been so gradual, that we have failed to notice their completeness. Yet most people who observe at all have vaguely felt that there was some element which made our century different from all others, — a century of greater growth, of more rapid development. The young have found things different on attaining manhood from what they remembered in their youth; the middle-aged wondered if change had flashed along in the eyes of their fathers as it did in their own; and the old can easily remember a period less removed from the Middle Ages than from the passing year. Our times are not as those of our fathers. The seventh day of August, 1807, marks an era in human progress, and the years since that day have seen vastly more changes, and a progress vastly more accelerated, than any that preceded them: they have been years of another world.

No power has been so great as to be able to defy the influ-

ence of the new force at work in those sixty years, and no locality so obscure as to escape it. From the most powerful of European monarchies to the most insignificant of New England villages, the revolution has been all-pervading. Abroad and at home it has equally nationalized people and cosmopolized nations. Its influence has been more potential in peace than of late years in war. The chief bonds of nationality are unities of race, of language, of interest, and of thought. The tendency of steam has universally been towards the gravitation of the parts to the centre, — towards the combination and concentration of forces, whether intellectual or physical. Increased communication, increased activity, and increased facilities of trade destroy local interests, local dialects, and local jealousies. The days of small barrier kingdoms and intricate balances of power are wellnigh numbered. Whatever is homogeneous is combining all the world over in obedience to an irresistible law. It is the law of gravitation applied to human affairs. One national centre regulates the whole daily thought, trade, and language of great nations, and regulates it instantly. In this way, France and England are already bound as closely into two compact wholes, as were formerly the parishes of London or the *arrondissements* of Paris. The same law is revolutionizing Italy. In that country the long-scattered elements of homogeneity, — the same race and language and interest, long kept by foreign influence apart, and in a condition of artificial hostility and jealousy, — yielding with hard struggle to the new influence, are at last drawn together, and are combining with each other as by chemical affinity. Cavour had destiny on his side, and Austria struggled against fate. But for steam the fate of Italy would yet be more than doubtful. Local jealousies, foreign influence, and domestic treason might yet destroy all that has been effected. Sicily might be set up against Sardinia, and Tuscany against Rome. Italy has not yet combined itself around its centre of thought and trade and government; not yet are all its localities thrown open to commerce and to travel. But every mile of completed railroad takes for Italian unity a new bond of fate, — banishes a little more of local jealousy, local interest, and local dialect. The nation insensibly gravitates; and thirty years more will probably find Italy receiving, as

France and England do to-day, its inspiration and its trade from a single centre.

The same phenomena and the same results are witnessed in Germany. Prussia annexes half of Germany, and threatens Denmark. Austria, made up of discordant elements, which for centuries have been retained under one head by a skilfully contrived and artificially stimulated antagonism and jealousy of forces, rapidly finds her position becoming untenable. The Hun, the Croat, and the Transylvanian will not combine. They have no affinities of race, of language, or of interest, — the ingredients will not mix. To yield the popular reforms insures disintegration: to resist them provokes revolution. While all around, in Germany, Italy, and France, the affinities are combining, the same force which there brings about the contact necessary to combination is in Austria forcing together to an issue of inevitable conflict those hostile forces, so long kept in a condition of mutual resistance and counterpoise. The revolutions of the steam-engine have at last rendered forever impracticable the traditional policy of the house of Hapsburg.

The same new elements are rapidly working out its problems for Russia. Not fifteen years ago it seemed as if its destruction must inevitably result from the very accomplishment of its cherished plans. All Europe was perplexed and alarmed by the growth and imagined power of the empire of the Czars, and universal dominion seemed again to be threatened. The unprejudiced observer then thought that he saw the seeds of destruction in the very successes of power. It seemed impossible that the vast, incongruous, overgrown empire could remain united from the Baltic to the Bosporus. All this is now changed. Within the last few years only, — brought to it in great degree by the disasters of the Crimea, — the ingredients have been cast into the crucible. Railroads are in course of construction all over the country, and, under their influence, the affinities will day by day unite. In a few years Constantinople will be nearer to St. Petersburg than Moscow once was, and the whole great nation will be bound together hard and fast by the iron bands.

On this continent, our own country is the child of steam. With us it has neither combined homogeneous elements, nor

forced into conflict those that were incongruous, but it has rapidly disseminated one element over a vast wilderness. The steamboat and railroad alone have rendered existing America possible.

Such are some of the results of peace. The same force has left a deep mark on the results of modern warfare, — a mark no less noticeable from its absence than from its presence. The history of two recent wars, not ten years apart, perfectly illustrates the possible differences of result arising from the regard or disregard of this new element of power. These two are the war in the Crimea and our late Rebellion. Russia failed of success in the Crimea, because she could not avail herself of the steam-engine; the Allies succeeded, because they could avail themselves of the steam-ship. Marseilles and Plymouth were infinitely nearer to Sebastopol than were Moscow and St. Petersburg. Could Russia have concentrated men and munitions with the ease and rapidity of France and England, the war must have had another close. The new element of force and combination, neglected by Russia in 1854, we availed ourselves of with decisive effect in 1864. That one new element of power — wholly left out of their calculations by European military authorities in exercising the gifts of prophecy on the result of our struggle — was the one element which made possible the results we accomplished. They told us of the vastness of the territory to be subdued, of the impossibility of sustaining our armies, of the power of a people acting on the defensive. They pointed to Napoleon's dismal experience in Russia, and wondered and sneered at those who would not learn from the experience of others, or profit from the disasters of the past. They could not realize, and would take no count of, the improved appliances of the age. The result the world knows. It saw a powerful enemy's very existence depending on a frail thread of railroad iron, with the effectual destruction of which perished all hope of resistance; it saw Sherman's three hundred miles of rear, and the base and supplies of eighty thousand fighting men in security three whole days' journey by rail away from the sound of strife; it saw two whole army corps, numbering eighteen thousand men, moved, with all their munitions and a portion of their artillery, thirteen hundred miles round

the circumference of a vast theatre of war, from Virginia to Tennessee, in the moment of danger, and this too in the apparently incredibly brief space of only seven days. From Alexander to Napoleon, the possibilities of combination in warfare were in essentials the same. Within thirty years of the death of Napoleon, that was accomplished which to him would have read as the tale of some Arabian night. The changes of thirty years throw deep into the shade those of thirty centuries.

All those yet referred to are but the interior circles of the influences already perceptible from the disturbing action of this one new force. It does not confine itself to nationalizing each several race, but it cosmopolizes nations. This result is more noticeable in Europe than in America. Since 1830 all the world travels. Already the whole Caucasian race looks alike and talks alike, and is rapidly growing to live alike and to think alike. We mix and mingle, until there is no strangeness left. Those of middle life yet remember Paris and London in the days of the diligence and the stage-coach; many of them have seen it in the present year of grace, and such at least realize a change. As to Rome, she has come directly within the influence of railroads only within the last six years. Did the world ever before witness a revolution so complete? The mushroom cities of America, in their very brick and mortar, — in the architecture of their buildings and the age of their walls, — are the same in appearance, and just as ancient, as modern London or Paris. We dream of England as old; we dwell upon the descriptions of English humorists, and picture to ourselves the quaint rambling inns and familiar streets of Dickens, — the haunts of Dr. Johnson and of Boswell, — the spots made familiar by Irving and his great progenitor who showed old Sir Roger the sights of the town; we insensibly associate with modern London, in childish fancy, the familiar scenes of English literature, from Prince Hal and Jack Falstaff at the Boar's Head Inn to Mr. Pickwick snuffing the morning air in Goswell Street. We still go to the city rather expecting to find the quaintness we imagine; at any rate, we do not look for what we left behind us in America. Probably some of this quaintness did linger about London until within a few years. But though 1829 did not work all its changes at once, the old

and quaint went out with stage-coaches. To-day we might as well look for traces of the Indians on Boston Common, or of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller on Manhattan Island. London is, in all essentials but size, like Boston; Paris, like New York. Paris and London have yielded to the new influence, and are giving up their distinctive characteristics, to become the stereotyped railroad centres of the future. Rome, thanks to the Papacy, has resisted the revolution a little longer; and there travellers can yet taste some of the old novelty and æsthetic enjoyment of travel. There one can yet dwell a moment with the past, and enjoy an instant's forgetfulness of the wearying march of progress. But even there the shrill scream of the steam-whistle breaks the silence of the Campagna, and a steam-engine has possession of the palace of the Cenci. All this, too, is but the beginning. It is at most but the change of a single half-century. What, then, may not the same influence accomplish in the eternal course of the future? Judging from accomplished results, how can the whole world avoid being cosmopolized?

At home, too, we notice similar change. Within the last twenty years, the old New England country town and its inhabitants have equally disappeared. The revolutions of these few years have swept away the last vestiges of colonial thoughts and persons. Who that has ever lived in a New England country town does not remember its old quiet and dulness, its industry, and the slow, steady growth of its prosperity, the staidness of its inhabitants? In the village church and the village street you seemed to see more gray heads than now, and more reverence was paid them. In the country, you met a class of men now wholly gone, — dull, solid, elderly men, men of some property and few ideas, — the legitimate descendants of the English broad-acred squires. They were the country gentry, — the men who went up to the General Court, and had been members of the Governor's Council; they were men of formal manners and of formal dress, — men who remembered Governor Hancock, and had a certain trace of his manners. To-day this class is as extinct as the dodo. Railroads have abolished them and their dress and their manners, — they have abolished the very houses they dwelt in. The race of

hereditary gentry has gone forever, and the race of hereditary business-men has usurped its place. Shrewd, anxious, eager, over-worked, the men of to-day will accomplish vast results, and immensely accelerate the development of the race. They represent the railroad, as the earlier type did the stage-coach. Whether the existing type is as happy as the extinct, is a question yet to be decided.

The same phenomena are witnessed in the regions of thought. It is bolder than of yore. It exerts its influence with a speed and force equally accelerated. The newspaper press is the great engine of modern education; and that press, obeying the laws of gravitation, is everywhere centralized, — the rays of light once scattered are concentrated into one all-powerful focus. To-day's metropolitan newspaper, printed by a steam-press, is whirled three hundred miles away by a steam-engine before the day's last evening edition is in the hands of the carrier. The local press is day by day fighting a losing cause with diminished courage, while the metropolitan press drives it out of circulation and draws from it its brain. Thought draws to intellectual centres as trade draws to commercial centres, and all are railroad centres. Thoughts are quickly exchanged, and act upon each other. Nations can no longer, except wilfully, persist in national blunders. Literatures can no longer lie hid as did the German until so few years ago. Since 1830 the nations are woven together by the network of iron, and all thought and results of thought are in common. The same problems perplex at once the whole world, and from every quarter light floods in upon their solution. This very question of the relation between communities and their railroad systems is now presenting itself to all the nations at once, and the best solution will result from common experience. The law of competition is brought to bear on national thought. But increased communication has not alone quickened and intensified thought, — it has revolutionized its process. The great feature of the future, if the present view of the influences of the agents at work is correct, will be the rapid uprising of numerous new communities. Of all such communities questioning is a leading characteristic. They have neither faith in, nor reverence for, that which is old. On the contrary, with them age is

prima facie evidence of badness, and they love novelty for novelty's sake. This mental inclination will ultimately apply the last test to truth, for error has its full chance and is sure of a trial. The burden of proof seems likely to be shifted from the innovator to the conservator. In the rising passion for change, the question seems likely to be, not, Is the proposed innovation an improvement? but, Is the existing condition certainly better than that proposed?

It is in the domains of trade, however, that the revolution is the most apparent and bewildering, — that the ramifications of cause and effect are most innumerable and interminable. Herbert Spencer says that it would require a volume to trace through all its ramifications the contingent effects of the every-day act of lighting a fire. These effects are imperceptible, but the influence of steam locomotion as applied to trade is as apparent as it is infinite. Increased communication leads to increased activity. Prices seek a level; produce is exchanged; labor goes where it is needed. England and Russia exchange bread for cotton, and Iowa and Ireland, labor for corn. These countries are nearer to one another now than in 1829 were the very counties of England. Increased activity demands new centres and channels, and these phenomena result, — those overgrown, dropsical giants of a growth that is just begun, — those portentous accumulations of the evil humors of society which men call railroad centres, and the apparition of which on the face of the earth is confounding and puzzling all thinking men. At the time of the great plague, just before the fire of 1666, De Foe estimated the population of London at one million of souls; but this was undoubtedly largely in excess of the reality, and Macaulay places it, more accurately, for about the same time, at 500,000. In the succeeding century and a half it increased about threefold, until, in 1831, it numbered, in round numbers, 1,600,000. At that time the new era commenced, and from that time the growth of London was almost to be dated. During the next twenty years its population had risen to 2,500,000; in 1861 it was more than 3,500,000; and to-day it perhaps contains within its limits 4,000,000 of human beings. Between 1666 and 1821 it had a growth of three hundred per cent, and it has experienced an exactly sim-

ilar increase between 1821 and 1867. When Fulton steamed up the Hudson, Paris was a city of rather more than half a million of inhabitants, and it now numbers about 2,000,000. In the days of Louis XIV. it had 490,000, and in 1841, 912,000, — an increase of one hundred per cent in two centuries. In 1866 it had 1,825,000, — an increase of one hundred per cent in twenty-five years.

The results in America have been no less extraordinary. In 1807 New York numbered a population of about 75,000. Chicago existed in 1829 only as an uninviting swamp, inhabited by a dozen families, and San Francisco was hardly a name. In 1830 New York contained over 200,000 inhabitants; and to-day they exceed 800,000, and that, too, without considering those suburbs which enter so largely into the bulk of London and Paris. Between 1829 and 1867 Chicago has increased to 200,000, and San Francisco since 1847 has become a city of 125,000 inhabitants. As to the increased trade of these centres, suffice it as one illustration for all to say, that, whereas the whole wheat trade of Chicago in 1838 was limited to 78 bushels, it had swollen in 1866 to 29,000,000. Such unhealthy growth makes of its very centres of life and thought the monsters of the nineteenth century.

Nearly twenty years ago Macaulay called attention to the fearful human material of which this growth was composed. He then referred to the arguments used by Gibbon and Adam Smith to prove that the world would not again be flooded with barbarism; and he remarked that it had not occurred to these philosophers "that civilization itself might engender the barbarians who should destroy it. It had not occurred to them, that in the very heart of great capitals, in the neighborhood of splendid palaces and churches and theatres and libraries and museums, vice and ignorance might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and of Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genseric." When Macaulay used these words at Edinburgh in 1852, he could hardly have realized that the growth of these great cities was but just begun; but since that time London has increased fifty per cent. In Europe these enormous accumulations of humanity are restrained by

tradition, by ignorance of their own power, and by immense exertion of force. Paris has felt the monster's sway once, and has a wholesome fear of repeating the experience. In London, only a few months since, in the Hyde Park riots of last July, it gave a hint of what it could do. The many-headed beast only stirred, and one good-natured switch of its tail showed, in the overthrow of the police and of the city authorities, what might be expected in any contingency in which its angry powers were once called forth. It is in America that these uncontrollable masses of humanity seem likely first, and that not remotely, to make their power felt. Here they know what they can do, and, in New York at least, are not indisposed to do it. Thus, while steam has so recently enabled us to crush a rebellion, and to preserve our unity as a nation, it seems at the same time to be steadily sapping the very foundations of our political edifice. Already it has accumulated a populace in the city of New York, in whose hands the principle of self-government has become a confessed failure; and New York is only the most fully developed result yet attained from the action of existing forces.

The trade revolutions effected by the action of the new power, and the strange tricks of fortune which it has played, furnish a subject of study always instructive, generally amusing, and sometimes sad. Steam has proved itself to be not only the most obedient of slaves, but likewise the most tyrannical of masters. It pulls down as well as builds up. The very forces of nature do not stand in its way. It overcomes the wind and tide, and abolishes the Mississippi River. It is as whimsical as it is powerful. The individual it carries whithersoever he will, but whole communities it carries whither they would not. It destroyed the Southern Confederacy, annihilated Hanover, and threatens Belgium, all brought by it within the influence of an irresistible law adverse to their nationality. It makes the grass grow in the once busy streets of small commercial centres, like Nantucket, Salem, and Charleston. It robs New Orleans of that monopoly of wealth which the Mississippi River once promised to pour into her lap. It promises to make a solitude of the wharves of Boston, and it fills New Hampshire with deserted farms. Then it carries to New York

the wealth of the whole world, and makes of her an overgrown monster. It builds up San Francisco like a very palace of Aladdin. It peoples Colorado, Montano, and Idaho as if by magic, and transfers the seat of empire to what still appears in the maps which ornament our office walls as a wilderness. This is the incomplete work of one half-century; but from these beginnings it is not unsafe to draw a few general conclusions. The result of all commercial combination and concentration is necessarily individual inequality and disparity. The wealth and population of our railroad centres is as yet only in the early stages of development. These centres are not, up to this time, even united by rail. In these centres we must ultimately look to see wealth enormously increased, with a population proportioned to it, with all its corresponding depths of vice, of misery, and of poverty. The fortunes of the Astors and Stewarts are but precursors. The sharp spasms of misery and poverty are not yet felt. The era will not have attained even the grand climacteric of the human life until the 7th of next August.

The same direct influences can be traced into morals that have been seen in every other department of human life. The law of combination and gravitation applies to ethics as well as to trade. With wealth comes taste and luxury, and with it also misery and vice. Both are consolidated, both are disseminated together. The gloomy side of this question is, that the present era is essentially that of material development. It is all the world over a race for wealth, in the first place; all else is incidental and secondary. But it is very difficult to form just conclusions as to moral deterioration or improvement during such a comparatively brief period of time. No statistics can be collected, nor could they be depended upon if their collection were possible. The opinions of those who were part of the time antecedent to 1830 are both derived from limited experience, and necessarily warped by individual bias. The golden age of purity and simplicity has always lain behind us ever since those early times when it was first created in the imagination of the earliest poets. We never realize how bad the old times were, until we come to grope amid the happily forgotten records of their filthy vices. A few facts only are

established as illustrating the influence of the era on morals. Some of those facts are scarcely encouraging. As a rule, the most democratic are the most moral communities, — those fortunate communities, of which Vermont is a happy specimen, where vast wealth is not accumulated, — where there are few who are very rich, and still fewer who are very poor. Such communities are unhappily not the characteristic of the age of steam locomotion. They are more aptly described, in the spirit of the age and the parlance of the day, "as good communities to be born in, provided you emigrate early." Combination, the vast accumulation of wealth, and the consequently equally vast under-stratum of poverty, have been seen to be the effect of steam locomotion; but experience does not show improved morality as the usual concomitant of increased wealth, and where misery is, there is vice also. "Railroad morals," too, has become a proverbial expression, — a by-word of opprobrium among men. The stock exchange has hardly improved in tone of late years. Robbery and gambling, under the euphonious names of "cornering" and "operating," have become pleasant matters of daily occurrence, and excite scarcely a comment.

Such is a hasty sketch of some of the disturbing influences of the new power on the general aspect of the century, — influences so all-pervading in their results as to be rather revolutionizing than disturbing. Whatever affects the whole affects every part. It would therefore be mere waste of time to follow out with curious assiduity the myriad remoter ramifications, until among larger incidents of change we should find the Highlander expelled from the mountain fastnesses of his clan, because the railroad has made them so accessible as a pleasure-ground to the English nobleman, and a writer like John Stuart Mill forced to declare that so wonderful are the changes, both moral and economical, taking place in our age, that, without perpetually rewriting a work like his "Elements of Political Economy," it is impossible to keep up with them. Such would be the instances among nations and authors, and, descending, we should see the increased demand for a cheap press influencing the price of rags in the country village, and the increased use of lubricating oil compensating to the fisheries for the in-

novation of gas. All of these, too, are the revolutions worked in a single half-century by a force which is yet bound up in the swaddling-clothes of private and monopolo-corporate interests. Its iron arms have been stretched out in every direction; nothing has escaped their reach, and the most firmly established institutions of man have proved under their touch as plastic as clay. Everything is changing, and will change with increasing rapidity. No human power can stop it. It is useless to cast back regretful glances at the old quiet days of other years and another order of things, — at the middle ages antecedent to 1807. The progressive may exult, and the conservative may repine, but the result will be all the same. We had best go on cheerfully and hopefully, for we are enlisted for the war. We must follow out the era on which we have entered to its logical and ultimate conclusions, for it is useless for men to stand in the way of steam-engines. Change is usually ugly, and the whole world, both physical and moral, is now in a period of transition. But the serpent does not cast his skin till the new one is formed beneath the old; and because the old world is now sloughing its skin, we cannot conclude that the world of the future is to exist without any.

> "To-day I saw the dragon-fly
> Come from the wells where he did lie.
>
> "An inner impulse rent the veil
> Of his old husk; from head to tail
> Came out clear plates of sapphire-mail.
>
> "He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
> Through crofts and pastures wet with dew,
> A living flash of light he flew."

It would be simply presumptuous to try to cast the horoscope of this revolution after thus surveying the changes already wrought. If we wished to draw a few feeble inferences to reassure ourselves in regard to the future, we could best do so by falling back on the analogies of the past. The changes of the future will undoubtedly be more rapid, more complete, and more bewildering than those of the past, in the same ratio that the combined forces of the future are engines more powerful in change than the comparatively simple forces of the earlier

days. Still, the past cannot but throw some light on the future. To the dwellers in it, the world doubtless seemed sufficiently lovely before the middle of the fifteenth century; but then the sloughing time came on, and the old skin was slowly shed, and, in the ripeness of time, the new was found better. The old passed away amid the fierce contortions of tortured communities, — through wars and revolutions and inquisitions and anarchy. The period of change was ugly, and the world often had cause for discouragement; but the worst times were found bearable, and the result has justified the price. Our era has just begun to work its own revolution. That its results will all be pleasant, we may not hope; that its course will be marked by fierce agonies, we have been fully taught by the events of the last few years; but that it will in the end serve to elevate and make more happy the whole race of man on earth, we have some cause to trust. But in surveying the history of the last great era just finished, — the distinctive era of the printing-press, with all its changes from 1444 to 1807, — the imagination is bewildered and lost in the vain effort to realize those more striking changes which are to make remarkable the new era on which we have just entered, — the distinctive era of steam locomotion.

It is necessary, however, to return from the vague considerations of the future to the practical questions of the present. It is now proposed to readjust, in all its relations to its owners and to the community, that whole system, a few of the leading results of which, as already worked out upon society, have been set forth in this article. For no slight or insufficient reason should such a readjustment be even suggested. All these revolutions have been worked by this new force through the machinery of private corporations, and on no doubtful evidence should those in whose hands the agent has accomplished so much be declared untrustworthy or insufficient for their work. But the charge now advanced against the corporate system is not a light one, nor is it supported by doubtful evidence. It is distinctly averred by the railroad reformers, that this power, so intricately involved with the whole existence of modern communities, — this system so all-pervading, — is, as a result of opposing interests, managed with an almost utter dis-

regard of that public good in behalf of which that system was established. This averment is sustained by elaborate arguments, based upon carefully collected statistics. As already stated, the natural desire of all railroad corporations, in their private capacity as traders, would be to establish on their several lines that tariff of rates which would insure to them the largest net profits, without regard to the amount of accommodation given for that consideration. By introducing into their management the principle of large receipts and small profits, the net income of many and the most important roads would be neither materially increased nor diminished. The proprietors of such roads have accordingly no interest in the establishment of such a principle. To a community, however, the difference would be immense. Instead of averaging three cents a mile on travel in this country, fares might then, it is claimed, be made in the course of time to average half a cent only. Then fifty cents would purchase a ticket from Boston to Springfield, and one dollar and twenty cents one from Boston to New York. The same rule of reduction would apply to freight. But such a change would be solely in the interest of the community, and in no degree in that of the corporation. Their work would be immensely increased, and their net revenues not at all. In other words, the present rule of corporate railroad management is sustained by the community, on its most essential lines, at a cost in excess of possible necessity of some five hundred per cent, — a subsidy paid to a conflict of interest. This proposition is sufficiently startling, and one worthy at least of a thorough examination.*

* It is not within the scope of the present article to enter elaborately into the statistics of this question. A few tables and figures can be found in Mr. Quincy's pamphlet. In fact, the question is not yet ripe for any satisfactory solution, through the absence of any reliable statistical tables. The first measure, therefore, looking to any future legislation, should be the creation, in the various States, of bureaus of railroad statistics, under the superintendence of competent commissioners. The annual returns of Massachusetts, for instance, need to be entirely remodelled, as from them it is almost impossible to arrive at any reliable conclusions. Such bureaus should be permanent, and collect information from all civilized countries, as well as exact specific returns on all possible points from the State corporations. Knowing the peculiarities in regard to through and local travel, construction, grades, and elevations of each road, and the requirements of particular regions of the State, they could shed a flood of light on railroad legislation which will never be derived from spasmodic agitations, leading to superficial hearings before legislative commit-

It is instantly apparent that no community can or will pay on all transportation of persons or property within their limits a

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tees. When such a bureau exists, and not till then, may some intelligent railroad legislation be hoped for. Until that time comes, the most important material interests of the community are in perpetual danger of experimental legislative tinkering.

Meanwhile, for present purposes, the argument suggested in the text is amply sustained by the recent Report of the Directors of the Western (Mass.) Railroad. This document somewhat unceremoniously settles the whole present question with an array of figures, which, it complacently asserts, "demonstrate the fallacy" of Mr. Quincy's proposition. It may be safely asserted, on the contrary, that they not only do nothing of the sort, but lead to a directly opposite conclusion. The argument of the Report is too shallow and sophistical to be criticised. It is based upon extracts from the returns of seven Massachusetts railroads — the Boston and Lowell, Boston and Maine, Boston and Providence, Boston and Worcester, Eastern, Fitchburg, and Old Colony — for two separate aggregate periods of five years each, and separate returns of the Western Road for the same periods. Curiously enough, one of the two periods on which the road rests its argument is the only one in its history which could at once and fully demonstrate its fallacy. During one of the periods referred to, the roads received and paid gold; during the other, they received paper, and paid currency prices equivalent to gold. The periods compared are the aggregate five years from 1846 to 1850, and from 1861 to 1865, in both cases inclusive. The paid-in capital of the eight aggregate roads increased from about $27,000,000 in 1851 to $29,700,000 in 1865. In none of the tables of the Report are the aggregate *net earnings* of the roads during the period in question given. Upon referring to the original returns, it will be found that these earnings for the eight combined roads during the period first named amounted, in round numbers, to $9,400,000, and for the second period to a trifle over $14,000,000; during the first period aggregating thirty-five per cent on their paid-in capital as it stood in 1850, and during the second period forty-seven per cent on the same as it stood in 1865. During the years of the last period, all the outlays and expenses of the roads — material, labor, and motive-power — increased immensely in cost. Mr. Wells, in his Tariff and Revenue Report, estimates that increase throughout the country at sixty per cent on labor, and ninety per cent on materials. In Massachusetts the increase was especially large, — in the item of wages, more than in any other part of the country except California; and from the Report of the Boston and Providence Railroad for 1867 it appears that the cost of the important item of fuel averaged, through the years 1862 to 1866, ninety-four per cent more than its cost in 1861. In the Western Railroad Report, the expenses of the eight roads are computed at about $34,500,000 for the last period, against a trifle less than $14,000,000 for the first, or an increase of one hundred and fifty per cent of expense on an amount of traffic as nearly as possible doubled. Double traffic does not usually impose double expense, and it probably is not too much to estimate an increase in the price of labor and materials to the extent of some fifty per cent of their former gold value as entering into this large aggregate of expense. Meanwhile the roads in question, if we can trust their returns, had up to 1865 made an average increase of fares and freights to the amount of less than four per cent, as compared with 1860. Accordingly, while in the second period, as compared with the first, the roads were still paying, through the medium of inflated prices, the old gold rates, all their receipts were, within perhaps four per cent, as much depreciated as was the

heavy toll which is a mere gratuity exacted by the indolence of monopolists. A comparison between a system now antiquated

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paper that was tendered them. The result would apparently have been exactly the same to them, if in 1861 they had reduced their fares and freight by perhaps one third, and received and paid gold as in the earlier period; and according to all their arguments they ought now to be ruined. Such does not seem to have been the result. During the second or adverse period, the net earnings of the roads, on a capital increased less than ten per cent, rose $ 4,600,000, or fifty per cent over the net earnings of the first period. During these five years the seven roads paid average yearly dividends of seven per cent, and the Western Road nine per cent, besides increasing their surplus funds some $ 2,000,000.

But other and more curious comparative results, bearing upon the question at issue, are suggested by the consideration of these figures to which attention is called by this Report. Since 1860, it appears, the Western Road has increased its tariff of fares twelve per cent, and its freights thirty-five per cent; the Boston and Providence, on the other hand, have reduced their fares twenty-eight per cent, and their freights six per cent. The results have been exactly what Mr. Quincy claims should appear. The Western Road, enjoying a monopoly of blocked-up traffic, has drawn from the community largely increased profits, on an amount of traffic not proportionately increased; while the Boston and Providence Road has done an immensely increased business, with net results neither materially increased nor diminished. In 1865, as compared with 1860, the Western Road, operating on its advanced tariff, increased its receipts from fares seventy-six per cent, and from freights twenty-eight per cent; its gross receipts increased eighty-two per cent, and its net earnings thirty-eight per cent; it divided ten per cent, and passed three per cent to reserve. The Boston and Providence, on the other hand, running in the latter year at one hundred and sixty per cent of increased expense over the former, and with reduced fares, increased the receipts from fares ninety per cent, and from freights forty-four per cent; but while their gross earnings increased seventy-nine per cent, their net earnings increased only four and a half per cent; yet they divided ten per cent, and passed one per cent to reserve. Practically, this road had reduced its fares over fifty per cent, but greatly increased travel returned to it so large an aggregate of small profits, that its net income absolutely increased.

An immensely increased travel has accomplished all the results above set forth, and enabled all of these roads, on a tariff practically reduced by some thirty-three per cent, to thrive as they never throve before. Increased travel is, therefore, the end to be aimed at, no matter what causes the increase. Had it been caused in these five years, as it is proposed to cause it in the future, by decreased cost instead of by the unhealthy activity of war, the result must have been exactly the same. It therefore appears, that through an increase of business these railroads have derived, during the last five years, immensely increased revenues out of a tariff reduced to the full extent of any proposition Mr. Quincy has yet made, and that this tariff has enabled them to average eight per cent dividends, and to accumulate $ 3,000,000 of surplus. The return to specie payments, and the consequent equalization of railroad receipts and expenses, unless accompanied with an unprecedented decrease of traffic, will raise the whole question. The inevitable conclusion would seem to be, that, if a decreased tariff should lead, as all experience shows it would lead, to yet more increased travel, the roads could submit to a further reduction of perhaps a third, with similar beneficial results to their stockholders.

and that now prevailing will illustrate the crushing weight of this burden, which custom has hitherto made nature. Formerly, turnpikes in the hands of corporations were far more common than now, and a toll-gate was encountered on every few miles of road. The prevailing system of tariffs on our railroads, so far as the community is concerned, weighs upon it much the same as if every road and street and highway and by-way in existence were corporate property, and upon each and all that toll upon travel was levied which long experience has proved would produce the largest net profit to the owners, and which was in fact a toll about twice or thrice as large as the interest of either way or owner required. The effect of such a burden, newly imposed on a traffic now unrestrained, could hardly be conceived. The case proposed is the exact converse of this. It is maintained that a tariff as unduly excessive is now maintained upon all the essential lines of our railroad system, that its burden has not been realized simply because the community has never known what freedom from it was, and that the relief that would be experienced on once being relieved of it could best be measured by imagining how intolerable would be the burden of a similar impost placed upon another system of communication, the use of which is now comparatively free.

It was hardly likely that, while granting charters, the existence of such a conflict of interest could escape the notice of legislatures. With a view to guarding the community against imposition, different measures have been adopted in different communities. In some, as in Belgium, the government exercises a direct supervision whenever the emergency seems to require it; in others, as in England, it imposes certain specific conditions of travel, supposed to be sufficient to attain the end; and in others, the power of the corporation is wellnigh unlimited. The last is the usual case in America. In Massachusetts a wretched provision has been uniformly introduced into all charters, ingeniously calculated to defeat its own ends. By incorporating as a fixed principle into all acts of railroad incorporation a clause to the effect that all net earnings of roads in excess of ten per cent on their capital might be applied by the Legislature to a decrease of fares, they effectually

made it the interest of the corporations in no way to inconvenience themselves by doing anything for the community, or the increase of its travel, by which they were likely to influence receipts already satisfactory, or to earn more than the percentage prescribed. Such wretched provisions as this, however, were hardly the safeguards on which the community depended for the protection of its interests. It rather fell back on lazy indifference, on a sublime faith in *laissez faire* and the law of competition, to regulate the whole question in the way most conducive to the interests of all concerned. For it has long been held, and with some appearance of truth, that in the multitude of railroads is safety; and it is notorious that competition between opposing roads has occasionally been carried on, both abroad and in this country, until one or both of the competing lines have been ruined or brought to the verge of ruin. Competition of this sort has generally proved ruinous, for the simple reason that it has been attempted before either systems or communities were prepared to support a traffic conducted on principles so advanced. It has uniformly been the characteristic of one period in the infancy, the struggling days, of railroads. The case has been that of young commercial houses, or young manufactories exposed to a trial too severe at the outset. But a basis of management most destructive at an earlier day may prove the most healthy at a later one. Traffic builds itself up, communities increase, interests expand, business is systematized. That is richly remunerative in old and densely peopled regions which is absolutely ruinous in regions more sparsely settled. A system under which railroads would flourish in England would bankrupt every corporation in America. The disregard of such almost self-evident facts has necessarily caused severe trials, which, however, must be attributed rather to circumstances than to principles. That which is possible now was not possible twenty years ago, and that which reads like folly now will be possible twenty years hence. No unfavorable inferences, therefore, in regard to what might prove a profitable basis of traffic for the present, can be drawn from the ruinous competitions of the past. The stride of the giant is not to be computed from the tottering steps of the infant. It cannot be pretended that in the year 1511

it was possible to print for the sum of twopence the Pall-Mall Gazette of to-day.

Even had the process of active competition proved less ruinous than it has to the corporations, it could not have been relied upon as a protection to communities. To monopolizing corporate bodies, having the whole game in their own hands, such a process towards attaining the end they have in view is vulgar, clumsy, crude, — unworthy of the age. Instead of dividing to press upon each other, sounder views of self-interest are in these days found to prevail, and giant corporations are far more likely to combine to rob the community. If in the face of such combinations competition is increased, if interlopers spring up and try to obtain a share of these large profits, which usage has taught the family of giants to consider as exclusively their own, there may be a short, sharp struggle to test the strength and mettle of the new-comer, but, one way or the other, it is soon over. For a time the community profits by the struggle, but the strength or weakness of the new element is soon apparent, and it breaks down or is admitted to the privilege of a joint and several robbery of the community. The establishment of regular tariffs, skilfully adapted towards obtaining the largest remuneration for the least labor, is soon found by all competing bodies of a certain magnitude a far more remunerative system than that boasted competition on which communities so securely rely. We see this principle illustrated to-day in this country in the combination of express companies, and we should soon see another illustration of it in our postal system, should that system ever pass out of the hands of the government. Combinations of capital and labor which amount to monopolies can alone satisfy the present enormous requirements of modern society. Everything is done on a grand scale and by intricate machinery, so that competition, theoretically free, is practically impossible. In this way certain overgrown corporate bodies have become the very arteries and life-channels of the body politic, — the organs on which its entire prosperity and almost its existence depend. The result is a wide-spread distrust of these bodies, springing half from instinct and half from experience. This evinces itself in various ways: the government has its postal system, and the people cling to it;

our cities supply themselves with water; they are now clamoring all over the country for public gas-works, and at the same time there comes up this question of railroads. All of these are but the ill-directed efforts of communities seeking to protect themselves. The difficulty is felt, but it is not so intolerable as to force a solution, and accordingly no satisfactory solution is arrived at. The problem must be solved, and the question is simply to what new principle or new application of an old principle must resort be had to effect its solution.

It is not proposed to enter elaborately at present into a discussion of the various schemes, possible or proposed, for a readjustment of the railroad system. The interests involved are too immense, and the questions, both legal and statistical, are too profound, to be more than lightly touched upon in the space which remains for the present article. The result sought is the relieving of the community from a heavy burden upon its growth and prosperity. Provided this end be attained, the question in whose hands the management of the railroad system shall rest, so that it be well managed, is of secondary importance. The vast majority of men competent to express an opinion would doubtless say that it was absolutely indispensable to that management, no less a necessity for the railroads than for the community, that the system should continue in the hands of self-interested individuals or corporate bodies. This result is in no way necessarily incompatible with the readjustment of interests proposed. The relief of the community from an unnecessary burden being the one end in view, if that end could be attained by the establishment, under a system of legislative enactments, of the now conflicting interests of *trustee* and *cestui que trust* on some common basis, — the making concurrent the profit of the railroad proprietor and the protection of the community, — such a result might well be that most to be desired. But should that result prove unattainable, the second remedy may still be resorted to, which is necessarily the sacrifice of the particular interest to the general. Whichever course should be decided upon, there can be but little doubt that the existing railroad franchises are easily within the reach of the community, either for the purpose of readjustment of interests or of annihilation.

The power of the supreme legislative authority of each community over all corporate bodies within its limits has repeatedly been discussed before our courts, and uniformly maintained. In this country a vague general opinion seems to have crept into existence, that there is some peculiar sanctity about corporate franchises, — that they constitute the very essence of private property, the ark of the covenant in a temple dedicated to vested rights. This vague, intangible idea originates from causes which give it a shadow of plausibility. The rights of certain great corporations, unlike those of individuals, rest upon express charters and grants, publicly conferred, open to the inspection of all, and containing specific limitations, conditions, and restrictions. Each one has the form of a contract, to the exact performance of all the conditions of which the faith of each contracting party is pledged. But in like manner the rights of individuals in this country are all regulated by the Constitution of the land, — the great common charter applying to each and to all. Charters simply create corporate bodies without souls, enjoying certain privileges and exercising certain powers which usually pertain only to corporeal bodies with souls, but subject to the same laws and the same Constitution, and only empowered to do certain things in the same way that individuals might be empowered.

There are different legal processes by which the supreme law-making power of a community might effect the proposed readjustment of the railroad system. The first and most obvious way of attaining the result is through the exercise of the common-law power of *eminent domain*. The right of a State legislature to exercise this power over franchises granted by themselves, has been questioned and discussed at length before the courts. It was argued that the exercise of the right was a violation of the Constitution of the United States, in that it impaired the obligation of contracts. The whole question was elaborately discussed, and the Supreme Court decided that the right of eminent domain existing in the law-making power was not, and could not be, granted away by any clause in a corporate charter; that the right of resumption of corporate charters could be exercised, not only where the safety, but also where the interest, or even the expediency, of the State is concerned;

and that, with respect to the paramount power, a corporate franchise to construct a railroad occupied the same position as the right of the citizen to the enjoyment of his land under *his* contract with the State; — the only question in either case being one of compensation for loss or damage sustained.* The law in England had been previously established on the same basis. The franchise could not be resumed by the exercise of this power, and the functions carried on to the profit of the State. A mere transfer of business of this description could not be called such an appropriation of private property to public uses as would bring the act within the power. But it would not, apparently, be difficult, if the community saw fit to resume the franchises, for it to do so under the power, and thereafter for the legislature to devise such a system of taxes or of revenue stamps on travel or traffic on the roads so purchased as would be sufficient to keep them in repair and thorough running condition.

This is one method of disposing of the difficulty which the common law affords to the community. The objection to it is, that it does too much. It saddles the State with vast and varying interests, not properly pertaining to the functions of government. The other method of arriving at the same end with us is that prescribed by the statute law of the various States, or the organic conditions of the various charters. For with the power of eminent domain the remedies from the common law in this case seem to be exhausted. That law takes all or none. Any legislative act looking, not to the resumption of franchises, but simply to the readjustment of interests now asserted to be in conflict, without the consent of the corporate bodies, would apparently be void as impairing the obligation of contracts. The courts will construe grants contained in charters most strictly, — they will yield nothing to corporations but what is clearly given in the bond, — they will deny to legislatures, in many cases, the power in any terms of abridging their own sovereignty; but there are certain essentials in each franchise conferred, which, once given, cannot thereafter be interfered with. The privilege of operating their road and tak-

* West River Bridge Co. *v.* Dix, 6 Howard, 528; R. F. & P. R. R. *v.* L. R. R., 13 Ib. 83; B. & L. R. R. *v.* Sa. & L. R. R., 2 Gray, 1.

ing fare and freight is the essential franchise conferred upon railroad corporations.* Any act passed subsequently to the grant of the franchise, unless the power to pass such an act had expressly been reserved, which directly and hostilely aims at the control of these essentials by the road, would, almost without doubt, be pronounced by the courts unconstitutional and void. But few franchises are perpetual. Either an indefinite power of resumption is expressly reserved to the community, or it stipulates for a right to purchase the corporate property on certain terms at the expiration of a stated number of years. Invariably, however, in some way the law-making power of the community can, upon payment of an indemnity, lay its hand upon corporate franchises. In this case the franchise is at the exclusive and unconditional disposal of the community. It may be sold unconditionally, leased to new parties on new conditions, maintained for the public benefit or revenue, or re-conferred on the former owners on such terms and conditions as may be thought advisable. Whenever the principles are fully ascertained on which a readjustment of interest can be effected, it will practically matter little whether the total resumption of franchises and the extinction of corporate bodies be found essential to that system or not. These principles can thereafter be made part of all future grants of powers for the construction of railroads; and the benefits of the new system once practically established, communities will not have long to wait before they can make the old corporations amenable to them.

If the practical existence of a basis for successful railroad management of that description which is seen in every enterprising dry-goods house, which draws the largest net results out of the smallest profits by means of the most extended sales, is once demonstrated by any community, the necessity for all other communities to adopt that basis or else be distanced in the race would be so great that, if vested corporate rights stood in the way, the very existence of the community would require a resort to some power analogous to eminent domain, under which the necessary readjustment, after compensation, could be effected and sustained by the courts.

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* Thorpe *v.* R. & B. R. R., 27 Vermont Rep. 140.

There are, therefore, at least two legal methods of attaining the end in view, — one through the readjustment of interests, the other through the annihilation of franchises, — that which would leave the whole system under a modified form of existing management, and that which would transfer it bodily to some board of control yet to be devised. As yet, only one practical measure has been suggested in this country, and that looks to the course which would naturally recommend itself the least to those most competent to judge. In a paper recently read by Mr. Josiah Quincy before the Boston Board of Trade, on the 19th of November, 1866, that gentleman advocated the purchase by the State, as an experiment, of the old railroad franchise from Boston to Albany, with a view to its management thereafter in the sole interest of the Commonwealth. It is proposed to make this purchase of a corporate franchise by the State, not by virtue of any power of eminent domain, but under a special provision in the charter of that road analogous to a general provision of the Massachusetts statutes, constituting part of its organic railroad legislation, which provides that the Commonwealth may, at any time after the expiration of twenty years from the opening of any road within its limits, purchase the same of its owners, by paying them the amount of the paid-in capital of the road, together with such further sum as would, when added to all the dividends paid by the road in the intermediate time, yield to the stockholders a profit of ten per cent, or, in the case of the Western Road, seven per cent, on each year that their capital has been paid in. Mr. Quincy's means to his end are clear, feasible, and legal. Here is apparently no question of law, no point of disputed right. He proposes to confer on Boston a public channel for the conveyance to it of travellers and merchandise, just as now there exist public water-works belonging to that city, or a postal or customs or dock-yard system belonging to the United States. There is no difficulty of law or precedent to be encountered, and all goes smoothly on until we come to the question of management.

Who is to take care of the giant when you get him out of his leading-strings? A railroad is not a turnpike. If in the last case the public interest demands that traffic should be

unimpeded, vested interests are easily compensated, the gate and the gate-keeper disposed of, and the only additional charge which in future devolves on the community is the keeping of one more way in repair. Not so a railroad. In this there are immense and continually varying interests involved, — there are repairs to be made, rolling stock to be constructed, situations to be filled, and contracts to be awarded. There is, in short, a wellnigh unlimited field for jobbery, — there are perennial opportunities for plunder. One might imagine the glee of the New York "rings" and bar-room politicians on hearing that the Hudson River or the Erie road was to be given over to their pure hands and tender mercies, or to those of any board connected with their incomparable city! Here is the weak spot, not only in this particular plan proposed, but in any that can now be suggested. Every one knows that self-interest is necessary to the wise and economical management of all property. Corporations can never compete on equal terms with individuals, and governments always exemplify the most expensive way of not doing things. Mr. Quincy's scheme proposes to turn over the whole management of immense interests to individuals who are only remotely interested in the results of that management. This is in itself dangerous, but it is not the chief danger. It is possible that, under the control of a Board of Trade, such interests might be safe. Liberal salaries could be paid, good servants retained, and the road continue a success. The difficulty lies behind all this in our system of government. It is rapidly becoming throughout the world — and the more rapidly the better — a cardinal principle of polity, that the more the functions of government can be reduced, the better. Governments cannot economically manage large and complex interests. All such combinations of functions inevitably tend to jobbery and corruption; they become disturbing elements in party politics, and great interests of the community are made the footballs of faction. To-day, possibly the moral tone of Boston could resist the temptation, but how long would it continue to do so? If that of Boston could resist it to-day, could that of New York? Not that of New York City, — for to talk of "the moral tone" of our great commercial centre is to speak of that which is not, — but could

the moral tone of the State? — for the "rings" of Albany are now hardly less famous than those of the Empire City.

Mr. Quincy's scheme looks to no profit to the State, except in its increased general prosperity, and the decreased expenditure of all its citizens in the cost of travel and in the price of many articles of prime necessity. How long would so abstract a view of self-interest resist the wiles of politicians? Taxes weigh upon citizens, and taxes must be levied. Taxes, too, are unpopular, and the party which imposes them must bear the burden of their unpopularity. Would such a source of revenue as great State railroads escape the hungry eyes of perplexed members of the "Ways and Means"? What notable schemes would originate for doing everything, while paying for nothing! What golden visions would be shadowed forth from the lying hustings of that New Atlantis and Millennium combined, — a great, prosperous community, where the tax-gatherer would cease from troubling and the tax-payer be at rest! The sequel of the story could be told in advance, and with no gift of prophecy. The most limited vision could foresee decreased taxes, resulting in the tax-payer's indifference to waste, — increased expenditure, increased jobbery and corruption, — decreased prosperity, — popular deception, followed by popular indignation and gradual popular education, until a community, wiser in the degree it is poorer, comes back to first principles and the point of commencement. Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together; and in this saying is revealed the inherent danger of all schemes which look to the State's becoming a large property-holder. In the case in question, great interests are involved; and while citizens are honest and indifferent, politicians are eager and corrupt. An almost boundless vista of office, promotion, emolument, and peculation would be offered to this gentry, and the scenes of the New York City government might be re-enacted on other theatres, and perhaps on a grander scale. Amid the changes of the future, we might even imagine what our present chief magistrate characterizes as "the good old system of rotation in office" applied to our railroad trains, as it has already been applied to our post-office and custom-house. Then the present employees of the corporations would have "fattened long enough

at the public crib," and a new race would run the machine, of whom every engineer would not remotely have been a ward-room politician, and every stoker the fortunate brother of some enterprising proprietor of a bar.

Mr. Quincy feels, as he could not but feel, that as regards future management the ground is weak under his feet. He winces, but gently steps over. Allude to it he must, and he does so as follows: "Of course, management by government would never be allowed. But the ownership of property does not necessarily imply the intention to attend to the working thereof. A man is not obliged to navigate a vessel because he owns her. He will charter the ship, and retain control by the conditions of his charter-party." This may be all *of course*, but then, again, it may not. The question still remains, Who is to make the charter, and what are to be the conditions thereof? The railroad once belonging to the State, the same power which can let it to the city of Boston or to a Board of Trade might dispose of it otherwise; and that deep self-interest so much prized by business-men is sought for in vain amid the antechambers of the Capitol, or in the lobbies of the Legislature.

No plan, however, for the settlement of any disputed question of magnitude is ever suggested, which is not liable to many and evident objections. The only way to arrive at a satisfactory result is through discussion and reflection; and whatever may be its fate in its present form, Mr. Quincy's paper cannot fail to do good, by calling attention to, and exciting discussion upon, one of the most curious and important topics of the day. In another respect, too, Mr. Quincy's proposition deserves careful consideration, at least from all Bostonians. It apparently originated in considerations of local prosperity. It is one of many schemes of late years, hitherto as short-lived as they were costly, which look to a restoration of Boston to its former relative position of purely commercial importance. As such, it is almost the first of those schemes which has promised any real results. This proposition, taken in connection with the Ocean Steamship scheme, has at least the merit of going to the root of the difficulty. Of late years Boston has been falling more and more within the gravitating influence of New York. There

is scarcely a single great commercial house in the former city which has not now a branch larger than the parent firm in the great commercial and railroad centre. The remedy for the difficulty, if any remedy exists, must be sought for in its cause. That cause has been sufficiently set forth in this paper. Boston has come within the range of railroad gravitation, — has fallen under the influence of the irresistible law. Her best means of restoring her influence and position would naturally be found in leading off in some development of the railroad system which would cause its increased results to accrue to her advantage. Intelligence and enterprise might yet enable her to constitute herself a centre, — a point of gravitation, instead of an object gravitated upon. It is not clear that even this effort would materially disturb the operation of so powerful a law. But though such an effort might fail, all more trifling and partial efforts in the same direction, which disregard the deep influences which have been at work diminishing her relative importance, are foredoomed to failure; and in the future, as in the past, the spasmodic schemes of Boston patriotism and public spirit will prove but foolish waste of her capital. Even should Massachusetts successfully develop the proposed reform, the advantage would be but temporary. None could afford to be left behind in the race; and the example, once set, would soon prevail wherever the conditions necessary to success could be found. In this way results would ultimately be equalized, but meanwhile something might be gained. It is yet to be seen whether Massachusetts will have the enterprise and courage to take up this question, and lead the way in the first practical effort at its solution. If she should boldly do so, and fail in the attempt, not much would be lost, — not more certainly than would be gained in experience to the world at large. Should she do so and succeed, hers would be the honor of first applying a new and powerful impetus to the development of the world by steam.

ART. VI. — 1. "*Vox Oculis Subjecta*"; *a Dissertation on the most curious and important Art of imparting Speech and the Knowledge of Language to the naturally Deaf, and* (*consequently*) *Dumb; with a particular Account of the Academy of Messrs. Braidwood of Edinburgh, and a Proposal to perpetuate and extend the Benefits thereof.* By a Parent (FRANCIS GREEN of Boston). London: Sold by Benjamin White, No. 63 Fleet Street. 1783. 8vo. pp. xvi., 224.

2. *First, Second, and Third Annual Reports of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts.* 1864, 1865, 1866.

3. *The Fiftieth Annual Report of the Directors and Officers of the American Asylum at Hartford, for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.* Presented to the Asylum, May 12, 1866. pp. 72.

4. *Remarks upon the Education of Deaf Mutes: in Defence of the Doctrines of the Second Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, and in Reply to the Charges of the Rev. Collins Stone, Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford.* Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 1866. pp. 58.

5. *Remarks on the Theories of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, respecting the Education of Deaf Mutes, as set forth in the Second Report of the Board of State Charities.* By a Native of Massachusetts. 1867. pp. 24.

6. *How to educate the Deaf and Dumb. A short Exposition of the proposed Plan for the Establishment of Day Schools for teaching the Deaf and Dumb to speak, by means of Articulation and Lip Reading, on Mr. Mary's System.* By J. COPLESTON. London. 1866. pp. 31.

IT is now more than thirty years since the education of the deaf and dumb was fully discussed in these pages. The establishments for this purpose in the United States were then few and recent; the methods of instruction were such as a limited experience, gained in a single city of Europe, and practised on a few hundred pupils in America, had suggested. At present, there are twenty-five establishments in the United States, one of which claims the title of a Deaf-Mute College; the num-

ber of pupils in them is at least two thousand, and their officers have had the opportunity of comparing their modes of instruction with those practised in the various countries of Europe. It will not be amiss, therefore, even at the risk of repeating what was said in 1834,* to notice the origin and the progress of Deaf-Mute Education on both sides of the ocean, particularly in regard to the method of articulation. As Sir William Hamilton has truly said,† in this matter "theory did not merely follow practice, — it long prevented its application; *and the deaf and dumb had actually been taught the use of speech before the philosophers would admit their capacity of instruction.*" The first instances that we find of the restoration of speech to the dumb are set down as miracles.

From misunderstanding a passage in Aristotle, wherein he declared that, of all the senses, hearing contributes most to intelligence (εἰς φρόνησιν πλεῖστον), and from neglecting another dictum of his, that dumbness is generally caused by deafness alone, the learned, and especially the physicians, fell into the double error of supposing that the dumb could never learn to speak, and that the deaf must always remain in ignorance. To this error Justinian added his legal, and St. Augustine his ecclesiastical sanction, although the latter may not have intended to exclude the poor deaf mute entirely from the kingdom of heaven, as some more recent writers have striven to do.‡ At any rate, it was the Church, so far as we know, that first demonstrated the capacity of the deaf mute for instruction. The earliest recorded instance is found in the writings of the Venerable Bede, who declares that his former superior, John, Bishop of Hagulstad, about the year 650, taught a

* At that time, Degerando's work, *De l'Education des Sourds-Muets de Naissance*, (Paris, 1827,) was comparatively new. The article referred to embodied much of the information contained in that charming treatise; but it gave also important information concerning the American institutions for the deaf and dumb. Speaking of all the known establishments in Europe, the writer said: "The number of institutions in which articulation is taught constitute a great majority of the whole. Among them we are able to include none now existing in America."

† In his article on George Dalgarno in the Edinburgh Review for July, 1835, reprinted in the "Discussions on Philosophy and Literature."

‡ The words of Augustine are these: "Quod vitium ipsum impedit fidem; nam surdus natu literas, quibus lectis fidem concipiat, discere non potest." This does not exclude other means of conception.

man deaf from birth to speak some words and to understand many things.*

The next instance recorded, and the first cited by Sir William Hamilton (who, if we may believe Degerando, misquotes his author), is that mentioned by Rodolphus Agricola, who was born at Groningen in 1443, and died in 1485.† "I have seen," says Agricola, "a person deaf from birth, and of course dumb, who had learned to comprehend anything written down by other persons, and who himself expressed in writing all his thoughts, just as if he had possessed the use of speech." Luis Vives, in the next century, called in question the assertion of Agricola with as much incredulity as the managers of the Hartford Asylum now display in regard to articulation.‡ Vives, in this, falls back upon the statement of Aristotle, that the ear is the organ of instruction: without hearing, therefore, no knowledge. But this statement, though true in a general way, as is Dr. Howe's maxim, that "hearing is the mother of speech," does not hold good in all cases. A countryman of Vives, a young man when the treatise *De Anima* was published, lived to disprove the universality of both these axioms. Pedro Ponce de Leon, born in 1520 of a noble family in Valladolid, a Benedictine monk of the monastery of San Salvador de Oña, where he died in 1584, was the first whom we know to have taught the deaf and dumb to speak; and Spain must have the honor of first witnessing and appreciating this remarkable event. Ponce de Leon was a friend of Francisco Valles, the illustrious Spanish physician, contemporary with Cervantes, and is mentioned by Valles in one of his books.

According to this writer,§ Ponce taught congenital mutes to speak (*natos surdos docebat loqui*), simply by teaching them first to write in characters the names of objects pointed out to

* The passage in question is in Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and was first cited by the late Abbé Carton in his Journal, III. 72. John of Hagulstad was canonized as St. John of Beverly.

† *De Inventione Dialectica*, Lib. III. This work was printed in Paris in 1539, half a century after the author's death. The passage may be found on folio 227.

‡ Lud. Viv. *De Anima*, Lib. II. Vives was a Spaniard, born in 1492. At one time he lived in England; he died in 1541.

§ Vallesii *Philosophia Sacra* (1590), Cap. III. This rare work is cited by Dan. Geo. Morhof in his *Polyhistor*, Lib. II. Cap. III. sec. 23; and also by Paul Zachias, *Quest. Med. Leg.*, Lib. II.

them, and then to enunciate the sounds corresponding to the characters (*deinde ad motus linguæ, qui characteribus responderent, provocando*). These "characters" were undoubtedly the letters of the Castilian alphabet, such as Bonet subsequently used; and, according to Ambrosio Morales,* another contemporary writer, the pupils of Ponce were two brothers and a sister of the Constable of Castile, and a son of the Governor of Aragon. This Constable was named Velasco, and one of his sons, according to Morales, had become a finished Latin scholar before he was twenty years old (although deaf from birth), under the instruction of Pedro Ponce. The good friar lies buried in the monastery where he died, and where they still preserve this record of his character: "*Anno Domini* 1584, *in the month of August, Brother Pedro Ponce fell asleep in the Lord. He was a benefactor of this house, illustrious for his virtues; but his crowning excellence, and that which gained him a deserved renown throughout the world, was his teaching the dumb to speak.*" †

Alas for the fame of benefactors! So little did the world value the great discovery of Ponce de Leon, and his renown gained thereby, that in less than forty years after his death he was forgotten, even in Spain, and another man, Juan Pablo Bonet, became the recognized founder of the school of instruction for deaf mutes which Ponce had begun. Bonet, without mentioning the name of the Benedictine monk from whom the main features of his system were taken, published in 1620, at Madrid, the first manual for teachers of the deaf and dumb which ever appeared, and in some respects still one of the best.‡ Bonet was himself a priest, and secretary to the Constable of Castile, — not the father, but the nephew, probably, of the pupils of Ponce. This nobleman, however, had also a deaf-mute brother, who had been taught to speak by Bonet. The articulation of this young man has been so

* *Descriptio Hispaniæ*, fol. 38. Morhofii *Polyhistor*, Tom. I. Lib. II. Cap. 3, sec. 24. The reference in Degerando is wrong.

† Hervas y Panduro, Vol. I. See also a letter from Don Ferdinand Nunez de Taboada, cited by Gall in his "Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System."

‡ *Reduccion de las Letras, y Arte para enseñar a hablar los Mudos.* (Madrid, 1620, 4to.) For an excellent analysis of this rare book, see Dr. Peet's Essay read before the New York Deaf-Mute Convention in 1850.

well and so quaintly described by Sir Kenelm Digby, that his account deserves to be quoted. Digby was one of the suite of Prince Charles during his romantic journey to Spain in company with the Duke of Buckingham, in 1623, thirty-nine years after the death of Pedro Ponce, and no doubt fifty years after the first instruction of his pupils. It is scarcely possible, therefore, that the nobleman seen by Digby was a pupil of Ponce, as Sir William Hamilton supposes. The passage in Digby's "Treatise of Bodies" is as follows: —

There was "a nobleman of great quality that I knew in *Spain*, the younger brother of the Constable of *Castile*. . . . . The Spanish lord was born deaf; so deaf that if a gun were shot off close by his ear he could not hear it, and consequently he was dumb; for not being able to hear the sound of words, he could never imitate nor understand them. The loveliness of his face, and especially the exceeding life and spiritfulness of his eyes, and the comliness of his person, and whole composure of his body throughout, were pregnant signs of a well tempered mind within, and therefore all that knew him lamented much the want of means to cultivate it, and to imbue it with the motions which it seemed capable of, in regard of itself, had it not been so crossed by this unhappy accident. Which to remedy physicians and chyrurgions had long employed their skil, but all in vain. At last there was a priest who undertook the teaching him to understand others when they spoke, and to speak himself that others might understand him. What at the first he was laughed at for, made him after some years be looked on as if he had wrought a miracle. In a word, after strange patience, constancy, and pains, he brought the young lord to speak as distinctly as any man whoever; and to understand so perfectly what others said, that he would not lose a word in a whole day's conversation. . . . . I have often discoursed [with the priest], whiles I waited upon the *Prince of Wales* (now our gracious Sovereign) in *Spain;* and I doubt not but his Majesty remembers all I have said of him and much more, for his Majesty was very curious to observe and enquire into the utmost of it. It is true, one great misbecomingness he was apt to fall into whiles he spoke: which was an uncertainty in the tone of his voyce, for not hearing the sound he made when he spoke, he could not steadily govern the pitch of his voyce, but it would be somtimes higher and somtimes lower, though for the most part what he deliverd together, he ended in the same key as he begun it. But when he had once suffered the passages of his voyce to close, at the opening them again, chance, or the measure of his earnestness to speak or reply, gave him his tone, which he was not capable

of moderating by such an artifice as 't is recorded Caius Gracchus used when passion in his orations to the people drove out his voice with too great a vehemence or shrilness. He could discern in another whether he spoke shril or low, and he would repeat after anybody any hard word whatever; which the Prince tried often, not only in *English*, but by making some *Welchmen* that served his highnesse speak words of their language, which he so perfectly ecchoed, that I confess I wondered more at that, then at all the rest; and his master himself would acknowledg that the rules of his art reached not to produce that effect with any certainty: and therefore concluded this in him must spring from other rules he had framed to himself out of his own attentive observation; which the advantage that nature had justly given him in the sharpness of his other senses, to supply the want of this, endowed him with an ability and sagacity to do, beyond any other man that had his hearing. He expressed it, surely, in a high measure by his so exact imitation of the *Welch* pronunciation: for that tongue (like the *Hebrew*) employs much the guttural letters, and the motions of that part which frames them cannot be seen or judged by the eye, otherwise then by the effect they may happily make by consent in the other parts of the mouth exposed to view. For the knowledg he had of what they said sprung from his observing the motions they made: so that he could converse currently in the light, though they he talked with whispered never so softly. And I have seen him at a distance of a large chamber's breadth say words after one, that I, standing close by the speaker could not hear a syllable of. But, if he were in the dark, or if one turned his face out of his sight, he was capable of nothing one said."*

This long description, bearing as it does all the marks of credibility to those who have ever seen a deaf mute well taught to articulate, has been quoted, not only as indicating the perfection with which Bonet practised his art, but as an example for modern times. And whoever will examine the manual published by Bonet will find that it contains something more than the rudiments of the modern system of phonetics.

It ought to be observed here, that so early as 1620 in Spain already four of the principal means of instructing the deaf and dumb had been employed with great success. These were

* Sir Kenelm Digby was born in 1603, and died in 1665. His "Treatise of Bodies," from which this extract is made, was first published in 1645. Bonet died in 1629. The date of his birth is unknown. He styled himself on his title-page, "Servant of His Majesty (of Spain) attached to the suite of the Captain-General of Artillery, and Secretary of the Constable of Castile."

(1.) Writing, (2.) Articulation, (3.) Reading the Lips, and (4.) the Manual Alphabet. The first three were unquestionably employed by Ponce de Leon, but there is no evidence that he used the manual alphabet, and this has been supposed to be an invention of Bonet's. The Abbé de l'Épée, who borrowed it, gave Bonet the credit, and claimed none for himself. If it be true, as Antonio avers,* that Bonet copied the system of his predecessor without acknowledging his obligation, the entire disuse of his own system in Spain may be regarded as a just retribution. For it seems to be true that Spain, the native country of so great an art as that of teaching the dumb to speak, had altogether lost it before the end of the seventeenth century, and this too in spite of the labors and alleged success of another skilful Spanish teacher, Ramirez de Carion, who is said to have educated a deaf mute, a Prince of Carignan.† At all events, when the Abbé de l'Épée had made deaf-mute instruction fashionable throughout Europe, his method was introduced bodily into Spain, where no traces remained of the earlier, and in some respects better, system of Ponce and Bonet except, rare copies of the Manual of the latter, and the forgotten epitaph of the former.‡ And yet it was a Spanish Jew from Estremadura, on the Portuguese frontier, whose success in teaching deaf mutes at Paris, about 1748, inspired De l'Épée with admiration and rivalry, and stimulated his benevolent efforts.

During the seventeenth century, the command of the seas and the better parts of civilization migrated from Spain to England, Holland, and Germany. In such good company, the art of teaching the dumb apparently migrated also, for the next important steps were taken in these countries. The narrative of Sir Kenelm Digby just cited was copied into the "Philocophus" of Dr. John Bulwer,—a work published in London in 1648.§ In presenting the passage to his readers,

* In his *Bibliotheca Hispana.*

† It is evident that little is really known concerning Ramirez de Carion, and Morhof doubts the claim which Antonio advanced in his behalf.

‡ Since then the method of Bonet has been revived in Spain.

§ Philocophus, or the Deafe and Dumbe Man's Friend, exhibiting the Philosophical Verity of that subtile Art which may inable one with an observant Eie, to heare what any Man speaks by the Moving of his Lips. Upon the same Ground, with the

Bulwer introduced it by remarks so sensible, that they may well be quoted, and commended to the attention of such as believe little in the possibilities of deaf-mute instruction. "So lazie and sluggish," says Bulwer (Chapter XV.), "are the naturall inclinations of most men, *that they are prone to limit the infinite capacity of man, and the effects of his admirable observations, to known and common matters:* whereas, considering his abilities, and the faculty of his braine, there is no accident of imperfection that may befall him, but with the indulgent co-operation of nature, he may worke himselfe either out of it, or invent a supply to the defect and inconveniences of it."

Apart from such observations as this, the chief value of Bulwer's book is in its collection of remarkable instances of the deaf and dumb who had learned to read and write, some known to the author, and others of whom he had heard. Among the former he mentions Sir Edward Gostwicke of Bedfordshire, and "one Master Babington of Burntwood" (Brentwood?) "in the county of Essex, an ingenious gentleman, who, through some sickness becoming deafe, doth, notwithstanding, feele words, and as if he had an eie in his finger, sees signes in the dark; whose wife discourseth very perfectly with him by a strange way of arthrologie or alphabet contrived on the joynts of his fingers; for he, feeling the joynts which she toucheth for letters, by them collected into words very readily conceives what she would suggest to him." (p. 106.) This last example is the more curious, because it does not appear that Bulwer understood the manual alphabet, and because it suggests the method by which Laura Bridgman was taught. Bulwer was succeeded in Great Britain by Holder, Wallis, Sibscote, and Dalgarno, all of whom, before the year 1690, had written more or less on the instruction of deaf mutes. Of these writers, Dr. Wallis is the best known, and George Dalgarno is the most admirable in the eyes of his Scotch countrymen. He has been rescued from oblivion by the

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Advantage of an historical Exemplification, apparently proving that a Man born Deafe and Dumbe, may be taught to heare the Sounds of Words with his Eie, and thence learne to speak with his Tongue. By J. B., sirnamed the Chirosopher. London, 1648. 8vo.

diligence of Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton, who claim that he invented the finger alphabet. But his best title to fame is the familiar story (for which he probably furnished the original hint) of the Spanish Ambassador and the Aberdeen professor of signs.

Dr. Wallis did actually teach articulation to a few deaf mutes,* together with the art of reading the lips. The same thing may have been done by Holder; it certainly was accomplished by Amman, a Swiss physician settled in Holland, about the year 1690. In his letter to Hudde, a magistrate of Amsterdam, written in 1700, Amman thus relates the story of one of his pupils: —

"Neither did I long abide there" (at Schaffhausen), "for I was willingly constrained by the entreaties of a most friendly man to return to Harlem, for the sake of instructing a deaf daughter of his, who, having been born deaf, was also dumb, which purpose I almost more than effected, and the success far surpassed my own hopes, as well as those of her father; for that charming girl, in the short space of two months, could not only read tolerably plain, but also take down on paper any words slowly pronounced. She now converses, not amiss, on any subject; and, although deaf, she hears with her eyes what others speak, and replies readily to interrogations." †

Amman had been preceded in Holland by Montanus in 1635,‡ and by F. M. Van Helmont in 1667; § but the theories of all these learned men respecting language take away from the value of their observations.

When these statements of Amman, Wallis, Van Helmont, and others were made public, they came to the knowledge of a writer who could turn everything to his own purpose with astonishing facility. De Foe, then in the height of his activity, caught readily at the new art for the sake of adding a new feature to his novels of character. In 1720, he published his "History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell, a Gentleman, who, tho' Deaf and Dumb, writes down any Stranger's Name at first Sight; with their future Contingencies of

* See his letter to Dr. Beverley.

† Translated by Green in his *Vox Oculis Subjecta*, pp. 113, 115.

‡ *Bericht van eene kieuwe Konst, genaemt de Spreeckonst.* Delfthaven, 1635.

§ *Alphabeti Vere Naturalis*, etc. Salzbach, 1667.

Fortune" ; — a most amusing and plausible mixture of truth and fable, into which he contrived to weave a considerable part of the method of instruction used by Dr. Wallis. The year before, he had ventured a smaller book of the same kind, called "The Dumb Philosopher," in which he inserted a plate showing the manual alphabet as then used. And it is curious to add that the naturalist, Henry Baker, a son-in-law of De Foe, was afterwards a successful teacher of deaf mutes, being the person mentioned by Dr. Johnson in 1773, "who once flattered me with hopes of seeing his method published." *

While De Foe was growing old in England, a young Estremaduran scholar — an adventurer, like De Foe, but, like him, an adventurer for the good of mankind — was coming into notice in France. Jacob Rodriguez Pereire, by far the best teacher of articulation to deaf mutes of all whom we know, began his labors in this direction about 1734, in Bordeaux. He appeared in Paris before 1749, when he brought one of his pupils to the notice of the Academy of Science, of which Buffon was a prominent member. This pupil was sixteen years old when Pereire undertook to teach him ; but in spite of this, he had in a few months learned thirteen hundred words, and pronounced them all very distinctly. Buffon has left a brief account of this case,† in which he pays a high compliment to the skill of Pereire. A few years later, Pereire's most celebrated pupil, the deaf mute Saboureux de Fontenai, was also exhibited by him to the Academy.‡ Pereire instructed him for some years, but does not seem to have taught him either articulation or reading on the lips, although he gave these accomplishments to most of his pupils.

We have now come to the period which is commonly regarded as that when the instruction of the deaf and dumb began, — the epoch of the Abbé de l'Épée. This good man — who in reality invented nothing, but adapted to the use of his pupils the system of Bonet, and the imperfect language of signs as he

* Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland. This book contains the well-known account of Mr. Braidwood's school of articulation at Edinburgh.

† *Histoire Naturelle de l'Homme*, Vol. II. pp. 32–34 (Sonnini's edition).

‡ Degerando, Part II. Chap. IV. There is a Life of Pereire by Dr. Edward Seguin, but it is an extremely rare book.

found it in France — nevertheless deserves the glory of having rendered general the education of deaf mutes. He had not the genius of Pereire, but he excelled him in benevolence, and he could not rest until he had set on foot a plan for the gratuitous instruction of the deaf and dumb. Beginning his little school in Paris, in 1755, he never had the satisfaction of seeing it adopted as a national institution; for he died in 1789, and Louis XVI. endowed it as a public establishment in 1791. But from the seed which he planted grew many of the establishments in Europe, and all those in America.

At first, De l'Épée, like Pereire, Bonet, and Ponce de Leon, laid much stress on teaching the dumb to speak;* but he gradually fell more and more into the use of signs, to which his successes have been unreservedly attached.

It is the later method of the Abbé de l'Épée, as modified by Sicard and practised by Laurent Clerc, that the Hartford Asylum adopted and for many years maintained;† and it is this method in substance which prevails at all the American institutions. But it should not be forgotten that a Massachusetts man, a contemporary of De l'Épée, nearly forty years before the Hartford Asylum was opened, made efforts to introduce a method very different, and in some respects preferable. This was Francis Green of Boston, whose book on the subject heads the list at the beginning of this article. As the first American who thoroughly understood and zealously advocated the instruction of deaf mutes, he deserves more fame than he has ever received.

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* In 1772, De l'Épée mentioned three "signs of speech" as proper to be used with deaf mutes: (1.) Methodical signs artificially combined; (2.) Writing; (3.) *Viva voce* language. "This last," he adds, "*will appear, perhaps, incredible to many persons,* but it is certain that from time to time we dictate our lessons *viva voce, and without making any sign whatever.* The operation is somewhat longer, and that hinders our making a constant practice of it; *in which, I grant very plainly, we may be in the wrong.*" See American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb, March, 1861, p. 21.

† Clerc himself (who is still living) maintained stoutly the excellence of his master Sicard's method. In 1851 he said: "The Abbé Sicard has made as many good scholars as have been made since his decease, either here in the United States or in Europe." On the other hand, Mr. Luzerne Rae, in 1853, said of Sicard: "His system of methodical signs *is a complete piece of charlatanry from beginning to end.*" See the Proceedings of the Deaf and Dumb Conventions of 1851–53. Both Clerc and Rae were teachers at Hartford.

Francis Green* was born in Boston in 1742, and died in Medford in 1807. His earlier and later years were spent in Massachusetts; but between 1776 and 1797, having sided with the mother country in our Revolution, he resided at intervals in New York, Halifax, and London. He took his Bachelor's degree at Harvard College in 1760, being at that time, like Washington, an officer in the British army. He served with credit at the siege of Louisburg in 1758, in the conquest of Martinique in 1761, and at the capture of Havana in 1762, and three years later sold his commission and engaged in trade at Boston. Here he married in 1769, and here his son Charles was born in 1772. At the age of six months the infant was found to be deaf, but no measures were taken to instruct him until his father accidentally heard of Mr. Braidwood's academy for the deaf and dumb at Edinburgh. What then took place is best described by Mr. Green himself.

"Those who know experimentally the tender concern of an only parent for an only son, even under the happiest circumstances of natural advantage, may imagine with what avidity the information of this academy was first received. Although the authority was unquestionable, I, like many others, (I acknowledge,) had doubts of the practicability of the business to any very great degree. I thought it my duty, however, to send my son across the Atlantic, upon Mr. Braidwood's agreeing to undertake the tuition of him, who accordingly received him in February, 1780. He was then eight years old. Although sprightly, sensible, and quick of apprehension, yet, having been either born deaf or having lost his hearing by sickness in earliest infancy, he could not at that time produce or distinguish vocal sounds, nor articulate at all. Neither had he any idea of the meaning of words, either when spoken, in writing, or in print; and for want of hearing, would doubtless have remained as speechless as he was born. I soon received the pleasing intelligence that he was beginning to articulate, and soon after that he could plainly express (upon seeing the form in characters) any word in the English language.

"My first visit to him was in May, 1781. It exceeds the power of words to convey any idea of the sensations experienced at this interview. The child, ambitious to manifest his acquisition, eagerly advanced, and addressed me with a distinct salutation of speech. He also

* A sketch of Francis Green may be found in Sabine's American Loyalists (1864), Vol. I. See also American Annals, March, 1861, cited *ante*, p. 522, note.

made several inquiries in short sentences. I then delivered him a letter from his sister (couched in the simplest terms), which he read so as to be understood; he accompanied many of the words, as he pronounced them, with proper gestures, significative of their meaning, such as in the sentence, 'write a letter by papa': on uttering the first word, he described the act of writing by the motion of his right hand; the second, by tapping the letter he held; the third, by pointing to me. He could at that time repeat the Lord's Prayer very properly, and some other forms, one of which in particular (which I had never heard before) I then took down in writing from his repetition; a convincing proof of his speaking intelligibly.

"The Prayer.

"'*O God! pardon all my sins, make me good and holy; — bless my father and my sister, and all my friends; — keep me from all evil, sin, and danger, and take my soul to heaven when I die, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen!*'

"I found he could in that short time read distinctly, in a slow manner, any English book, although it cannot be supposed he had as yet learned the meaning of many words: he, however, made daily progress in that knowledge. As to writing, there can be no reason why deaf persons may not, by imitation, learn that art as well as any other persons; accordingly, I was not at all surprised that he could write very plainly; this, indeed, he did with uncommon readiness and dexterity, and seemed not a little proud of all his new attainments. I had also the satisfaction to see such specimens, at that time, in the proficiency of others who had been longer at this Academy, as left no doubt in my mind of his acquiring in due season a perfect acquaintance with language both oral and written; and that he would be capable of any art or science whatever, except music and oratory. Perfectly satisfied with his situation in a conscientious and respectable family, I left him to pursue his studies, with a degree of hope and joy which on this score I had never expected to have known. On my next visit, in September, 1782, his improvements were very perceptible in speech, the construction of language, and in writing: he had made a good beginning in arithmetic, and surprising progress in the arts of drawing and painting. I found him capable of not only comparing ideas and drawing inferences, but expressing his sentiments with judgment. On my desiring him to attempt something he thought himself unequal to, I set him the example by doing it myself, upon which he shook his head, and with a smile replied (distinctly, *viva voce*), '*You are a man, sir, I am a boy.*'

"Observing that he was inclined in company to converse with one

of his schoolfellows by the tacit finger-language, I asked him why he did not speak to him with his mouth. To this his answer was as pertinent as it was concise, 'He is deaf.' Many other instances I could mention of expressions of the mind, as proper as could be made by any boy of his age who had not the disadvantage of deafness." — *Vox Oculis Subjecta*, pp. 147 – 153.

This would certainly seem a very extraordinary story, were it not confirmed by all that we know of the success of the Braidwoods in their schools, both at Edinburgh (1760 – 1783), and at Hackney, near London (1783 – 1806). In regard to their Edinburgh school we have the testimony of Dr. Johnson, Lord Monboddo, Mr. Arnot, Pennant, Dr. Watson, and others.* But when we compare Mr. Green's statement with that of Sir Kenelm Digby, already quoted, and with the testimony of impartial persons who have visited the schools of Germany, we see that it contains nothing at all improbable. The judgment of Buffon, of the Abbé de l'Épée, and of the French Academy, on the pupils of Pereire, is equally in support of the probability of Mr. Green's account. And no person has yet questioned his veracity.

Shortly after he left school, Charles Green was drowned while shooting in the neighborhood of Halifax, N. S., where his father then resided. This was in 1787 ; and ten years afterwards, as has been said, Francis Green returned to his native town of Boston, but fixed his residence in Medford. We next find him writing articles for the newspapers, in relation to the education of deaf mutes.† On the 22d of March, 1803, he began a series of papers in the New England Palladium, a semi-weekly Boston newspaper. These were mainly translations from the writings of De l'Épée, but in his first communication he urges the importance of "a public institution or academical establishment, for the purpose of rescuing from ignorance and comparative uselessness that unfortunate class

* See Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands ; Lord Monboddo's Progress of Language ; Arnot's History of Edinburgh ; Pennant's Tour through Scotland ; Watson's Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. These writers were all eye-witnesses of what they describe.

† His book had appeared in 1783. It was noticed in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1783 ; and in the Boston Magazine for December, 1784, and January, 1785. In 1790, Harvard College conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

of our fellow-creatures, the naturally *deaf*, commonly called the *deaf* and *dumb*." He goes on to say, "Whether this country be as yet ripe for the establishment of public academical institutions of this nature or not, the art may be practised with happy efficacy by any private individual."

The doubt here expressed by Mr. Green is still, after the lapse of more than sixty years, and after our population has trebled, entertained by a few persons in Massachusetts and a considerable number in Connecticut. But we apprehend that a great majority of the citizens of Massachusetts will feel, when the question is brought home to them, that this State at least is ripe for such establishments, and we regard it as a public benefit that Governor Bullock and the Board of Charities have brought the question to the notice of the Legislature and the people.

In their Second Annual Report, the Board of Charities discussed the whole subject of deaf-mute instruction, with a particular reference to the circumstances of Massachusetts. It was argued, with much force and candor, that the congregation of these unfortunates in special schools was an evil, but to some extent an unavoidable one; that the true policy is one of diffusion rather than of congregation; that the State, which now supports a hundred of these children in another State, should provide for their education within her own borders, where they would be under a stricter oversight of the State authorities, would be nearer their homes, and could profit by a variety of methods of instruction adapted to their varying ages and the precise nature of their infirmity. Reference was made to the mode of teaching by articulation; but the argument for instructing the deaf mutes of Massachusetts at home, instead of abroad, was not made to depend upon the adoption of that or any other special method. At the same time deserved praise was given to the government and the instructors of the Hartford Asylum, while some slight censure was bestowed on some parts of their system of management. This Report was made public about the 1st of March, 1866.

In May or June of the same year the Annual Report of the Hartford Asylum was written, although not published until July. To the surprise of those who had read the statements of the

Board of Charities, an attempt was made in this Report to make the question of the best education of deaf mutes turn mainly on the advantages or disadvantages of articulation. No less than fourteen pages were given to that subject, while half that number were devoted to the questions of congregation, expenditure, etc., and only a page or two to the principal recommendation of the Board of Charities, namely, that Massachusetts ought not to delegate the instruction of her deaf-mute children to a private establishment in another State. This was a complete inversion of the argument which the Hartford Asylum professed to be answering; and it was accompanied by some other circumstances also surprising. It was assumed, throughout the Hartford Report, that the Report of the Board of Charities expressed the views of Dr. Howe, the chairman, and of him alone; and great pains were taken to expose the alleged inconsistencies of that gentleman, as if the positions taken by six other gentlemen could be at all affected by any such *argumentum ad hominem*.

If the Directors of the Hartford Asylum had wished to promote in every way the establishment of deaf-mute schools in Massachusetts, they could not have taken a better course than to publish their Report. It has probably converted directly no small number of people to the side of the Board of Charities; and, by giving occasion to the pamphlet of Dr. Howe in reply, it has indirectly converted many more. It has precipitated the decision of the question by at least a year, and has done more than anything else to put an end to the monopoly of deaf-mute instruction in New England which Hartford has so long enjoyed.

In his Annual Address at the opening of the General Court of 1867, Governor Bullock brought the question before that body. He took the opportunity to pay a well-merited compliment to Dr. Howe, and plainly recommended that the suggestions of the Board of Charities should be carried into effect. A special committee was at once appointed to consider the matter, and the whole subject has been opened for discussion in the Legislature, in the newspapers, and before the people.

Hardly had the committee begun its sessions, when the friends of the new policy were surprised by the adhesion to

their views of the deaf mutes themselves. The hearings were fully attended by this class, who took the strongest interest in the discussion. They sent in petitions, held meetings, and passed resolutions. When it is considered that most of these persons were educated at Hartford, and bound to the Asylum there by strong ties of association and gratitude, their prompt adoption of opinions which find no favor in Hartford is the more remarkable. It must have been equally gratifying to those who seek to educate the deaf mutes in Massachusetts, to find that private beneficence had long been aiming at the same object. A wealthy gentleman in the valley of the Connecticut, without concert with the Board of Charities, but in complete accord with their suggestions, signified his readiness to endow liberally such a school as Massachusetts should need. Benevolent persons in other parts of the State also come forward with their contributions; so that, whatever action the Legislature may take, there seems to be no doubt that the cherished purpose of Francis Green will at last be accomplished, and Massachusetts will have a "public academy" of her own for deaf mutes.

Indeed, that is already decided. When, two or three years ago, a citizen of Massachusetts, whose little deaf daughter had derived great benefit from early instruction in articulation, went before a committee of the Legislature to ask the State to aid in establishing a school for deaf-mute children between the ages of five and ten years, he was met by the strong opposition of the Hartford Asylum, and could scarcely obtain a fair hearing. Defeated, but not disheartened, he set to work to show the State what could be done in such a school. With a few of his friends, he has established at Chelmsford a small school for teaching young children who lost their hearing at an early age, or who were born deaf, to articulate and read the lips. This school has been eminently successful; and it has followed the method used by Braidwood in the instruction of Charles Green, and by Bonet in the instruction of young Velasco, whom Sir Kenelm Digby saw in Spain. Miss Rogers, the teacher, although beginning with no knowledge of special methods for instructing the deaf and dumb, has found herself able to teach rapidly and thoroughly long before her pupils

reach the average age of admission at Hartford, — thus justifying the opinion of De l'Épée and Carton, who both maintained that an ordinary teacher could begin and carry on such a work with ease.* It is to be hoped that the State will guarantee to Miss Rogers the same sum for instructing poor children in articulation which is now paid for the support and instruction of the same class of pupils at Hartford. This amount is nominally one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year for each pupil; but, including the sum paid for clothing, and allowing for the occasional absence of a pupil, it really comes nearly up to two hundred dollars.

The hearings before the legislative committee, already mentioned, have brought out a great deal of information concerning methods and results of instruction, and the actual management of the Hartford Asylum, which will doubtless be printed by the committee as an appendix to their report. It was shown, among other things, that the government of the Asylum is entirely in the hands of a close corporation, all the members of which are residents of Hartford, and are about twenty in number. These gentlemen elect each other to office, and when a vacancy occurs, by death or removal from Hartford, they elect first a member of the corporation, and then assign him to the vacant office. No State out of the six or seven sending pupils there has the slightest voice in the government, and no city except Hartford.

By the original charter of the corporation, or by the by-laws first established, any persons subscribing one hundred dollars to the fund became Directors for life, and any subscribing two hundred dollars became Vice-Presidents for life. But no such

* The statement of the Abbé de l'Épée, in his letter of 1771, is thus translated by Francis Green: "To instruct the deaf and dumb how to dispose of their organs, in order *to express sounds, and to form distinct words*, is an operation which *most certainly is neither long nor painful.* The business is nothing more than to make them acquire the practice of it; that is the affair of the persons who dwell with them, or of *a common master who teaches children to read.*" See American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb, March, 1861, p. 15. The Abbé Carton's words are equally emphatic: "J'ose assurer, et j'accepte très-volontiers la responsabilité de la promesse, *que tout instituteur, et surtoût toute institutrice* qui entreprendrait de montrer à écrire et à comprendre la signification des mots écrits, réussirait." See the Proceedings of the *Congrès International de Bienfaisance*, London, 1862, Tom. I. p. 303. Carton here advocates the admission of these children to the common schools.

officers appear to have been added for more than forty years, and all the original ones have died; so that the present government represents neither the community of New England nor the original benefactors of the Asylum. The present Directors have expressed a willingness to modify this extraordinary form of government, so as to give a better representation to that considerable portion of America which lies outside the city limits of Hartford.

The officers of the Asylum have, at these hearings, publicly withdrawn their opposition to primary schools for the early education of deaf mutes. These have long been advocated by Carton in Belgium, Blanchet in France, and Arrowsmith, Copleston, and others in England. Indeed, for several years they have been established in Paris, at the suggestion of Dr. Blanchet, and under the patronage of the government; and a society in England is seeking to establish them in that country also.

The pamphlet by Mr. Copleston, which ends our list of books at the head of this article, was written partly to advocate such schools, and to show the evils which grow out of the existing method of providing for deaf mutes in great asylums. The course of its argument is very similar to that already cited as used by the Board of Charities. It appears that Mr. Gladstone has expressed his doubts "as to the propriety of these institutions, on account of their tendency to bring the deaf and dumb too much or exclusively together"; and that Professor Owen, in 1862, "especially referred as a physiologist to the lamentable results" of deaf-mute intermarriages, which are promoted by these asylums, "and strongly advocated a social system of education." Many other authorities are quoted by Mr. Copleston to illustrate the disadvantages of large establishments, and the practicability of teaching articulation, on which he insists much more strongly than Dr. Howe does.

In this article we have collected especially the information bearing upon the teaching of articulation, not because we regard it as the only desirable method of instructing deaf mutes, but because justice has never been done to this method in America. It has been feebly practised, upheld by but few, and denounced as useless and impracticable by the great majority

of those who have discussed it. Elsewhere it has been tried with favor and success, and it is desirable that it should have a fair trial here.

ART. VII. — 1. *The Poetical Works of* HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Revised Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 4 vols. 16mo.

2. *The Prose Works of* HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Revised Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 3 vols. 16mo.

THE publication of a complete and uniform edition of Mr. Longfellow's Works is an event which suggests to us not so much question as acknowledgment of his excellence, and we have here rather to celebrate a fame already assured than to enter upon a critical analysis of his poetry. It is yet too soon to measure the whole obligation of American letters to him, and it seems somewhat late to reason minutely of the fact of his genius. We doubt if criticism be the hazel wand that points to the hidden sources of the living springs; but even if it were so, we should think it rather idle to flourish it with an air of divination over clearness and sweetness that long ago sparkled into the sun. It is not necessary to dwell upon Mr. Longfellow's delicate and beautiful feeling,

"As pure as water and as good as bread,"

or his exquisite intellectual refinement, which has troubled shallowness before now with doubts of his original power. Nor is it possible for our time to determine accurately the greatness of this original power, or to separate it from the manifold acquirements interwoven with it. Enough that the whole is admirable, and that the quickening faculty is unmistakable.

There is something, indeed, in all the aspects of these familiar poems that appeals to us in proof of the purely creative and poetical nature of Mr. Longfellow's mind. It is very noticeable how large is the proportion of his dramatic and narrative pieces, and how, when obeying his own instincts, he seems

always to have chosen the literary form faithfulest to life, which is primarily a story and not a sermon or a lecture. Consciousness of the truth that only the art which recounts can fully and lastingly interest all men, is dominant in him; yet he is not entirely free from the lingering superstition, come down to us from the artistic depravity of the last century, that poetry can teach by appealing to the logical faculties instead of the imagination. So, while his longer poems are all sustained by the recital or exhibition of events, and by far the greater number of his shorter pieces have something of drama or narrative in them, and of course point their own moral, he has himself sometimes "moralized his song," and given us didactic verses, which have among his other poems about the same relative value that his occasional criticisms have among his travel-sketches and prose romances. Mr. Longfellow has unerring perceptions as regards his own work, but he has not the exegetic nor the critical temperament. It is the creative habit of his mind not to consider things as in themselves beautiful or ugly, but rather as elements from which a beautiful effect may or may not be produced. Wherever he has to assemble, and narrate, or present, he is charming, and master of his reader. When he has to declare or to decide, he betrays the poet's strangeness to the office of the preacher and the critic, and fails of his wonted effect.

We do not mean, then, great praise of the didactic poems of Mr. Longfellow when we say that they please us better than most other poems of the kind: for of all that he has written, they alone seem to us wanting in original thought. They have, however, such a characteristic manner and music, that they have always enjoyed a very undue share of association with his name. As a poet's poorest is easiest to be copied, Mr. Longfellow's didactic vein has been wrought by imitation and repetition till its original product has been made tedious to many, and question of the value of all his work has been mooted by critics in the country where Mr. Swinburne has become great. The fatality is not a strange one;

> "All can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed";
>
> "And now again the people
> Call it but a weed,"—

laments another master of our time, whom this fatality has befallen. Yet it is only an annual flower that ripens seeds for thieves to steal, and, as we have hinted, not the gardener's best. There is little danger that perennials like the "Evangeline" and "The Golden Legend" shall be generally cheapened by reproduction, or that "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh" shall cease to be sole in their beauty.

Of these, and of all the principal works of Mr. Longfellow, it is remarkable how they continue to hold the first place in the kinds of literature to which they belong. The "Hiawatha," indeed, is unique, whatever its absolute merit may be, or its worth as compared with that of the other poems of its author, or of contemporary poets. For ourselves, we are inclined to rate it high, because of its courage and truth. It is not a copy of Indian life, but it is better than a copy, for in dealing with the life of an untamable race in the light of its own wild beauty of legend and custom, the poet works in a spirit of the highest fidelity to art. He does not portray savage squalor and brutality and vileness, as Greek art would not reproduce the ugliness that was unquestionably commoner than beauty among Greek men and women. The result is a reproduction of Indian life, none the less typical because idealized, and infinitely better than all other pictures of it. The "Hiawatha" leaves the Indians to the reason as it found them, savages; but it restores them to the fancy, and it annihilates at once the conventional Redman of the novelists, and the Varmint of the borderers, rehabilitating the shadowy past of our primeval wilderness with a poetic, simple, natural, sylvan life.

In like manner "The Courtship of Miles Standish" restores an image of Puritan days, less austere and gloomy than those Hawthorne has given, but not less fascinating, and not, we believe, less faithful; while it is again in its conception a poem as original as the "Hiawatha" or the "Evangeline." This last, which we think the best of all Mr. Longfellow's poems, if not the best poem of our age, is to be prized for many different reasons that will suggest themselves to the reader, but for none more, it seems to us, than for its creative gift of living human interest to unstoried places. The beings of the poet's fancy, who are akin to us in faith, in time, and capacity of suf-

fering and enjoyment, traverse vast silent spaces of continent with scarce a memory of our race, and leave them articulate and full of association. It is not much that everywhere in French Canada the traveller should look to see Evangeline, and Gabriel Lajeunesse, and Basil the Blacksmith, and Father Felician, in the quaint towns of dormer-windowed cottages and among the picturesque peasants in the fields; but it is much that, wherever he goes upon the great rivers of the West, his reveries should be full of them only, and that the poem should chant its music in his ear, till it breathes away all the present, and makes him contemporary and companion of the exiles who rowed their cumbrous boat

> "far down the Beautiful River,
> Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash,
> Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi."

It is much that one poem should have so peopled these scenes that the mind seeks there no other presences than those it suggests.

"Kavanagh," in dealing with the New England village-life of our own time, or of the transitional period that passed with the introduction of railways, is also very successful. Indeed, it seems to us as yet quite unapproached, by the multitude of New England romances that have followed it, in a certain delicate truthfulness, as it is likely to remain unsurpassed in its light humor and pensive grace. In "Kavanagh," and in the poems mentioned, as well as many shorter poems, Mr. Longfellow has responded to a very natural and evident longing of the popular heart, for something like recognition of the national place and home in literature, while at other times he has been true to as genuine an impulse of our complex Americanism, where he has dealt with the beautiful remote from us in everything but sympathy.

The whole English-speaking world, and great part of Continental Europe, have naturalized and translated his poetry; yet we feel so deeply his intense nationality that we find it hard to consider his work except as related to our growth in the best forms of civilization. Although our poetic literature did not actually begin with him, he is nevertheless to be accounted first among those who enlarged and enriched it,

and lifted it from a conceited provincialism into a generous universality. He had faith from the beginning in the native sense of beauty which underlies all our busy, shrewd, hard civilization, and which makes us as a people at this moment the foremost in the world in appreciation of letters which appeal to the sentiment and the imagination. He in greater degree than any other has discerned that our separation from the past affords vantage-ground on which we may enjoy it undisturbed; that we are indeed its absolute heirs, with a possession untroubled by the mortmains that sadden and confuse the modern life of Europe. From a consciousness of this kind came "The Golden Legend," where the old picturesque, superstitious, mystical, devoted spirit of mediæval days breathes again in an atmosphere which it never darkened, and in which the corporeal decay of dead errors and obsolete good has not left a taint of pestilence. Above all, in this sentiment is written the lovely romance of "Hyperion," — a book which it is hard to mention without some expression of delight in its style. Its prose, vibrant, harmonious, sustained, has not too often a rhythmic character, though it is the prose of a poet, and is full of poetic imagery and that kind of metaphor which flows naturally into verse. It has sometimes the movement of imaginative German prose; yet it is always pure English. At other times, for uncloying sweetness of tone it deserves to match with the Italian of Boccaccio, while its numerous briefer periods give it a variety which the work of the elder master has not. After the first perusal of the book the reader is so taken with its music, that to open it at any place is to yield to a delicious fascination. There is in the perfect adaptation of the style to the subject a felicity equal to that which associates a poetic thought with its appropriate measure: there is nothing to be forgiven, there is everything to be enjoyed. But it is another value of the book which we wish to note here in the fact that, while none of its scenes are laid in America, its inspiration and its chief person are wholly and immutably American. The romance is colored and perfumed through and through with the literature and life of Europe, yet it comes from the heart of Americanism, and none but Americans can appreciate its sentiment thoroughly; for

in Paul Flemming is embodied the affection for the historic and the traditional which is the genuine fruit of our soil, and which contrasts so vividly with the indifference of Europeans themselves to such things. "It often astonishes me," says the Baron to Flemming, "that, coming from that green world of yours beyond the sea, you should feel so much interest in these old things, — nay, at times seem so to have drunk in their spirit as really to live in the times of old. For my part, I do not see what charm there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the past, so to entice the soul of a young man." The puzzled Baron speaks for the polite Europe of every traveller's acquaintance. In another place our author had already spoken for the America thus addressed: "I, too, have been a pilgrim of Outre-Mer, for to my youthful imagination the Old World was a kind of Holy Land"; — in which sense all Americans are pilgrims of Outre-Mer as certainly as they are generous and refined.

There was early a revolt in Mr. Longfellow's mind against the theory once cherished, of a native literature corresponding to American geography and natural history; and he was one of the first to ridicule conceptions that have since become the laughing-stock of criticism. This poet, so essentially of our time and country, and with so great innate power, has always felt that beauty, from whatever source it came, was as little to be shut out of our hearts as the races of men seeking homes and citizenship among us were to be refused by our polity; and he has delighted us with charms won from the poets of all times and countries, though chiefly from those he seems to have loved most, — the German romantic poets. With these, indeed, he had a natural affinity, the reason for which appears to the student in the fact that modern German romance was largely English in its inspiration. The poets of this school wrought in the ways that have amplified all modern literatures. The springs of Italian song, from which the wells of our English were so long and often filled, from Chaucer's time to Milton's, had been enriched by their course through Greek and Latin soil, and the Germans, in their turn, drank from what was best in English letters. But Mr. Longfellow, in drawing so deeply as he has done from German romance, has not only brought us back some-

thing of our own again, but has also introduced new elements with it. Some delicate graces of peculiarly German poetry are through his influence as much at home among us as the Christmas-tree, and their popularity has greatly helped us toward the knowledge that in vague suggestion and subtile sentiment is a charm that wins the heart of downrightness and reality. A great poet educates his nation by developing its original capacities for intellectual pleasure; and Mr. Longfellow's success in imbuing Americans with a feeling for unfamiliar effects in literary art, contemporaneous with much laborious failure on the part of others to accustom our taste to those peculiarities of the German mind which they have admired, is proof of his finer perception and wiser judgment. We remain almost wholly unaffected by efforts to infuse a liking for any characteristics of German literature except those which Mr. Longfellow has brought us from the poets.

Somewhat curiously contrasting with the earnest and often pensive cast of our author's best work, and the unpalliated moralization of his poorest, is a quality we note in him, and find very rare among later writers of the English tongue, — whom, indeed, he resembles little in any way. This is a certain beautiful gayety, which is to humor somewhat as the bouquet is to the body of wine. It is an effect that seems to have its spring rather in the poet's heart than brain, and it pleases through mere will of pleasing. It is the breath of the airiest talk, a grace of the social Continental life, the last and least definable charm of perfect culture and maturity. It appears among the poems chiefly in "The Golden Legend," where it seems to be the poet's own nature playing irrepressibly through the story, and in the Interludes of "The Wayside Inn," where he speaks familiarly with the reader. We find it in "Kavanagh," though that is on the whole a pensive book, and sometimes also in "Hyperion." But this mature grace struck us most of all in the author's first book, "Outre-Mer."

It is only one of many flavors of ripeness in his earlier productions. Indeed, it appears to us that his art never betrays the crudeness or imperfection of essay. It was excellent in the beginning, and its last exercise is singularly like its first.

He has had from the beginning but one manner. In his latest books we are aware of the same magic that charmed us of yore, and we discern that this *goldene Zeit die nicht rostet* is not an *ewige Jugend* only when we contrast such poems as "The Bridge" and "The Bridge of Cloud," which have all the pathetic difference of youth and age in their likeness. The poet keeps throughout the grace and subtile power of the past; he keeps all that was ever his own, even to the love of profuse simile, and the quaint doubt of his reader implied by the elaborated meaning; and he loses only the tints and flavors not thoroughly assimilated or not native in him. Throughout is the same habit of recondite and scholarly allusion, the same quick sympathy with the beautiful in simple and common things, the same universality, the same tenderness for country and for home. Over all presides individuality superior to accidents of resemblance, and distinguishing each poem with traits unmistakably and only the author's; and the equality in the long procession of his beautiful thoughts never wearies, but is like that of some fine bass-relief, in which the varying allegory reveals one manner and many inspirations.

Together with this peculiar artistic equality in the poems of Mr. Longfellow is a spiritual maturity, which the reader cannot fail to notice. As there never has been anything unripe or decrepit in this master's art, so there never has been anything crude or faltering in his devotion to greatness and purity in life. His work is not the record of a career beginning in generous and impossible dreams, and ending in sordid doubt and pitiful despite; nor the history of a soul born to spiritual poverty, and working at last into tardy hopes and sympathies which scarcely suffice to discharge the errors of the past. These books tell of a soul clothed at once in humane affections and divine aspirations, of a poetic nature filled with conscious and instinctive reverence for the supreme office of poetry in the world. They form, indeed, so perfect a biography of the author, that, if one knew nothing of his literary life, here one might read more than could otherwise be told of its usefulness and beauty. Here is the story of blithe acquaintance with Latin lands and literature, and the exultation of a young man's heart and brain in their ancient scenes and ever-youthful songs; here

is hinted, in a strain graver, but not less sweet, and even more enthusiastic, friendship with German romance, old and new, life in the home of sentiment, and growth in learning as graceful and easy as it is wide; here is the half-pensive serenity of the studious poet as he turns the key upon his books, and saunters forth into the green by-ways and elmy streets of the New England life about his gates. This poet is the traveller of the wide realm of thought, the world of imagination; he has touched at all the sunny Mediterranean and Adriatic ports; all the French and Spanish coasts are known to him; he brings wealth from the frozen Scandinavian lands as rare as the ivory set in the beryl of the immemorial icebergs; he gathers flotsam from the bays and inlets, the lakes and rivers of home. Full of the world, he transmutes his large experience and far-brought learning into the poems we know, with a secure and patient art that malice or envy never could mar, and that has never acknowledged enmity with any man. Indeed, the silence of all these books concerning things that usually embitter poet's lives is not their least significant comment upon the author's wisdom and good-heartedness. His growing fame did not fail to create him foes; but if few poets have been more repeatedly assailed than he, none has been so willing to leave his defence entirely to time.

It is, of course, not the poet's merely literary life that is recorded in his books. He who touches the hearts of others must write from his own, and doubtless the songs of a true poet preserve the memory, not only of all the events, but of all the moods of his life. They must needs commemorate his sacredest and inmost experiences, — his joy and his sorrow, his loss and his gain, the love dear and the death sore to him, — and thus again form his truest biography. But the hospitality that invites the whole world home is exquisitely proud and shy, and its house is built like those old palaces in which a secret gallery was made for the musicians, and gay or plaintive music from an invisible source delighted the banqueting guests. The poet's courteous guests will be decently content with their pleasure, and may not seek to know the hidden impulse of his songs. We could not, indeed, inquire too curiously without self-betrayal; for if this poet's songs are the history of his

inner life, are they not equally history of the lives of us who have grown to be men and women since he began to sing?

It is certainly one of the great privileges of a beloved poet to have his thoughts so interwoven with his readers' days, that, looking back, they seem not so much to have read his work as to have lived it, and that they largely recall themselves, remembering what and where they were, and how they fared when they first read such and such a poem of his. Perhaps it will be one of the compensations of the future which the poet shall inherit, that those whom he has delighted shall pay him, in language purged alike of flattery and of shame, the homage of their entire gratitude. There is an inadequate longing in every one who approaches a poet's presence to declare something of this obligation, and to confide a sense of identified sympathies. But the occasion tricks poet and admirer alike, and slips away, and nothing has been said. The confidence too sacred to be shared with a third, which was to have celebrated the intimacy established in many years of silent communion, is destined not to be uttered; and each reader must be content to express only that which may be spoken without awkwardness in the acclaim of a common voice.

As we submit ourselves to some such condition here, we are sensible how small part all that we have written is of the tribute due the master whose greatness has tended to the goodness and happiness of men in so potent and fine a degree that he has not only made the world wiser and pleasanter, but has not added a word's weight to the bitterness and evil of any soul in it.

ART. VIII. — 1. C. G. LESSING. *Sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von ADOLF STAHR. Vermehrte und verbesserte Volks-Ausgabe. Dritte Auflage. Berlin. 1864.

2. *The Same.* Translated by E. P. EVANS, Ph. D., Professor, &c. in the University of Michigan. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1866. 2 vols.

WHEN Burns's humor gave its last pathetic flicker, in his "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me," was he thinking of actual brother-volunteers, or of possible biographers? Did his words betray only the rhythmic sensitiveness of poetic nerves, or were they a foreboding of that helpless future, when the poet lies at the mercy of the plodder, — of that bi-voluminous shape in which dulness overtakes and revenges itself on genius at last? Certainly Burns has suffered as much as most large-natured creatures from well-meaning efforts to account for him, to explain him away, to bring him into harmony with those well-regulated minds which, during a good part of the last century, found out a way, through rhyme, to snatch a prosiness beyond the reach of prose. Nay, he has been wronged also by that other want of true appreciation, which deals in panegyric, and would put asunder those two things which God has joined, — the poet and the man, — as if it were not the same rash improvidence that was the happiness of the verse and the misfortune of the gauger. But his deathbed was at least not haunted by the unappeasable apprehension of a German for his biographer; and that the fame of Lessing should have four times survived this cunningest assault of oblivion is proof enough that its base is broad and deep-set.

There seems to be, in the average German mind, an inability or a disinclination to see a thing as it really is, unless it be a matter of science. It finds its keenest pleasure in divining a profound significance in the most trifling things, and the number of mare's-nests that have been stared into by the German *Gelehrte* through his spectacles passes calculation. They are the one object of contemplation that makes that singular being perfectly happy, and they seem to be as common as those of the stork. In the dark forest of æsthetics, particularly, he

finds them at every turn, — "fanno tutto il loco varo." If the greater part of our English criticism is apt only to skim the surface, the German, by way of being profound, too often burrows in delighted darkness quite beneath its subject, till the reader feels the ground hollow beneath him, and is fearful of caving into unknown depths of stagnant metaphysic air at every step. The Commentary on Shakespeare of Gervinus, a really superior man, reminds one of the Roman Campagna, penetrated underground in all directions by strange winding caverns, the work of human borers in search of we know not what. Above are the divine poet's larks and daisies, his incommunicable skies, his broad prospects of life and nature; and meanwhile our Teutonic *teredo* worms his way below, and offers to be our guide into an obscurity of his own contriving. The reaction of language upon style, and even upon thought, by its limitations on the one hand, and its suggestions on the other, is so apparent to any one who has made even a slight study of comparative literature, that we have sometimes thought the German tongue at least an accessory before the fact, if nothing more, in the offences of German literature. The language has such a fatal genius for going stern-foremost, for yawing, and for not minding the helm without some ten minutes' notice in advance, that he must be a great sailor indeed who can safely make it the vehicle for anything but imperishable commodities. Vischer's *Æsthetik*, the best treatise on the subject, ancient or modern, is such a book as none but a German could write, and it is written as none but a German could have written it. The abstracts of its sections are sometimes nearly as long as the sections themselves, and it is as hard to make out which head belongs to which tail, as in a knot of snakes thawing themselves into sluggish individuality under a spring sun. The average German professor spends his life in making lanterns fit to guide us through the obscurest passages of all the *ologies* and *ysics*, and there are none in the world of such honest workmanship. They are durable, they have intensifying glasses, reflectors of the most scientific make, capital sockets in which to set a light, and a handsome lump of potentially illuminating tallow is thrown in. But, in order to *see* by them, the explorer must make his own candle, supply his own

cohesive wick of common-sense, and light it himself. And yet the admirable thoroughness of the German intellect! We should be ungrateful indeed if we did not acknowledge that it has supplied the raw material in almost every branch of science for the defter wits of other nations to work on; yet we have a suspicion that there are certain lighter departments of literature in which it may be misapplied, and turn into something very like clumsiness. Delightful as Jean Paul's humor is, how much more so would it be if he only knew when to stop! Ethereally deep as is his sentiment, should we not feel it more so if he sometimes gave us a little less of it, — if he would only not always deal out his wine by beer-measure? *So* thorough is the German mind, that might it not seem now and then to work quite through its subject, and expatiate in cheerful unconsciousness on the other side thereof?

With all its merits of a higher and deeper kind, it yet seems to us that German literature has not quite satisfactorily answered that so long-standing question of the French Abbé about *esprit*. Hard as it is for a German to be clear, still harder to be light, he is more than ever awkward in his attempts to produce that quality of style, so peculiarly French, which is neither wit nor liveliness taken singly, but a mixture of the two that must be drunk while the effervescence lasts, and will not bear exportation into any other language. German criticism, excellent in other respects, and immeasurably superior to that of any other nation in its constructive faculty, in its instinct for getting at whatever principle of life lies at the heart of a work of genius, is seldom lucid, almost never entertaining. It may turn its light, if we have patience, into every obscurest cranny of its subject, one after another, but it never flashes light *out* of the subject itself, as Sainte Beuve, for example, so often does, and with such unexpected charm. We should be inclined to put Julian Schmidt at the head of living critics in all the more essential elements of his outfit; but with him is not one conscious at too frequent intervals of the professorial grind, — of that German tendency to bear on too heavily, where a French critic would touch and go with such exquisite measure? The Great Nation, as it cheerfully calls itself, is in nothing greater than its talent for saying little things agreeably,

which is perhaps the very top of mere culture, and in literature is the next best thing to the power of saying great things as easily as if they were little. German learning, like the elephants of Pyrrhus, is always in danger of turning upon what it was intended to adorn and reinforce, and trampling it ponderously to death. And yet what do we not owe it? Mastering all languages, all records of intellectual man, it has been able, or has enabled others, to strip away the husks of nationality and conventionalism from the literatures of many races, and to disengage that kernel of human truth which is the germinating principle of them all. Nay, it has taught us to recognize also a certain value in those very husks, whether as shelter for the unripe or food for the fallen seed.

That the general want of style in German authors is not wholly the fault of the language is shown by Heine (a man of mixed blood), who can be daintily light in German; that it is not altogether a matter of race, is clear from the graceful airiness of Erasmus and Reuchlin in Latin, and of Grimm in French. The sense of heaviness which creeps over the reader from so many German books is mainly due, we suspect, to the language, which seems wellnigh incapable of that aerial perspective so delightful in first-rate French, and even English, writing. But there must also be in the national character an insensibility to proportion, a want of that instinctive discretion which we call tact. Nothing short of this will account for the perpetual groping of German imaginative literature after some foreign mould in which to cast its thought or feeling, now trying a Louis Quatorze pattern, then something supposed to be Shakespearian, and at last going back to ancient Greece, or even Persia. Goethe himself, limpidly perfect as are many of his shorter poems, often fails in giving artistic coherence to his longer works. Leaving deeper qualities wholly out of the question, Wilhelm Meister seems a mere aggregation of episodes if compared with such a masterpiece as Paul and Virginia, or even with a happy improvisation like the Vicar of Wakefield. The second part of Faust, too, is rather a reflection of Goethe's own changed view of life and man's relation to it, than an harmonious completion of the original conception. Full of placid wisdom and exquisite poetry it certainly is; but if we look at it as

a poem, it seems more as if the author had striven to get in all he could, than to leave out all he might. We cannot help asking what business have paper money and political economy and geognosy here? We confess that Thales and the Homunculus weary us not a little, unless, indeed, a poem be nothing, after all, but a prolonged conundrum. Many of Schiller's lyrical poems — though the best of them find no match in modern verse for rapid energy, the very axles of language kindling with swiftness — seem disproportionately long in parts, and the thought too often has the life wellnigh squeezed out of it in the sevenfold coils of diction, dappled though it be with splendid imagery.

In German sentiment, which runs over so easily into sentimentalism, a foreigner cannot help being struck with a certain incongruousness. What can be odder, for example, than the mixture of sensibility and sausages in some of Goethe's earlier notes to Frau von Stein, unless, to be sure, the publishing them? It would appear that Germans were less sensible to the ludicrous — and we are far from saying that this may not have its compensatory advantages — than either the English or the French. And what is the source of this sensibility, if it be not an instinctive perception of the incongruous and disproportionate? Among all races, the English has ever shown itself most keenly alive to the fear of making itself ridiculous; and among all, none has produced so many humorists, only one of them, indeed, so profound as Cervantes, yet all masters in their several ways. What English-speaking man, except Boswell, could have arrived at Weimar, as Goethe did, in that absurd *Werther-montirung?* And where, out of Germany, could he have found a reigning Grand Duke to put his whole court into the same sentimental livery of blue and yellow, leather breeches, boots, and all, excepting only Herder, and that not on account of his clerical profession, but of his age? To be sure, it might be asked also where else in Europe was a prince to be met with capable of manly friendship with a man whose only decoration was his genius? But the comicality of the other fact no less remains. Certainly the German character is in no way so little remarkable as for its humor. If we were to trust the evidence of Herr Hub's dreary *Deutsche komische und humoristische Dichtung*, we should believe that no German had even

so much as a suspicion of what humor meant, unless the book itself, as we are half inclined to suspect, be a joke in three volumes, the *want* of fun being the real point thereof. If German patriotism can be induced to find a grave delight in it, we congratulate Herr Hub's publishers, and for ourselves advise any sober-minded man who may hereafter "be merry," not to "sing psalms," but to read Hub as the more serious amusement of the two. There are epigrams there that make life more solemn, and, if taken in sufficient doses, would make it more precarious. Even Jean Paul, the greatest of German humorous authors, and never surpassed in comic conception or in the pathetic quality of humor, is not to be named with his master, Sterne, as a creative humorist. What are Siebenkäs, Fixlein, Schmelzle, and Fibel, (a single lay-figure to be draped at will with whimsical sentiment and reflection, and put in various attitudes,) compared with the living reality of Walter Shandy and his brother Toby, characters which we do not see merely as puppets in the author's mind, but poetically projected from it in an independent being of their own? Heine himself, the most graceful, sometimes the most touching, of modern poets, and clearly the most easy of German humorists, seems to us wanting in a refined perception of that inward propriety which is only another name for poetic proportion, and shocks us sometimes with an *Unfläthigkeit*, as at the end of his *Deutschland*, which, if it make Germans laugh, as we should be sorry to believe, makes other people hold their noses. Such things have not been possible in English since Swift, and the *persifleur* Heine cannot offer the same excuse of savage cynicism that might be pleaded for the Irishman.

We have hinted that Herr Stahr's Life of Lessing is not precisely the kind of biography that would have been most pleasing to the man who could not conceive that an author should be satisfied with anything more than truth in praise, or anything less in criticism. Our respect for what Lessing was, and for what he did, is profound. In the history of literature it would be hard to find a man so stalwart, so kindly, so sincere,* so capable of great ideas, whether in their influence on the in-

* "If I write at all, it is not possible for me to write otherwise than just as I think and feel." — Lessing to his father, 21st December, 1767.

tellect or the life, so unswervingly true to the truth, so free from the common weaknesses of his class. Since Luther, Germany has given birth to no such intellectual athlete, — to no son so German to the core. Greater poets she has had, but no greater writer, no nature more finely tempered. Nay, may we not say that great character is as rare a thing as great genius, if it be not even a nobler form of it? For surely it is easier to embody fine thinking, or delicate sentiment, or lofty aspiration, in a book than in a life. The written leaf, if it be, as some few are, a safe-keeper and conductor of celestial fire, is secure. Poverty cannot pinch, passion swerve, or trial shake it. But the man Lessing, harassed and striving life-long, always poor and always helpful, with no patron but his own right-hand, the very shuttlecock of fortune, who saw ruin's ploughshare drive through the hearth on which his first home-fire was hardly kindled, and who, through all, was faithful to himself, to his friend, to his duty, and to his ideal, is something more inspiring for us than the most glorious utterance of merely intellectual power. The figure of Goethe is grand, it is rightfully pre-eminent, it has something of the calm, and something of the coldness, of the immortals; but the Valhalla of German letters can show one form, in its simple manhood, statelier even than his.

Manliness and simplicity, if they are not necessary coefficients in producing character of the purest tone, were certainly leading elements in the Lessing who is still so noteworthy and lovable to us when eighty-six years have passed since his bodily presence vanished from among men. He loved clearness, he hated exaggeration in all its forms. He was the first German who had any conception of style, and who could be full without spilling over on all sides. Herr Stahr, we think, is not just the biographer he would have chosen for himself. His book is rather a panegyric than a biography. There is sometimes an almost comic disproportion between the matter and the manner, especially in the epic details of Lessing's onslaughts on the nameless herd of German authors. It is as if Sophocles should have given a strophe to every bullock slain by Ajax in his mad foray into the Grecian commissary stores. He is too fond of striking an attitude, and his tone rises

unpleasantly near a scream, as he calls the personal attention of heaven and earth to something which Lessing himself would have thought a very matter-of-course affair. He who lays it down as an axiom, that "genius loves simplicity," would hardly have been pleased to hear the "Letters on Literature" called the "burning thunderbolts of his annihilating criticism," or the Anti-Götze pamphlets "the hurtling arrows that sped from the bow of the immortal hero." Nor would he with whom accuracy was a matter of conscience have heard patiently that the Letters "appeared in a period distinguished for its lofty tone of mind, and in their own towering boldness they are a true picture of the intrepid character of the age."* If the age was what Herr Stahr represents it to have been, where is the great merit of Lessing? He would have smiled, we suspect, a little contemptuously at Herr Stahr's repeatedly quoting a certificate from the "historian of the proud Britons," that he was "the first critic in Europe." Whether we admit or not Lord Macaulay's competence in the matter, we are sure that Lessing would not have thanked his biographer for this soup-ticket to a ladleful of fame. If ever a man stood firmly on his own feet, and asked help of none, that man was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

Herr Stahr's desire to *make* a hero of his subject, and his love for sonorous sentences like the one we have quoted above, are apt to stand a little in the way of our chance at taking a fair measure of the man, and seeing in what his heroism really lay. He furnishes little material for a comparative estimate of Lessing, or for judging of the foreign influences which helped from time to time in making him what he was. Nothing is harder than to worry out a date from Herr Stahr's haystacks of praise and quotation. Yet dates are of special value in tracing the progress of an intellect like Lessing's, which, little actuated by an inward creative energy, was commonly stirred to motion by the impulse of other minds, and struck out its brightest flashes by collision with them. He himself tells us that a critic should "first seek out some one with whom he can contend," and

* "I am sure that Kleist would rather have taken another wound with him into his grave than have such stuff jabbered over him (*sich solch Zeug nachschwatzen lassen*)." — Lessing to Gleim, 6th September, 1759.

quotes in justification from one of Aristotle's commentators, *Solet Aristoteles quærere pugnam in suis libris.* This Lessing was always wont to do. He could only feel his own strength, and make others feel it, — could only call it into full play in an intellectual wrestling-bout. He was always anointed and ready for the ring, but with this distinction, that he was no mere prize-fighter, or bully for the side that would pay him best, nor even a contender for mere sentiment, but a self-forgetful champion for the truth as he saw it. Nor is this true of him only as a critic. His more purely imaginative works — his Minna, his Emilia, his Nathan — were all written, not to satisfy the craving of a poetic instinct, nor to rid head and heart of troublous guests by building them a lodging outside himself, as Goethe used to do, but to prove some thesis of criticism or morals by which Truth could be served. His zeal for her was perfectly unselfish. "Does one write, then, for the sake of being always in the right? I think I have been as serviceable to Truth," he says, "when I miss her, and my failure is the occasion of another's discovering her, as if I had discovered her myself." * One would almost be inclined to think, from Herr Stahr's account of the matter, that Lessing had been an autochthonous birth of the German soil, without intellectual ancestry or helpful kindred. That this is the sufficient natural history of no original mind we need hardly say, since originality consists quite as much in the power of using to purpose what it finds ready to its hand, as in that of producing what is absolutely new. Perhaps we might say that it was nothing more than the faculty of combining the separate, and therefore ineffectual, conceptions of others, and making them into living thought by the breath of its own organizing spirit. A great man without a past, if he be not an impossibility, will certainly have no future. He would be like those conjectural Miltons and Cromwells of Gray's imaginary hamlet. The only privilege of the original man is, that, like other sovereign princes, he has the right to call in the current coin and reissue it stamped with his own image, as was the practice of Lessing.

Herr Stahr's over-intensity of phrase is less offensive than amusing when applied to Lessing's early efforts in criticism.

* Letter to Klotz, 9th June, 1766.

Speaking of poor old Gottsched, he says: "Lessing assailed him sometimes with cutting criticism, and again with exquisite humor. In the notice of Gottsched's poems, he says, among other things, 'The exterior of the volume is so handsome that it will do great credit to the bookstores, and it is to be hoped that it will continue to do so for a long time. But to give a satisfactory idea of the interior surpasses our powers.' And in conclusion he adds, 'These poems cost two thalers and four groschen. The two thalers pay for the ridiculous, and the four groschen pretty much for the useful.'" Again, he tells us that Lessing concludes his notice of Klopstock's Ode to God "with these inimitably roguish words: 'What presumption to beg thus earnestly for a woman!' Does not a whole book of criticism lie in these nine words?" For a young man of twenty-two, Lessing's criticisms show a great deal of independence and maturity of thought; but humor he never had, and his wit was always of the bluntest, — crushing rather than cutting. The mace and not the scymitar was his weapon. Let Herr Stahr put all Lessing's "inimitably roguish words" together, and compare them with these few intranslatable lines from Voltaire's letter to Rousseau, thanking him for his *Discours sur l'Inégalité:* "On n'a jamais employé tant d'esprit à vouloir nous rendre bêtes; il prend envie de marcher à quatre pattes quand on lit votre ouvrage." Lessing from the first was something far better than a wit. Force was always much more characteristic of him than cleverness. Sometimes Herr Stahr's hero-worship leads him into positive misstatement. For example, speaking of Lessing's Preface to the "Contributions to the History and Reform of the Theatre," he tells us that "his eye was directed chiefly to the English theatre and Shakespeare." Lessing at that time (1749) was only twenty, and knew little more than the names of any foreign dramatists except the French. In this very Preface his English list skips from Shakespeare to Dryden, and in the Spanish he omits Calderon, Tirso de Molina, and Alarcon. Accordingly, we suspect that the date is wrongly assigned to Lessing's translation of *Toda la Vida es Sueño.* His mind was hardly yet ready to feel the strange charm of this most imaginative of Calderon's dramas.

Even where Herr Stahr undertakes to give us light on the *sources* of Lessing, it is something of the dimmest. He attributes "Miss Sara Sampson" to the influence of the "Merchant of London," as Mr. Evans translates it literally from the German, meaning our old friend "George Barnwell." But we are strongly inclined to suspect from internal evidence that Moore's more recent "Gamester" gave the prevailing impulse. And if Herr Stahr must needs tell us anything of the Tragedy of Middle-Class Life, he ought to have known that on the English stage it preceded Lillo by more than a century, — witness the "Yorkshire Tragedy," — and that something very like it was even much older in France. We are inclined to complain, also, that he does not bring out more clearly how much Lessing owed to Diderot both as dramatist and critic, nor give us so much as a hint of what already existing English criticism did for him in the way of suggestion and guidance. But though we feel it to be our duty to say so much of Herr Stahr's positive faults and negative short-comings, yet we leave him in very good humor. While he is altogether too full upon certain points of merely transitory importance, — such as the quarrel with Klotz, — yet we are bound to thank him both for the abundance of his extracts from Lessing, and for the judgment he has shown in the choice of them. Any one not familiar with his writings will be able to get a very good notion of the quality of his mind, and the amount of his literary performance, from these volumes; and that, after all, is the chief matter. As to the absolute merit of his works other than critical, Herr Stahr's judgment is too much at the mercy of his partiality to be of great value.

Of Mr. Evans's translation we can speak for the most part with high commendation. There are great difficulties in translating German prose; and whatever other good things Herr Stahr may have learned from Lessing, terseness and clearness are not among them. We have seldom seen a translation which read more easily, or was generally more faithful. That Mr. Evans should nod now and then we do not wonder, nor that he should sometimes choose the wrong word. We have only compared him with the original where we saw reason for suspecting a slip; but, though we have not found much to com-

plain of, we have found enough to satisfy us that his book will gain by a careful revision. We select a few oversights, mainly from the first volume, as examples. On page 34, comparing Lessing with Goethe on arriving at the University, Mr. Evans, we think, obscures, if he does not wholly lose the meaning, when he translates *Leben* by "social relations," and is altogether wrong in rendering *Patrizier* by "aristocrat." At the top of the next page, too, "suspicious" is not the word for *bedenklich*. Had he been writing English, he would surely have said "questionable." On page 47, "overtrodden shoes" is hardly so good as the idiomatic "down at the heel." On page 104, "A very humorous representation" is oddly made to "confirm the documentary evidence." The reverse is meant. On page 115, the sentence beginning "the tendency in both" needs revising. On page 138, Mr. Evans speaks of the "Poetical Village-younker of Destouches." This, we think, is hardly the English of *Le Poète Campagnard*, and almost recalls Lieberkühn's theory of translation, toward which Lessing was so unrelenting, — "When I do not understand a passage, why, I translate it word for word." On page 149, "Miss Sara Sampson" is called "the first social tragedy of the German Drama." All tragedies surely are *social*, except the "Prometheus." *Bürgerliche Tragödie* means a tragedy in which the protagonist is taken from common life, and perhaps cannot be translated clearly into English except by "tragedy of middle-class life." So on page 170 we find Emilia Galotti called a "Virginia *bourgeoise*," and on page 172 a hospital becomes a *lazaretto*. On page 190 we have a sentence ending in this strange fashion: "in an episode of the English original, which Wieland omitted entirely, one of its characters nevertheless appeared in the German tragedy." On page 205 we have the Seven Years' War called "a bloody *process*." This is mere carelessness, for Mr. Evans, in the second volume, translates it rightly "*lawsuit*." What English reader would know what "You are intriguing me" means, on page 228? On page 264, Vol. II., we find a passage inaccurately rendered, which we consider of more consequence, because it is a quotation from Lessing. "O, out upon the man who claims, Almighty God, to be a preacher of Thy word, and yet so impudently asserts that, in order to

attain Thy purposes, there was only one way in which it pleased *Thee* to make *Thyself* known to him!" This is very far from *nur den einzigen Weg gehabt den Du Dir gefallen lassen ihm kund zu machen!* The *ihm* is scornfully emphatic. We hope Professor Evans will go over his version for a second edition much more carefully than we have had any occasion to do. He has done an excellent service to our literature, for which we heartily thank him, in choosing a book of this kind to translate, and translating it so well. We would not look such a gift horse too narrowly in the mouth.

Let us now endeavor to sum up the result of Lessing's life and labor with what success we may.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born (January 22, 1729) at Camenz, in Upper Lusatia, the second child and eldest son of John Gottfried Lessing, a Lutheran clergyman. Those who believe in the persistent qualities of race, or the cumulative property of culture, will find something to their purpose in his Saxon blood and his clerical and juristic ancestry. It is worth mentioning, that his grandfather, in the thesis for his doctor's degree, defended the right to entire freedom of religious belief. The name first comes to the surface in Parson Clement Lessigk, nearly three centuries ago, and survives to the present day in a painter of some distinction. It has almost passed into a proverb, that the mothers of remarkable men have been something beyond the common. If there be any truth in the theory, the case of Lessing was an exception, as might have been inferred, perhaps, from the peculiarly masculine type of his character and intellect. His mother was in no wise superior, but his father seems to have been a man somewhat above the pedantic average of the provincial clergymen of his day, and to have been a scholar in the ampler meaning of the word. Besides the classics, he had possessed himself of French and English, and was somewhat versed in the Oriental languages. The temper of his theology may be guessed from his having been, as his son tells us with some pride, one of "the earliest translators of Tillotson." We can only conjecture him from the letters which Lessing wrote to him, from which we should fancy him as on the whole a decided and even choleric old gentleman, in whom the wig, though not a predominant, was yet a notable

feature, and who was, like many other fathers, permanently astonished at the fruit of his loins. He would have preferred one of the so-called learned professions for his son, — theology above all, — and would seem to have never quite reconciled himself to his son's distinction, as being in none of the three careers which alone were legitimate. Lessing's bearing towards him, always independent, is really beautiful in its union of respectful tenderness with unswerving self-assertion. When he wished to evade the maternal eye, Gotthold used in his letters to set up a screen of Latin between himself and her; and we conjecture the worthy Pastor Primarius playing over again in his study at Camenz, with some scruples of conscience, the old trick of Chaucer's fox: —

> "Mulier est hominis confusio;
> Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,
> Woman is mannës joy and mannës bliss."

He appears to have snatched a fearful and but ill-concealed joy from the sight of the first collected edition of his son's works, unlike Tillotson as they certainly were. Ah, had they only been *Opera!* Yet were they not volumes, after all, and able to stand on their own edges beside the immortals, if nothing more?

After grinding with private-tutor Mylius the requisite time, Lessing entered the school of Camenz, and in his thirteenth year was sent to the higher institution at Meissen. We learn little of his career there, except that Theophrastus, Plautus, and Terence were already his favorite authors, that he once characteristically distinguished himself by a courageous truthfulness, and that he wrote a Latin poem on the valor of the Saxon soldiers, which his father very sensibly advised him to shorten. In 1750, four years after leaving the school, he writes to his father: "I believed even when I was at Meissen that one must learn much there which he cannot make the least use of in real life (*der Welt*), and I now [after trying Leipzig and Wittenberg] see it all the more clearly," — a melancholy observation which many other young men have made under similar circumstances. Sent to Leipzig in his seventeenth year, he finds himself an awkward, ungainly lad, and sets diligently to perfecting himself in the somewhat unscho-

lastic accomplishments of riding, dancing, and fencing. He also sedulously frequents the theatre, and wrote a play, "The Young Scholar," which attained the honor of representation. Meanwhile his most intimate companion was a younger brother of his old tutor Mylius, a young man of more than questionable morals, and who had even written a satire on the elders of Camenz, for which — over-confidently trusting himself in the outraged city — he had been fined and imprisoned; so little could the German Muse, celebrated by Klopstock for her swiftness of foot, protect her son. With this scandalous person and with play-actors, more than probably of both sexes, did the young Lessing share a Christmas cake sent him by his mother. Such news were not long in reaching Camenz, and we can easily fancy how tragic they seemed in the little parsonage there, to what cabinet councils they gave rise in the paternal study, to what ominous shaking of the clerical wig in that domestic Olympus. A pious fraud is practised on the boy, who hurries home thinly clad through the winter weather, his ill-eaten Christmas cake wringing him with remorseful indigestion, to receive the last blessing, if such a prodigal might hope for it, of a broken-hearted mother. He finds the good dame in excellent health, and softened toward him by a cold he has taken on his pious journey. He remains at home several months, now writing Anacreontics of such warmth that his sister (as volunteer representative of the common hangman) burns them in the family stove; now composing sermons to convince his mother that "he could be a preacher any day," — a theory of that sacred office unhappily not yet extinct. At Easter, 1747, he gets back to Leipzig again, with some scant supply of money in his pocket, but is obliged to make his escape thence between two days somewhere toward the middle of the next year, leaving behind him some histrionic debts (chiefly, we fear, of a certain Mademoiselle Lorenz) for which he had confidingly made himself security. Stranded, by want of floating or other capital, at Wittenberg, he enters himself, with help from home, as a student there, but soon migrates again for Berlin, which had been his goal when making his hegira from Leipzig. In Berlin he remained three years, applying himself to his chosen calling of author at all work, by

doing whatever honest job offered itself, — verse, criticism, or translation, — and profitably studious in a very wide range of languages and their literature. Above all, he learned the great secret, which his stalwart English contemporary, Johnson, also acquired, of being able to "dine heartily" for threepence.

Meanwhile he continues in a kind of colonial dependence on the parsonage at Camenz, the bonds gradually slackening, sometimes shaken a little rudely, and always giving alarming hints at approaching and inevitable autonomy. From the few home letters of Lessing which remain, (covering the period before 1753, there are only eight in all,) we are able to surmise that a pretty constant maternal cluck and shrill paternal warning were kept up from the home coop. We find Lessing defending the morality of the stage and his own private morals against charges and suspicions of his parents, and even making the awful confession that he does not consider the Christian religion itself as a thing "to be taken on trust," nor a Christian by mere tradition so valuable a member of society as "one who has *prudently* doubted, and by the way of examination has arrived at conviction, or at least striven to arrive." Boyish scepticism of the superficial sort is a common phenomenon enough, but the Lessing variety of it seems to us sufficiently rare in a youth of twenty. What strikes us mainly in the letters of these years is not merely the maturity they show, though that is remarkable, but the tone. We see already in them the cheerful and never overweening self-confidence which always so pleasantly distinguished Lessing, and that strength of tackle, so seldom found in literary men, which brings the mind well home to its anchor, enabling it to find holding-ground and secure riding in any sea. "What care I to live in plenty," he asks gayly, "if I only live?" Indeed, Lessing learned early, and never forgot, that whoever would be life's master, and not its drudge, must make it a means, and never allow it to become an end. He could say more truly than Goethe, *Mein Acker ist die Zeit*, since he not only sowed in it the seed of thought for other men and other times, but cropped it for his daily bread. Above all, we find Lessing even thus early endowed with the power of keeping his eyes

wide open to what he was after, to what would help or hinder him, — a much more singular gift than is commonly supposed. Among other jobs of this first Berlin period, he had undertaken to arrange the library of a certain Herr Rüdiger, getting therefor his meals and "other receipts," whatever they may have been. His father seems to have heard with anxiety that this arrangement had ceased, and Lessing writes to him: "I never wished to have anything to do with this old man longer than *until I had made myself thoroughly acquainted with his great library.* This is now accomplished, and we have accordingly parted." This was in his twenty-first year, and we have no doubt, from the *range* of scholarship which Lessing had at command so young, that it was perfectly true. All through his life he was thoroughly German in this respect also, that he never *quite* smelted his knowledge clear from some slag of learning.

In the early part of the first Berlin residence, Pastor Primarius Lessing, hearing that his son meditated a movement on Vienna, was much exercised with fears of the temptation to Popery he would be exposed to in that capital. We suspect that the attraction thitherward had its source in a perhaps equally catholic, but less theological magnet, — the Mademoiselle Lorenz above mentioned. Let us remember the perfectly innocent passion of Mozart for an actress, and be comforted. There is not the slightest evidence that Lessing's life at this time, or any other, though careless, was in any way debauched. No scandal was ever coupled with his name, nor is any biographic chemistry needed to bleach spots out of his reputation. What cannot be said of Wieland, of Goethe, of Schiller, of Jean Paul, may be safely affirmed of this busy and single-minded man. The parental fear of Popery brought him a seasonable supply of money from home, which enabled him to clothe himself in a suit of clothes decent enough to push his literary fortunes in, and put on a bold front with publishers. Poor enough he often was, but never in so shabby a pass that he was forced to write behind a screen, like Johnson.

It was during this first stay in Berlin that Lessing was brought into personal relations with Voltaire. Through an

acquaintance with the great man's secretary, Richier, he was employed as translator in the scandalous Hirschel lawsuit, so dramatically set forth by Carlyle in his Life of Frederick, though Lessing's share in it seems to have been unknown to him. The service could hardly have been other than distasteful to him; but it must have been with some thrill of the *anche io!* kind that the poor youth, just fleshing his maiden pen in criticism, stood face to face with the famous author, with whose name all Europe rang from side to side. This was in February, 1751. Young as he was, we fancy those cool eyes of his making some strange discoveries as to the real nature of that lean nightmare of Jesuits and dunces. Afterwards the same secretary lent him the manuscript of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, and, Lessing thoughtlessly taking it into the country with him, it was not forthcoming when called for by the author. Voltaire naturally enough danced with rage, screamed all manner of unpleasant things about robbery and the like, cashiered the secretary, and was, we see no reason to doubt, really afraid of a pirated edition. *This* time his cry of wolf must have had a quaver of sincerity in it. Herr Stahr, who can never keep separate the Lessing as he then was and the Lessing as he afterwards became, takes fire at what he chooses to consider an unworthy suspicion of the Frenchman, and treats himself to some rather cheap indignation on the subject. For ourselves, we think Voltaire altogether in the right, and we respect Lessing's honesty too much to suppose, with his biographer, that it was this which led him, years afterwards, to do such severe justice to *Merope*, and other tragedies of the same author. The affair happened in December, 1751, and a year later Lessing calls Voltaire a "great man," and says of his *Amalie*, that "it has not only beautiful passages, it is beautiful throughout, and the tears of a reader of feeling will justify our judgment." Surely there is no resentment here. Our only wonder would be at its being written after the Hirschel business. At any rate, we cannot allow Herr Stahr to shake our faith in the sincerity of Lessing's motives in criticism, — he could not in the soundness of the criticism itself, — by tracing it up to a spring at once so petty and so personal.

During a part of 1752,* Lessing was at Wittenberg again as student of medicine, the parental notion of a strictly professional career of some kind not having yet been abandoned. We must give his father the credit of having done his best, in a well-meaning paternal fashion, to make his son over again in his own image, and to thwart the design of nature by coaxing or driving him into the pinfold of a prosperous obscurity. But Gotthold, with all his gifts, had no talent whatever for contented routine. His was a mind always in solution, which the divine order of things, as it is called, could not precipitate into any of the traditional forms of crystallization, and in which the time to come was already fermenting. The principle of growth was in the young literary hack, and he must obey it or die. His was to the last a *natura naturans*, never a *naturata*. Lessing seems to have done what he could to be a dutiful failure. But there was something in him stronger and more sacred than even filial piety; and the good old pastor is remembered now only as the father of a son who would have shared the benign oblivion of his own theological works, if he could only have had his wise way with him. Even after never so many biographies and review articles, genius continues to be a marvellous and inspiring thing. At the same time, considering the then condition of what was pleasantly called literature in Germany, there was not a little to be said on the paternal side of the question, though it may not seem now a very heavy mulct to give up one son out of ten to immortality, — at least the Fates seldom decimate in *this* way. Lessing had now, if we accept the common standard in such matters, "completed his education," and the result may be summed up in his own words to Michaelis, 16th October, 1754: "I have studied at the Fürstenschule at Meissen, and after that at Leipzig and Wittenberg. But I should be greatly embarrassed if I were asked to tell *what*." As early as his twen-

* Herr Stahr heads the fifth chapter of his Second Book, "Lessing at Wittenberg. December, 1751, to November, 1752." But we never feel quite sure of his dates. The Richier affair puts Lessing in Berlin in December, 1751, and he took his Master's degree at Wittenberg, 29th April, 1752. We are told that he finally left Wittenberg "toward the end" of that year. He himself, writing from Berlin in 1754, says that he has been absent from that city *nur ein halbes Jahr* since 1748. There is only one letter for 1752, dated at Wittenberg, 9th June.

tieth year he had arrived at some singular notions as to the uses of learning. On the 20th of January, 1749, he writes to his mother: "I found out that books, indeed, would make me learned, *but never make me a man.*" Like most men of great knowledge, as distinguished from mere scholars, he seems to have been always a rather indiscriminate reader, and to have been fond, as Johnson was, of "browsing" in libraries. Johnson neither in amplitude of literature nor exactness of scholarship could be deemed a match for Lessing; but they were alike in the power of readily applying whatever they had learned, whether for purposes of illustration or argument. They resemble each other, also, in a kind of absolute common-sense, and in the force with which they could plant a direct blow with the whole weight both of their training and their temperament behind it. As critics, Johnson ends where Lessing begins. The one is happy in the lower region of the understanding: the other can breathe freely in the ampler air of reason alone. Johnson acquired learning, and stopped short from indolence at a certain point. Lessing assimilated it, and accordingly his education ceased only with his life. Both had something of the intellectual sluggishness that is apt to go with great strength; and both had to be baited by the antagonism of circumstances or opinions, not only into the exhibition, but into the possession of their entire force. Both may be more properly called original men than, in the highest sense, original writers.

From 1752 to 1760, with an interval of something over two years spent in Leipzig to be near a good theatre, Lessing was settled in Berlin, and gave himself wholly and earnestly to the life of a man of letters. A thoroughly healthy, cheerful nature he most surely had, with something at first of the careless light-heartedness of youth. Healthy he was not always to be, not always cheerful, often very far from light-hearted, but manly from first to last he eminently was. Downcast he could never be, for his strongest instinct, invaluable to him also as a critic, was to see things as they really are. And this not in the sense of a cynic, but of one who measures himself as well as his circumstances, — who loves truth as the most beautiful of all things and the only

permanent possession, as being of one substance with the soul. In a man like Lessing, whose character is even more interesting than his works, the tone and turn of thought are what we like to get glimpses of. And for this his letters are more helpful than those of most authors, as might be expected of one who said of himself, that, in his more serious work, "he must profit by his first heat to accomplish anything." He began, we say, light-heartedly. He did not believe that "one should thank God only for good things." "He who is only in good health, and is willing to work, has nothing to fear in the world." "What another man would call want, I call comfort." "Must not one often act thoughtlessly, if one would provoke Fortune to do something for him?" In his first inexperience, the life of "the sparrow on the house-top" (which we find oddly translated "roof") was the one he would choose for himself. Later in life, when he wished to marry, he was of another mind, and perhaps discovered that there was something in the old father's notion of a fixed position. "The life of the sparrow on the house-top is only right good if one need not expect any end to it. If it cannot always last, every day it lasts too long," — he writes to Ebert in 1770. Yet even then he takes the manly view. "Everything in the world has its time, everything may be overlived and overlooked, if one only have health." Nor let any one suppose that Lessing, full of courage as he was, found professional authorship a garden of Alcinoüs. From creative literature he continually sought refuge, and even repose, in the driest drudgery of mere scholarship. On the 26th of April, 1768, he writes to his brother with something of his old gayety: "Thank God, the time will soon come when I cannot call a penny in the world my own but I must first earn it. I am unhappy if it must be by writing." And again in May, 1771: "Among all the wretched, I think him the most wretched who must work with his head, even if he is not conscious of having one. But what is the good of complaining?" Lessing's life, if it is a noble example, so far as it concerned himself alone, is also a warning when another is to be asked to share it. He too would have profited had he earlier learned and more constantly borne in mind the profound wisdom of that old saying, *Si sit prudentia.* Let the young poet, how-

ever he may believe of his art that "all other pleasures are not worth its pains," consider well what it is to call down fire from heaven to keep the pot boiling, before he commit himself to a life of authorship as something fine and easy. That fire will not condescend to such office, though it come without asking on ceremonial days to the free service of the altar.

Lessing, however, never would, even if he could, have so desecrated his better powers. For a bare livelihood, he always went sturdily to the market of hack-work, where his learning would fetch him a price. But it was only in extremest need that he would claim that benefit of clergy. "I am worried," he writes to his brother Karl, 8th April, 1773, "and work because working is the only means to cease being so. But you and Voss are very much mistaken if you think that it could ever be indifferent to me, under such circumstances, on what I work. Nothing less true, whether as respects the work itself or the principal object wherefor I work. I have been in my life before now in very wretched circumstances, yet never in such that I would have written for bread in the true meaning of the word. I have begun my 'Contributions' because this work helps me . . . . to live from one day to another." It is plain that he does not call this kind of thing in any high sense writing. Of that he had far other notions; for though he honestly disclaimed the title, yet his dream was always to be a poet. But he *was* willing to work, as he claimed to be, because he had one ideal higher than that of being a poet, namely, to be thoroughly a man. To Nicolai he writes in 1758: "All ways of earning his bread are alike becoming to an honest man, whether to split wood or to sit at the helm of state. It does not concern his conscience how useful he is, but how useful he would be." Goethe's poetic sense was the Minotaur to which he sacrificed everything. To make a study, he would soil the maiden petals of a woman's soul; to get the delicious sensation of a reflex sorrow, he would wring a heart. All that saves his egoism from being hateful is, that, with its immense reaches, it cheats the sense into a feeling of something like sublimity. A patch of sand is unpleasing; a desert has all the awe of ocean. Lessing also felt the duty of self-culture; but it was not so much for the sake of feeding fat this or that faculty as of strength-

ening character,—the only soil in which real mental power can root itself and find sustenance. His advice to his brother Karl, who was beginning to write for the stage, is two parts moral to one literary. "Study ethics diligently, learn to express yourself well and correctly, and cultivate your own character. Without that I cannot conceive a good dramatic author." Marvellous counsel this will seem to those who think that wisdom is only to be found in the fool's paradise of Bohemia!

We said that Lessing's dream was to be a poet. In comparison with success as a dramatist, he looked on all other achievement as inferior in kind. In 1767 he writes to Gleim (speaking of his call to Hamburg): "Such circumstances were needed to rekindle in me an almost extinguished love for the theatre. I was just beginning to lose myself in other studies which would have made me unfit for any work of genius. My *Laocöon* is now a secondary labor." And yet he never fell into the mistake of overvaluing what he valued so highly. His unflinching common-sense would have saved him from that, as it afterwards enabled him to see that something was wanting in him which must enter into the making of true poetry, whose distinction from prose is an inward one of nature, and not an outward one of form. While yet under thirty, he assures Mendelssohn that he was quite right in neglecting poetry for philosophy, because "only a part of our youth should be given up to the arts of the beautiful. We must practise ourselves in weightier things before we die. An old man, who lifelong has done nothing but rhyme, and an old man who lifelong has done nothing but pass his breath through a stick with holes in it,—I doubt much whether such an old man has arrived at what he was meant for."

This period of Lessing's life was a productive one, though none of its printed results can be counted of permanent value, except his share in the "Letters on German Literature." And even these must be reckoned as belonging to the years of his apprenticeship and training for the master-workman he afterwards became. The small fry of authors and translators were hardly fitted to call out his full strength, but his vivisection of them taught him the value of certain structural principles. "To one dissection of the fore quarter of an ass," says Haydon

in his diary, "I owe my information." Yet even in his earliest criticisms we are struck with the same penetration and steadiness of judgment, the same firm grasp of the essential and permanent, that were afterwards to make his opinions law in the courts of taste. For example, he says of Thomson, that, "as a dramatic poet, he had the fault of never knowing when to leave off; he lets every character talk so long as anything can be said; accordingly, during these prolonged conversations, the action stands still, and the story becomes tedious." Of "Roderick Random," he says that "its author is neither a Richardson nor a Fielding; he is one of those writers of whom there are plenty among the Germans and French." We cite these merely because their firmness of tone seems to us uncommon in a youth of twenty-four. In the "Letters," the range is much wider, and the application of principles more consequent. He had already secured for himself a position among the literary men of that day, and was beginning to be feared for the inexorable justice of his criticisms. His "Fables" and his "Miss Sara Sampson" had been translated into French, and had attracted the attention of Grimm, who says of them (December, 1754): "These Fables commonly contain in a few lines a new and profound moral meaning. M. Lessing has much wit, genius, and invention; the dissertations which follow the Fables prove moreover that he is an excellent critic." In Berlin, Lessing made friendships, especially with Mendelssohn, Von Kleist, Nicolai, Gleim, and Ramler. For Mendelssohn and Von Kleist he seems to have felt a real love; for the others at most a liking, as the best material that could be had. It certainly was not of the juiciest. He seems to have worked hard and played hard, equally at home in his study and Baumann's wine-cellar. He was busy, poor, and happy.

But he was restless. We suspect that the necessity of forever picking up crumbs, and their occasional scarcity, made the life of the sparrow on the house-top less agreeable than he had expected. The imagined freedom was not quite so free after all, for necessity is as short a tether as dependence, or official duty, or what not, and the regular occupation of grub-hunting is as tame and wearisome as another. Moreover, Lessing had probably by this time sucked his friends dry of any

intellectual stimulus they could yield him; and when friendship reaches that pass, it is apt to be anything but inspiring. Except Mendelssohn and Von Kleist, they were not men capable of rating him at his true value; and Lessing was one of those who always burn up the fuel of life at a fearful rate. Admirably dry as the supplies of Ramler and the rest no doubt were, they had not substance enough to keep his mind at the high temperature it needed, and he would soon be driven to the cutting of green stuff from his own wood-lot, more rich in smoke than fire. Beside this, he could hardly have been at ease among intimates most of whom could not even conceive of that intellectual honesty, that total disregard of all personal interests where truth was concerned, which was an innate quality of Lessing's mind. Their theory of criticism was, Truth, or even worse if possible, for all who do not belong to our set; for us, that delicious falsehood which is no doubt a slow poison, but then so *very* slow. Their nerves were unbraced by that fierce democracy of thought, trampling on all prescription, all tradition, in which Lessing loved to shoulder his way and advance his insupportable foot. "What is called a heretic," he says in his Preface to *Berengarius*, "has a very good side. It is a man who at least *wishes* to see with his own eyes." And again, "I know not if it be a duty to offer up fortune and life to the truth; . . . . but I know it *is* a duty, if one undertake to teach the truth, to teach the whole of it, or none at all." Such men as Gleim and Ramler were mere *dilettanti*, and could have no notion how sacred his convictions are to a militant thinker like Lessing. His creed as to the rights of friendship in criticism might be put in the words of Selden, the firm tread of whose mind was like his own: "Opinion and affection extremely differ. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself." How little his friends were capable of appreciating this view of the matter is plain from a letter of Ramler to Gleim, cited by Herr Stahr. Lessing had shown up the weaknesses of a certain work by the Abbé Batteux (long ago gathered to his literary fathers as conclusively as poor old Ramler himself), without regard to the important fact that the Abbé's book had been translated by a

friend. Horrible to think of at best, thrice horrible when the friend's name was Ramler! The impression thereby made on the friendly heart may be conceived. A ray of light penetrated the rather opaque substance of Herr Ramler's mind, and revealed to him the dangerous character of Lessing. "I know well," he says, "that Herr Lessing means to speak his own opinion, and" — what is the dreadful inference? — "and, by suppressing others, to gain air, and make room for himself. This disposition is not to be overcome." Fortunately not, for Lessing's opinion always meant something, and was worth having. Gleim no doubt sympathized deeply with the sufferer by this treason, for he too had been shocked at some disrespect for La Fontaine, as a disciple of whom he had announced himself.

Berlin was hardly the place for Lessing, if he could not take a step in any direction without risk of treading on somebody's gouty foot. This was not the last time that he was to have experience of the fact that the critic's pen, the more it has of truth's celestial temper, the more it is apt to reverse the miracle of the archangel's spear, and to bring out whatever is toadlike in the nature of him it touches. We can well understand the sadness with which he said,

> "Der Blick des Forscher's fand
> Nicht selten mehr als er zu finden wünschte."

Here, better than anywhere, we may cite something which he wrote of himself to a friend of Klotz. Lessing, it will be remembered, had literally "suppressed" Klotz. "What do you apprehend, then, from me? The more faults and errors you point out to me, so much the more I shall learn of you; the more I learn of you, the more thankful shall I be. . . . . I wish you knew me more thoroughly. If the opinion you have of my learning and genius (*Geist*) should perhaps suffer thereby, yet I am sure the idea I would like you to form of my character would gain. I am not the insufferable, unmannerly, proud, slanderous man Herr Klotz proclaims me. It cost me a great deal of trouble and compulsion to be a little bitter against him." * Ramler and the rest had contrived a

* Lessing to Von Murr, 25th November, 1768. The whole letter is well worth reading.

nice little society for mutual admiration, much like that described by Goldsmith, if, indeed, he did not convey it from the French, as was not uncommon with him. "'What, have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius or the ingenious Mogusius, one the eye and the other the heart of our University, known all over the world?' 'Never,' cried the traveller; 'but pray inform me what Brandellius is particularly remarkable for.' 'You must be little acquainted with the republic of letters,' said the other, 'to ask such a question. Brandellius has written a most sublime panegyric on Mogusius.' 'And, prithee, what has Mogusius done to deserve so great a favor?' 'He has written an excellent poem in praise of Brandellius.'" Lessing was not the man who could narrow himself to the proportions of a clique; lifelong he was the terror of the Brandellii and Mogusii, and, at the signal given by him,

> "they, but now who seemed
> In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
> Now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room
> Throng numberless."

Besides whatever other reasons Lessing may have had for leaving Berlin, we fancy that his having exhausted whatever means it had of helping his spiritual growth was the chief. Nine years later, he gave as a reason for not wishing to stay long in Brunswick, "Not that I do not like Brunswick, but because nothing comes of being long in a place which one likes." * Whatever the reason, Lessing, in 1760, left Berlin for Breslau, where the post of secretary had been offered him under Frederick's tough old General Tauentzien. "I will spin myself in for a while like an ugly worm, that I may be able to come to light again as a brilliant winged creature," says his diary. Shortly after his leaving Berlin, he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences there. Herr Stahr, who has no little fondness for the foot-light style of phrase, says, "It may easily be imagined that he himself regarded his appointment as an insult rather than as an honor." Lessing himself merely says that it was a matter of indifference to him, which is much

* A favorite phrase of his, which Ebert has preserved for us with its Saxon accent, was, *Es kommt doch nischt dabey heraus*, implying that one might do something better for a constancy than shearing swine.

more in keeping with his character and with the value of the intended honor.

The Seven Years' War began four years before Lessing took up his abode in Breslau, and it may be asked how he, as a Saxon, was affected by it. We might answer, hardly at all. His position was that of armed neutrality. Long ago at Leipzig he had been accused of Prussian leanings; now in Berlin he was thought too Saxon. Though he disclaimed any such sentiment as patriotism, and called himself a cosmopolite, it is plain enough that his position was simply that of a German. Love of country, except in a very narrow parochial way, was as impossible in Germany then as in America during the Colonial period. Lessing himself, in the latter years of his life, was librarian of one of those petty princelets who sold their subjects to be shot at in America, — creatures strong enough to oppress, too weak to protect their people. Whoever would have found a Germany to love must have pieced it together as painfully as Isis did the scattered bits of Osiris. Yet he says that "the true patriot is by no means extinguished" in him. It was the noisy ones that he could not abide; and, writing to Gleim about his "Grenadier" verses, he advises him to soften the tone of them a little, he himself being a "declared enemy of imprecations," which he would leave altogether to the clergy. We think Herr Stahr makes too much of these anti-patriot flings of Lessing, which, with a single exception, occur in his letters to Gleim, and with reference to a kind of verse that could not but be distasteful to him, as needing no more brains than a drum, nor other inspiration than serves a trumpet. Lessing undoubtedly had better uses for his breath than to spend it in shouting for either side in this "bloody lawsuit," as he called it, in which he was not concerned. He showed himself German enough, and in the right way, in his persistent warfare against the tyranny of French taste.

He remained in Breslau the better part of five years, studying life in new phases, gathering a library, which, as commonly happens, he afterwards sold at great loss, and writing his *Minna* and his *Laocoön*. He accompanied Tauentzien to the siege of Schweidnitz, where Frederick was present in person. He seems to have lived a rather free-and-easy life during his

term of office, kept shockingly late hours, and learned, among other things, to gamble,—a fact for which Herr Stahr thinks it needful to account in a high philosophical fashion. We prefer to think that there are *some* motives to which remarkable men are liable in common with the rest of mankind, and that they may occasionally do a thing merely because it is pleasant, without forethought of medicinal benefit to the mind. Lessing's friends (whose names were *not*, as the reader might be tempted to suppose, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar) expected him to make something handsome out of his office; but the pitiful result of those five years of opportunity was nothing more than an immortal book. Unthrifty Lessing, to have been so nice about your fingers, (and so near the mint, too,) when your general was wise enough to make his fortune! As if ink-stains were the only ones that would wash out, and no others had ever been covered with white kid from the sight of all reasonable men! In July, 1764, he had a violent fever, which he turned to account in his usual cheerful way: "The serious epoch of my life is drawing nigh. I am beginning to become a man, and flatter myself that in this burning fever I have raved away the last remains of my youthful follies. Fortunate illness!" He had never intended to bind himself to an official career. To his father he writes: "I have more than once declared that my present engagement could not continue long, that I have not given up my old plan of living, and that I am more than ever resolved to withdraw from any service that is not wholly to my mind. I have passed the middle of my life, and can think of nothing that could compel me to make myself a slave for the poor remainder of it. I write you this, dearest father, and must write you this, in order that you may not be astonished if, before long, you should see me once more very far removed from all hopes of, or claims to, a settled prosperity, as it is called." Before the middle of the next year he was back in Berlin again.

There he remained for nearly two years, trying the house-top way of life again, but with indifferent success, as we have reason to think. Indeed, when the metaphor resolves itself into the plain fact of living just on the other side of the roof, — in the garret, namely, — and that from hand to mouth, as

was Lessing's case, we need not be surprised to find him gradually beginning to see something more agreeable in a *fixirtes Glück* than he had once been willing to allow. At any rate, he was willing, and even heartily desirous, that his friends should succeed in getting for him the place of royal librarian. But Frederick, for some unexplained reason, would not appoint him. Herr Stahr thinks it had something to do with the old *Siècle* manuscript business. But this seems improbable, for Voltaire's wrath was not directed against Lessing; and even if it had been, the great king could hardly have carried the name of an obscure German author in his memory through all those anxious and warlike years. Whatever the cause, Lessing early in 1767 accepts the position of Theatrical Manager at Hamburg, as usual not too much vexed with disappointment, but quoting gayly

"Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio."

Like Burns, he was always "contented wi' little and canty wi' mair." In connection with his place as Manager he was to write a series of dramatic essays and criticisms. It is to this we owe the *Dramaturgie*, — next to the *Laocöon* the most valuable of his works. But Lessing — though it is plain that he made his hand as light as he could, and wrapped his lash in velvet — soon found that actors had no more taste for truth than authors. He was obliged to drop his remarks on the special merits or demerits of players, and to confine himself to those of the pieces represented. By this his work gained in value; and the latter part of it, written without reference to a particular stage, and devoted to the discussion of those general principles of dramatic art on which he had meditated long and deeply, is far weightier than the rest. There are few men who can put forth all their muscle in a losing race, and it is characteristic of Lessing that what he wrote under the dispiritment of failure should be the most lively and vigorous. Circumstances might be against him, but he was incapable of believing that a cause could be lost which had once enlisted his conviction.

The theatrical enterprise did not prosper long; but Lessing had meanwhile involved himself as partner in a publish-

ing business which harassed him while it lasted, and when it failed, as was inevitable, left him hampered with debt. Help came in his appointment (1770) to take charge of the Duke of Brunswick's library at Wolfenbüttel, with a salary of six hundred thalers a year. This was the more welcome, as he soon after was betrothed with Eva König, widow of a rich manufacturer. Her husband's affairs, however, had been left in confusion, and this, with Lessing's own embarrassments, prevented their being married till October, 1776. Eva König was every way worthy of him. Clever, womanly, discreet, with just enough coyness of the will to be charming when it is joined with sweetness and good sense, she was the true helpmate of such a man, — the serious companion of his mind and the playfellow of his affections. There is something infinitely refreshing to us in the love-letters of these two persons. Without wanting sentiment, there is such a bracing air about them as breathes from the higher levels and strong-holds of the soul. They show that self-possession which can alone reserve to love the power of new self-surrender, — of never cloying, because never wholly possessed. Here is no invasion and conquest of the weaker nature by the stronger, but an equal league of souls, each in its own realm still sovereign. Turn from such letters as these to those of St. Preux and Julie, and you are stifled with the heavy perfume of a demirep's boudoir, — to those of Herder to his Caroline, and you sniff no doubtful odor of professional unction from the sermon-case. Manly old Dr. Johnson, who could be tender and true to a plain woman, knew very well what he meant when he wrote that single poetic sentence of his, — "The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him to be a native of the rocks."

In January, 1778, Lessing's wife died from the effects of a difficult childbirth. The child, a boy, hardly survived its birth. The few words wrung out of Lessing by this double sorrow are to us as deeply moving as anything in tragedy. "I wished for once to be as happy (*es so gut haben*) as other men. But it has gone ill with me!" "And I was so loath to lose him, this son!" "My wife is dead; and I have had this experience also. I rejoice that I have not many more

such experiences left to make, and am quite cheerful." "If you had known her! But they say that to praise one's wife is self-praise. Well, then, I say no more of her! But if you had known her!" *Quite cheerful!* On the 10th of August he writes to Elise Reimarus, — he is writing to a woman now, an old friend of his and his wife, and will be less restrained: "I am left here all alone. I have not a single friend to whom I can wholly confide myself. . . . . How often must I curse my ever wishing to be for once as happy as other men! How often have I wished myself back again in my old, isolated condition, — to be nothing, to wish nothing, to do nothing, but what the present moment brings with it! . . . . Yet I am too proud to think myself unhappy. I just grind my teeth, and let the boat go as pleases wind and waves. Enough that I will not overset it myself." It is plain from this letter that suicide had been in his mind, and, with his antique way of thinking on many subjects, he would hardly have looked on it as a crime. But he was too brave a man to throw up the sponge to fate, and had work to do yet. Within a few days of his wife's death he wrote to Eschenburg: "I am right heartily ashamed if my letter betrayed the least despair. Despair is not nearly so much my failing as levity, which often expresses itself with a little bitterness and misanthropy." A stoic, not from insensibility or cowardice, as so many are, but from stoutness of heart, he blushes at a moment's abdication of self-command. And he will not roil the clear memory of his love with any tinge of the sentimentality so much the fashion, and to be had so cheap in that generation. There is a moderation of sincerity peculiar to Lessing in the epithet of the following sentence: "How dearly must I pay for the single year I have lived with a *sensible* wife!" Werther had then been published four years. Lessing's grief has that pathos which he praised in sculpture, — he may writhe, but he must not scream. Nor is this a new thing with him. On the death of a younger brother, he wrote to his father, fourteen years before: "Why should those who grieve communicate their grief to each other purposely to increase it? . . . . Many mourn in death what they loved not living. I will love in life what nature bids me love, and after death strive to bewail it as little as I can."

We think Herr Stahr is on his stilts again when he speaks of Lessing's position at Wolfenbüttel. He calls it an "assuming the chains of feudal service, being buried in a corner, a martyrdom that consumed the best powers of his mind and crushed him in body and spirit forever." To crush *forever* is rather a strong phrase, Herr Stahr, to apply to the spirit, if one must ever give heed to the sense as well as the sound of what one is writing. But eloquence has no bowels for its victims. We have no doubt the Duke of Brunswick meant well by Lessing, and the salary he paid him was as large as he would have got from the frugal Frederick. But one whose trade it was to be a Duke could hardly have had such sympathy with his librarian after he had once found out what he really was. For even if he was not, as Herr Stahr affirms, a republican, and we doubt very much if he was, yet he was not a man who could play with ideas in the light French fashion. At the ardent touch of his sincerity, they took fire, and grew dangerous to what is called the social fabric. The logic of wit, with its momentary flash, is a very different thing from that consequent logic of thought, pushing forward its deliberate sap day and night with a fixed object, which belonged to Lessing. The men who attack abuses are not so much to be dreaded by the reigning house of Superstition as those who, as Dante says, syllogize hateful truths. As for "the chains of feudal service," they might serve a Fenian Head-Centre on a pinch, but are wholly out of place here. The slavery that Lessing had really taken on him was that of a great library, an Alcina that could always too easily witch him away from the more serious duty of his genius. That a mind like his could be buried in a corner is mere twaddle, and of a kind that has done great wrong to the dignity of letters. Wherever Lessing sat, was the head of the table. That he suffered at Wolfenbüttel is true; but was it nothing to be in love and in debt at the same time, and to feel that his fruition of the one must be postponed for uncertain years by his own folly in incurring the other? If the sparrow-life must end, surely a wee bush is better than nae beild. One cause of Lessing's occasional restlessness and discontent Herr Stahr has failed to notice. It is evident from many passages in his letters that he had his share of the hypochondria which goes with an

imaginative temperament. But in him it only serves to bring out in stronger relief his deep-rooted manliness. He spent no breath in that melodious whining which, beginning with Rousseau, has hardly yet gone out of fashion. Work of some kind was his medicine for the blues, — if not always of the kind he would have chosen, then the best that was to be had; for the useful, too, had for him a sweetness of its own. Sometimes he found a congenial labor in rescuing, as he called it, the memory of some dead scholar or thinker from the wrongs of ignorance, or prejudice, or falsehood, sometimes in fishing a manuscript out of the ooze of oblivion, and giving it, after a critical cleansing, to the world. Now and then he warmed himself and kept his muscle in trim with buffeting soundly the champions of that shallow artificiality and unctuous wordiness, one of which passed for orthodox in literature, and the other in theology. True religion and creative genius were both so beautiful to him that he could never abide the mediocre counterfeit of either, and he who put so much of his own life into all he wrote could not but hold all scripture sacred in which a divine soul had recorded itself. It would be doing Lessing great wrong to confound his controversial writing with the paltry quarrels of authors. His own personal relations enter into them surprisingly little, for his quarrel was never with men, but with falsehood, cant, and misleading tradition, in whomsoever incarnated. Save for this, they were no longer readable, and might be relegated to that herbarium of Billingsgate gathered by the elder Disraeli.

So far from being "crushed in spirit" at Wolfenbüttel, the years he spent there were among the most productive of his life. "Emilia Galotti," begun in 1758, was finished there and published in 1771. The controversy with Götze, by far the most important he was engaged in, and the one in which he put forth his maturest powers, was carried on thence. His "Nathan the Wise" (1779), by which almost alone he is known as a poet outside of Germany, was conceived and composed there. The last few years of his life were darkened by ill-health and the depression which it brings. His Nathan had not the success he hoped. It is sad to see the strong, self-sufficing man casting about for a little sympathy, even for a

little praise. "It is really needful to me that you should have some small good opinion of it [Nathan], in order to make me once more contented with myself," he writes Elise Reimarus in May, 1779. That he was weary of polemics, and dissatisfied with himself for letting them distract him from better things, appears from his last pathetic letter to the old friend he loved and valued most, — Mendelssohn. "And in truth, dear friend, I sorely need a letter like yours from time to time, if I am not to become wholly out of humor. I think you do not know me as a man that has a very hot hunger for praise. But the coldness with which the world is wont to convince certain people that they do not suit it, if not deadly, yet stiffens one with cold. I am not astonished that *all* I have written lately does not please *you*. . . . . At best a passage here and there may have cheated you by recalling our better days. I, too, was then a sound, slim sapling, and am now such a rotten, gnarled trunk!" This was written on the 19th of December, 1780, and on the 15th of February, 1781, Lessing died, not quite fifty-two years old. Goethe was then in his thirty-second year, and Schiller ten years younger.

Of Lessing's relation to metaphysics the reader will find ample discussion in Herr Stahr's volumes. We are not particularly concerned with them, because his interest in such questions was purely speculative, and because he was more concerned to exercise the powers of his mind than to analyze them. His chief business, his master impulse always, was to be a man of letters in the narrower sense of the term. Even into theology he only made occasional raids across the border, as it were, and that not so much with a purpose of reform as in defence of principles which applied equally to the whole domain of thought. He had even less sympathy with heterodoxy than with orthodoxy, and, so far from joining a party or wishing to form one, would have left belief a matter of choice to the individual conscience. "From the bottom of my heart I hate all those people who wish to found sects. For it is not error, but sectarian error, yes, even sectarian truth, that makes men unhappy, or would do so if truth would found a sect."*

* To his brother Karl, 20th April, 1774.

Again he says, that in his theological controversies he is "much less concerned about theology than about sound common-sense, and only therefore prefers the old orthodox (at bottom *tolerant*) theology to the new (at bottom *intolerant*), because the former openly conflicts with sound common-sense, while the latter would fain corrupt it. I reconcile myself with my open enemies in order the better to be on my guard against my secret ones." * At another time he tells his brother that he has a wholly false notion of his (Lessing's) relation to orthodoxy. "Do you suppose I grudge the world that anybody should seek to enlighten it? — that I do not heartily wish that every one should think rationally about religion? I should loathe myself if even in my scribblings I had any other end than to help forward those great views. But let me choose my own way, which I think best for this purpose. And what is simpler than this way? I would not have the impure water, which has long been unfit to use, preserved; but I would not have it thrown away before we know whence to get purer. . . . . Orthodoxy, thank God, we were pretty well done with; a partition-wall had been built between it and Philosophy, where each could go her own way without troubling the other. But what are they doing now? They are tearing down this wall, and, under the pretext of making us rational Christians, are making us very irrational philosophers. . . . . We are agreed that our old religious system is false; but I cannot say with you that it is a patchwork of bunglers and half-philosophers. I know nothing in the world in which human acuteness has been more displayed or exercised than in that." † Lessing was always for freedom, never for looseness, of thought, still less for laxity of principle. But it must be a real freedom, and not that vain struggle to become a majority, which, if it succeed, escapes from heresy only to make heretics of the other side. *Abire ad plures* would with him have meant, not bodily, but spiritual death. He did not love the fanaticism of innovation a whit better than that of conservatism. To his sane understanding, both were equally hateful, as different masks of the same selfish bully. Coleridge said that toleration was impossible till indifference made it worthless. Lessing did not wish

* To the same, 20th March, 1777. † To the same, 2d February, 1774.

for toleration, because that implies authority, nor could his earnest temper have conceived of indifference. But he thought it as absurd to regulate opinion as the color of the hair. Here, too, he would have agreed with Selden, that "it is a vain thing to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart cannot think any otherwise than he does think." Herr Stahr's chapters on this point, bating a little exaltation of tone, are very satisfactory; though, in his desire to make a leader of Lessing, he almost represents him as being what he shunned, — the founder of a sect. The fact is, that Lessing only formulated in his own way a general movement of thought, and what mainly interests us is that in him we see a layman, alike indifferent to clerisy and heresy, giving energetic and pointed utterance to those opinions of his class which the clergy are content to ignore so long as they remain esoteric. At present the world has advanced to where Lessing stood, while the Church has done its best to stand stock-still; and it would be a curious, were it not a melancholy spectacle, to see the indifference with which the laity look on while theologians thrash their wheatless straw, utterly unconscious that there is no longer any common term possible that could bring their creeds again to any point of bearing on the practical life of men. Fielding never made a profounder stroke of satire than in Squire Western's indignant "Art not in the pulpit now! When art got up there, I never mind what dost say."

As an author, Lessing began his career at a period when we cannot say that German literature was at its lowest ebb, only because there had not yet been any flood-tide. That may be said to have begun with him. When we say German literature, we mean so much of it as has any interest outside of Germany. That part of the literary histories which treats of the dead waste and middle of the eighteenth century reads like a collection of obituaries, and were better reduced to the conciseness of epitaph, though their authors seem to find a melancholy pleasure, much like that of undertakers, in the task by which they live. Gottsched reigned supreme on the legitimate throne of dulness. In Switzerland, Bodmer essayed a more republican form of the same authority. At that time a traveller reports eight hundred authors in Zürich alone!

Young aspirant for lettered fame, in imagination clear away the lichens from their forgotten headstones, and read humbly the "As I am, so thou must be," on all! Everybody remembers how Goethe, in the seventh book of his autobiography, tells the story of his visit to Gottsched. He enters by mistake an inner room at the moment when a frightened servant brings the discrowned potentate a periwig large enough to reach to the elbows. That awful emblem of pretentious sham seems to us the best type of the literature then predominant. We always fancy it set upon a pole, like Gessler's hat, with nothing in it that was not wooden, for all men to bow down before. The periwig style had its natural place in the age of Louis XIV., and there were certainly brains under it. But it had run out in France, as the tie-wig style of Pope had in England. In Germany it was the mere imitation of an imitation. Will it be believed that Gottsched recommends his Art of Poetry to beginners, in preference to Breitinger's, because it "*will enable them to produce every species of poem in a correct style*, while out of that no one can learn to make an ode or a cantata"? "Whoever," he says, "buys Breitinger's book *in order to learn how to make poems*, will too late regret his money."* Gottsched, perhaps, did some service even by his advocacy of French models, by calling attention to the fact that there *was* such a thing as style, and that it was of some consequence. But not one of the authors of that time can be said to survive, nor to be known even by name except to Germans, unless it be Klopstock, Wieland, and Gellert. And the latter's immortality, such as it is, reminds us somewhat of that Lady Gosling's, whose obituary stated that she was "mentioned by Mrs. Barbauld in her Life of Richardson 'under the name of Miss M., afterwards Lady G.'" Klopstock himself is rather remembered for what he was than what he is, — an immortality of unreadableness; and we much doubt if many Germans put the "Oberon" in their trunks when they start on a journey. But at the time, though there were two parties, yet within the lines of each there was a loyal reciprocity of what is called on such occasions appreciation. Wig ducked to wig, each blockhead had a brother, and there was a universal apotheosis of the mediocrity of our

* Gervinus, IV. 62.

set. If the greatest happiness of the greatest number be the true theory, this was all that could be desired. Even Lessing at one time looked up to Hagedorn as the German Horace. If Hagedorn were pleased, what mattered it to Horace? Worse almost than this was the universal pedantry. The solemn bray of one pedagogue was taken up and prolonged in a thousand echoes. There was not only no originality, but no desire for it, — perhaps even a dread of it, as something that would break the *entente cordiale* of placid mutual assurance. No great writer had given that tone of good-breeding to the language which would gain it entrance to the society of European literature. No man of genius had made it a necessity of polite culture. It was still as rudely provincial as the Scotch of Allan Ramsay. Frederick the Great was to be forgiven if, with his practical turn, he gave himself wholly to French, which had replaced Latin as a cosmopolitan tongue. It had lightness, ease, fluency, elegance, — in short, all the good qualities that German lacked. The study of French models was perhaps the best thing for German literature before it got out of long-clothes. It was bad only when it became a tradition and a tyranny. Lessing did more than any other man to overthrow this foreign usurpation when it had done its work.

The same battle had to be fought on English soil also, and indeed is hardly over yet. For the quarrel between Classical and Romantic grew out of nothing more than an attempt of the modern spirit to free itself from laws of taste laid down by the *Grand Siècle*. But we must not forget the debt which all modern prose literature owes to France. It is true that Machiavelli was the first to write with classic pith and point in a living language; but he is, for all that, properly an ancient. Montaigne is really the first modern writer, — the first who assimilated his Greek and Latin, and showed that an author might be original and charming, even classical, if he did not try too hard. He is also the first modern critic, and his judgments of the writers of antiquity are those of an equal. He made the ancients his servants, to help him think in Gascon French; and, in spite of his endless quotations, began the crusade against pedantry. It was not, however, till a century later that the reform became complete in France, and then crossed the Chan-

nel. Milton is still a pedant in his prose, and not seldom even in his great poem. Dryden was the first Englishman who wrote perfectly easy prose, and he owed his style and turn of thought to his French reading. His learning sits easily on him, and has a modern cut. So far, the French influence was one of unmixed good, for it rescued us from pedantry. It must have done something for Germany in the same direction. For its effect on poetry we cannot say as much; and its traditions had themselves become pedantry in another shape when Lessing made an end of it. He himself certainly learned to write prose of Diderot; and whatever Herr Stahr may think of it, his share in the "Letters on German Literature" got its chief inspiration from France.

It is in the *Dramaturgie* that Lessing first properly enters as an influence into European literature. He may be said to have begun the revolt from pseudo-classicism in poetry, and to have been thus unconsciously the founder of romanticism. Wieland's translation of Shakespeare had, it is true, appeared in 1762; but Lessing was the first critic whose profound knowledge of the Greek drama and apprehension of its principles gave weight to his judgment, who recognized in what the true greatness of the poet consisted, and found him to be really nearer the Greeks than any other modern. This was because Lessing looked always more to the life than the form, — because he knew the classics, and did not merely cant about them. But if the authority of Lessing, by making people feel easy in their admiration for Shakespeare, perhaps increased the influence of his works, and if his discussions of Aristotle have given a new starting-point to modern criticism, it may be doubted whether the immediate effect on literature of his own critical essays was so great as Herr Stahr supposes. Surely "Götz" and "The Robbers" are nothing like what he would have called Shakespearian, and the whole *Sturm und Drang* tendency would have roused in him nothing but antipathy. Fixed principles in criticism are useful in helping us to form a judgment of works already produced, but it is questionable whether they are not rather a hindrance than a help to living production. Ben Jonson was a fine critic, intimate with the classics as few men have either the leisure or the strength of mind to be in

this age of many books, and built regular plays long before they were heard of in France. But he continually trips and falls flat over his metewand of classical propriety, his personages are abstractions, and fortunately neither his precepts nor his practice influenced any one of his greater coevals.* In breadth of understanding, and the gravity of purpose that comes of it, he was far above Fletcher or Webster, but how far below either in the subtler, the incalculable qualities of a dramatic poet! Yet Ben, with his principles off, could soar and sing with the best of them; and there are strains in his lyrics which Herrick, the most Catullian of poets since Catullus, could imitate, but never match. A constant reference to the statutes which taste has codified would only bewilder the creative instinct. Criticism can at best teach writers without genius what is to be avoided or imitated. It cannot communicate life; and its effect, when reduced to rules, has commonly been to produce that correctness which is so praiseworthy and so intolerable. It cannot give taste, it can only demonstrate who has had it. Lessing's essays in this kind were of service to German literature by their manliness of style, whose example was worth a hundred treatises, and by the stimulus there is in all original thinking. Could he have written such a poem as he was capable of conceiving, his influence would have been far greater. It is the living soul, and not the metaphysical abstraction of it, that is genetic in literature. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done! It was out of his own failures to reach the ideal he saw so clearly, that Lessing drew the wisdom which made him so admirable a critic. Even here, too, genius can profit by no experience but its own.

For, in spite of Herr Stahr's protest, we must acknowledge the truth of Lessing's own characteristic confession, that he was no poet. A man of genius he unquestionably was, if genius

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* It should be considered, by those sagacious persons who think that the most marvellous intellect of which we have any record could not master so much Latin and Greek as would serve a sophomore, that Shakespeare must through conversation have possessed himself of whatever principles of art Ben Jonson and the other university men had been able to deduce from their study of the classics. That they should not have discussed these matters over their sack at the Mermaid is incredible; that Shakespeare, who left not a drop in any orange he squeezed, could not also have got all the juice out of this one, even more so.

may be claimed no less for force than fineness of mind, — for the intensity of conviction that inspires the understanding as much as for that apprehension of beauty which gives energy of will to imagination, — but a poetic genius he was not. His mind kindled by friction in the process of thinking, not in the flash of conception, and its delight is in demonstration, not in bodying forth. His prose can leap and run, his verse is always thinking of its feet. Yet in his "Minna" and his "Emilia" * he shows one faculty of the dramatist, that of construction, in a higher degree than any other German. Here his critical deductions served him to some purpose. The action moves rapidly, there is no speechifying, and the parts are coherent. Both plays act better than anything of Goethe or Schiller. But it is the story that interests us, and not the characters. These are not, it is true, the incorporation of certain ideas, or, still worse, of certain dogmas, but they certainly seem something like machines by which the motive of the play is carried on; and there is nothing of that interplay of plot and character which makes Shakespeare more real in the closet than other dramatists with all the helps of the theatre. It is a striking illustration at once of the futility of mere critical insight and of Lessing's want of imagination, that in the Emilia he should have thought a Roman motive consistent with modern habits of thought, and that in Nathan he should have been guilty of anachronisms which violate not only the accidental truth of fact, but the essential truth of character. Even if we allowed him imagination, it must be only on the lower plane of prose; for of verse as anything more than so many metrical feet, he

* In "Minna" and "Emilia" Lessing followed the lead of Diderot. In the Preface to the second edition of Diderot's *Théatre*, he says: "I am very conscious that my taste, without Diderot's example and teaching, would have taken quite another direction. Perhaps one more my own, yet hardly one with which my understanding would in the long run have been so well content." Diderot's choice of prose was dictated and justified by the accentual poverty of his mother-tongue. Lessing certainly revised his judgment on this point (for it was not equally applicable to German), and wrote his maturer "Nathan" in what he took for blank verse. There was much kindred between the minds of the two men. Diderot always seems to us a kind of deboshed Lessing. Lessing was also indebted to Burke, Hume, the two Wartons, and Hurd, among other English writers. Not that he borrowed anything of them but the quickening of his own thought. It should be remembered that Rousseau was seventeen, Diderot and Sterne sixteen, and Winckelmann twelve years older than Lessing. Wieland was four years younger.

had not the faintest notion. Of that exquisite sympathy with the movement of the mind, with every swifter or slower pulse of passion, which proves it another species from prose, the very ἀφροδίτη καὶ λύρα of speech, and not merely a higher one, he wanted the fineness of sense to conceive. If we compare the prose of Dante or Milton, though both were eloquent, with their verse, we see at once which was the most congenial to them. Lessing has passages of freer and more harmonious utterance in some of his most careless prose essays, than can be found in his Nathan from the first line to the last. In the *numeris lege solutis* he is often snatched beyond himself, and becomes truly dithyrambic; in his pentameters the march of the thought is comparatively hampered and irresolute. His best things are not poetically delicate, but have the tougher fibre of proverbs. Is it not enough, then, to be a great prose-writer? They are as rare as great poets, and if Lessing have the gift to stir and to dilate that something deeper than the mind which genius only can reach, what matter if it be not done to music? Of his minor poems we need say little. Verse was always more or less mechanical with him, and his epigrams are almost all stiff, as if they were bad translations from the Latin. Many of them are shockingly coarse, and in liveliness are on a level with those of our Elizabethan period. Herr Stahr, of course, cannot bear to give them up, even though Gervinus be willing. The prettiest of his shorter poems (*Die Namen*) has been appropriated by Coleridge, who has given it a grace which it wants in the original. His Nathan, by a poor translation of which he is chiefly known to English readers, is an Essay on Toleration in the form of a dialogue. As a play, it has not the interest of Minna or Emilia, though the Germans, who have a praiseworthy national stoicism where one of their great writers is concerned, find in seeing it represented a grave satisfaction, like that of subscribing to a monument. There is a sober lustre of reflection in it that makes it very good reading; but it wants the molten interfusion of thought and phrase which only imagination can achieve.

As Lessing's mind was continually advancing, — always open to new impressions, and capable, as very few are, of apprehending the many-sidedness of truth, — as he had the rare quality of

being honest with himself, — his works seem fragmentary, and give at first an impression of incompleteness. But one learns at length to recognize and value this very incompleteness as characteristic of the man who was growing lifelong, and to whom the selfish thought that any share of truth could be exclusively *his* was an impossibility. At the end of the ninety-fifth number of the *Dramaturgie* he says: "I remind my readers here, that these pages are by no means intended to contain a dramatic system. I am accordingly not bound to solve all the difficulties which I raise. I am quite willing that my thoughts should seem to want connection, — nay, even to contradict each other, — if only there are thoughts in which they [my readers] find material for thinking themselves. I wish to do nothing more than scatter the *fermenta cognitionis*." That is Lessing's great praise, and gives its chief value to his works, — a value, indeed, imperishable, and of the noblest kind. No writer can leave a more precious legacy to posterity than this; and beside this shining merit, all mere literary splendors look pale and cold. There is that life in Lessing's thought which engenders life, and not only thinks for us, but makes us think. Not sceptical, but forever testing and inquiring, it is out of the cloud of his own doubt that the flash comes at last with sudden and vivid illumination. Flashes they indeed are, his finest intuitions, and of very different quality from the equable north-light of the artist. He felt it, and said it of himself, "Ever so many flashes of lightning do not make daylight." We speak now of those more rememberable passages where his highest individuality reveals itself in what may truly be called a passion of thought. In the "Laocoön" there is daylight of the serenest temper, and never was there a better example of the discourse of reason, though even that is also a fragment.

But it is as a nobly original man, even more than as an original thinker, that Lessing is precious to us, and that he is so considerable in German literature. In a higher sense, but in the same kind, he is to Germans what Dr. Johnson is to us, — admirable for what he was. Like Johnson's, too, but still from a loftier plane, a great deal of his thought has a direct bearing on the immediate life and interests of men.

His genius was not a St. Elmo's fire, as it so often is with mere poets, — as it was in Shelley, for example, playing in ineffectual flame about the points of his thought, — but was interfused with his whole nature and made a part of his very being. To the Germans, with their weak nerve of sentimentalism, his brave common-sense is a far wholesomer tonic than the cynicism of Heine, which is, after all, only sentimentalism soured. His jealousy for maintaining the just boundaries whether of art or speculation may warn them to check with timely dikes the tendency of their thought to diffuse inundation. Their fondness in æsthetic discussion for a nomenclature subtile enough to split a hair at which even a Thomist would have despaired, is rebuked by the clear simplicity of his style.* But he is no exclusive property of Germany. As a complete man, constant, generous, full of honest courage, as a hardy follower of Thought wherever she might lead him, above all, as a confessor of that Truth which is forever revealing itself to the seeker, and is the more loved because never wholly revealable, he is an ennobling possession of mankind. Let his own striking words characterize him: —

"Not the truth of which any one is, or supposes himself to be, possessed, but the upright endeavor he has made to arrive at truth, makes the worth of the man. For not by the possession, but by the investigation, of truth are his powers expanded, wherein alone his ever-growing perfection consists. Possession makes us easy, indolent, proud.

"If God held all truth shut in his right hand, and in his left nothing but the ever-restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of for ever and ever erring, and should say to me, Choose! I should bow humbly to his left hand, and say, Father, give! pure truth is for Thee alone!"

* Nothing can be droller than the occasional translation by Vischer of a sentence of Lessing into his own jargon.

Art. IX. — Religious Liberty.

No one accustomed to the study in history of the course of opinion, or sensitive to the variations in the atmosphere of thought, can doubt that there is a religious movement now going on in America corresponding in many respects to a similar movement in England and on the continent of Europe, — a movement undermining the influence of long-established creeds, and tending to break down still further the authority of the old churches. It would be difficult to enumerate all its signs. Some of them are obvious to the most careless observer. The general dissatisfaction with traditional theology, not confined to any one sect or denomination; the sceptical tone of science in regard to the dogmas on which the Church (using that word to include all the old sects of the Christian world) has rested its claim on the obedience of men; the sharp conflict between the upholders of the ancient dogmatic theology and the promoters of the new views in science; the renewed interest among the most thoughtful men in the study of metaphysics, and the profound dissatisfaction at the results, so far as religion is concerned, to which it seems to lead; the growth of so numerous and wide-spread a religious body as that of the Spiritualists; the almost corresponding growth of simple materialism as a speculative doctrine; the increasing number of religious men who are outside the Church, and who, in the language of the Church, are infidels, unbelievers, and atheists; — these are some of the signs of movement in religious thought, of revolution in the churches, of growth, we believe, in religious freedom. For these signs, many of which are regarded by good and intelligent people as of painful import, as symptoms of the decline of religion, as shocking in themselves and in their consequences, are really signs of religious life, — signs that the fundamental doctrine of all true religion, that of the responsibility of the individual to himself alone for his opinions, of the utter freedom of individual opinion, is gaining possession of the minds of men.

This doctrine is indeed revolutionary. It implies not only a

denial of authority in any church, in any tradition, in any dogma, to bind the soul of man, but it requires also a definition of religion different from that which any church has ever given or allowed.

The basis upon which every hitherto existing church has been founded is that of authority. All of the great religions of the world — Brahminism, Buddhism, the religion of Greece and Rome, Mahometanism, and Christianity as it has been hitherto understood by the majority of its professed ministers and disciples — have corresponded in this, that they have asserted an external authority over the souls of men, and have thence laid claim to their obedience, and required their acceptance of certain dogmas or creeds.* This authority has often been exercised to good purpose in restraining the passions and controlling the wills of men. The Church during the Middle Ages was the chief minister of civilization. But as civilization advances, the Church finds itself in a false position. Many of the dogmas now maintained by it are the obsolete fancies of the ignorant teachers of a dark age. The whole current of modern thought sets against the asserted authority by which doctrines were promulgated and are still maintained. Men are coming out of the cave of implicit belief. The churches are like the castles of feudalism, — grand and strong memorials of a past irrevocably gone. They are not fitted to the modern needs of mankind. The principle of authority in matters of religion is inconsistent with other principles which are com-

* "The Church teaches," says a recent writer in the Dublin Review, "and we need not say that God peremptorily commands, all men to submit to the Catholic Church."

In 1789 Pope Pius VI. delivered an allocution, in which he denounced "the liberty of thinking concerning religion as each man may please, and with impunity publishing his thoughts." In the famous Encyclical Letter of the 8th of December, 1864, the present Pope condemns those "who do not fear to foster that erroneous opinion, called by our predecessor, Gregory XVI., an insanity, viz. that liberty of conscience is each man's personal right." In such declarations as these the Roman Church shows itself logically consistent. But the claim from which they spring is made by all other churches as well, that assert an external authority over the minds of men, or maintain that their creeds define the limits of religious truth. The eighteenth of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the Church of England contains the following words: "They also are to be had accursed that presume to say that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the light of nature."

mon to thinking men. The doctrine is, indeed, maintained and accepted by vast numbers; it is at the very heart of the religion of multitudes; but the more intelligent part of mankind is already emancipated from its yoke, and the advance of enlightenment is destroying its power over the minds of the mass of civilized men.

The principle of authority is indeed contrary to the very nature of religion, properly understood. However religion may be defined, it will be admitted by all that it involves the idea of duty on the part of man. Now, for the fit performance of duty, man must be free. Ideally, as a moral agent, he must possess unconditioned freedom. The sense of absolute duty to be fulfilled is the profoundest source of the conviction of the right to freedom. The more truly religious a man is, the more will he insist on this right. "The claim of right is based on the sense of duty." Freedom is the corollary of religion. Many religious men have indeed accepted and bowed to the authority of church and creed. The relation between religion and freedom is even yet very imperfectly understood, and the recognition of their mutual dependence is the late growth of the thought of modern times. The truth of the principle of the inalienable right of man to liberty in his political relations is of too recent discovery, and is not yet so generally acknowledged, that it should be matter of surprise that the more abstract principle of the right to liberty in religion, and the dependence of true religion upon the moral freedom of man, has still to make its way in the world, and has yet a hard battle to fight to win possession of mankind.

No creed can be made broad enough to serve as the exact statement of the religion of two souls. Religion is the most private and personal part of the life of every man. As no two men in the multitudes of the earth are alike in constitution or spiritual experience, so religion is a new, a different, a peculiar thing for each separate soul. Each man must, by the very nature of his being, be individually responsible for his religion. It is no more to be accomplished vicariously, than the goodness of a man is to consist in another's, and not his own, virtue. Any creed which claims an external authority over the souls of men, disregardful of the spiritual independence of the individ-

ual, is a human device hostile alike to liberty and religion. "The faith that stands on authority is not faith. The reliance on authority measures the decline of religion."

The doctrine of authority has wrought its worst effect in practically divorcing religion from life; in fostering the notion that religion consists in the performance of certain acts, and the abstaining from other acts; in giving a fictitious value to ordinances, to forms, to ceremonies and devotions; in turning religion into a system of penalties and rewards; in limiting its possession to the faithful, to the true believers, to a sect, or to a class of subjects by whatever name they might be called. The religion of the churches has been a thing of the few. The great world of men has lain under condemnation, till the very brotherhood of man has come to be understood as a brotherhood of eternal and infinite inequality. Religion has consequently been regarded as a thing belonging to a class. It has had its special ministers, and these have been erected into a caste.

The false teaching of these ministers of the churches which arrogated to themselves authority in matters of religion, the systems of theology which they have invented and maintained, the follies and errors which they have substituted for truth, and the constant attempt which they have made to bind the consciences and intellects of men, have been the most fertile source of irreligion and indifference. Men have been taught to regard religion as hostile to free inquiry, and to the independence of the reason. The choice lying between moral freedom and the doctrines of the Church, many men, knowing religion only as presented to them by the Church, have turned from the whole system with bitterness and disgust. They sought for bread and a stone was given them, which they flung away. Many have acquiesced in error through wont, or superstition, or timidity. Many have held to it from inability to separate from it the truth which was mingled with it, and which was precious to them. Many have been confused concerning the nature of religion itself. In the name of Religion, Religion has been persecuted; in her own name liberty has been denied to her, and in her name blasphemy has been committed against the spirit of God in man.

But let us not be misunderstood. Religion has existed in all ages within as well as without the Church. Errors of opinion, false creeds, irrational dogmas, are in many instances comparatively harmless, and the most illiberal speculative opinions may coexist with true liberality of heart and of life. Many a preacher is freer than his creed. The religious sentiment may be pure, even when the forms in which it expresses itself are perverted. The doctrine of authority may be professed by one who practically believes in the principle of liberty. The right which the infidel or the liberal claims for himself to be religious in his own way, he must concede with all readiness to the orthodox of whatever name. There is quite as much risk of a bigotry of liberalism as of a bigotry of orthodoxy; quite as much intolerance among radicals as among conservatives; and quite as much pride of opinion among those who reject all dogmas as among those who cling to doctrines venerable on account of their antiquity and dear as having been the sources of comfort and of strength to the best men in the past. All we claim is, that every man be left free to obey his own intelligence; all we deny is, that any church has authority to speak in the name of religion, or that religion itself is a fetter upon human freedom.

It is not, indeed, to be forgotten, that the false systems which have usurped the place of religion have in past times "had a certain adaptation to the ignorance, the barbarism, the low state of morals, and the perverted condition of society existing contemporaneously with them." In the absence of correct notions of religion, in the early stages of thought concerning it, these systems have nourished in many hearts the sentiments of piety, and have subdued the passions and violence of men by their threats and their appeals. And so long as ignorance and barbarism exist in the very heart of our highest civilization, these systems will continue to offer a substitute for true religion to those who are incompetent to apprehend or be affected by the truth.

But as these systems are based upon a principle not only at war with the very nature of religion, but also with the animating spirit of modern society, the influence which they have heretofore possessed is rapidly diminishing, and there is risk

lest the decline of their power should be accompanied in the minds of those formerly subject to them by a reaction against religion itself. This danger is only to be met by enlightening men as to the true nature of religion, and by showing them that it is not only compatible with freedom, but cannot, in its highest manifestations, exist unaccompanied by perfect liberty of conscience and of reason.

What, then, is religion? What definition is wide enough to include the religion of the race, and at the same time so exact as to express only what is essential to the idea?

Two of the most eminent thinkers in England have recently given each a definition of religion, a comparison of which may serve to exhibit the difference in the views that are held regarding the subject by the most enlightened men, and the insufficiency of the common notions of the meaning of the word, while it may also assist us in the attempt to interpret its essential significance.

In his lecture before the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Ruskin says: —

"Superstition in all times and among all nations is the fear of a spirit whose passions are those of a man, whose acts are the acts of a man; who is present in some places, not in others; who makes some places holy, and not others; who is kind to one person, unkind to another; who is p' ased or angry according to the degree of attention you pay to him, or aise you refuse to him; who is hostile generally to human pleas' ut may be bribed by sacrifice of a part of that pleasure into pern the rest. This, whatever form of faith it colors, is the essen superstition. And religion is the belief in a Spirit whose merci e over all his works, — who is kind even to the unthankful and th il; who is everywhere present, and therefore is in no place to be s ht, and in no place to be evaded; to whom all creatures, times, an hings are everlastingly holy, and who claims, not tithes of wealth no sevenths of days, but all the wealth we have, and all the days we live, and all the beings that we are, but who claims that totality because He delights only in the delights of His creatures; and because, therefore, the one duty they owe to Him, and the only service they can render Him, is to be happy. A Spirit, therefore, whose eternal benevolence cannot be angered, cannot be appeased; whose laws are everlasting and inexorable, so that heaven and earth must pass away if one jot of them failed; laws which attach to every wrong and error a meas-

ured inevitable penalty, to every rightness and prudence an assured reward, — penalty of which the remittance cannot be purchased, and reward of which the promise cannot be broken."

The foregoing passage is an eloquent statement of the nature of the sentiment toward God, and of some of the thoughts concerning him becoming in one whose religion is based upon belief in his existence and faith in his overruling providence. It is hardly to be considered as an exact and philosophic account of the absolute conditions of religion, and it is imperfect as a definition, because it omits notice of the fact that there may be religion without a definite faith in the existence and providence of a Divine Being. "To have no God and to talk of religion is," says Mr. Mill, "to the feelings of at least nine tenths of English readers, at once an absurdity and an impiety." But he adds, — the passage is in his Essay on Comte, — "Though conscious of being in an extremely small minority, we venture to think that a religion may exist without a belief in a God, and that a religion without a God may be, even to Christians, an instructive and profitable object of contemplation." He might well have added, that it is necessary for the student of opinion to contemplate it from the fact, that serious and high-minded men who are without a belief in God yet claim to have a religion, and conform their lives to its dictates, and find in it sufficient motives for duty and sufficient grounds for happiness. He goes on: —

"What, in truth, are the conditions necessary to constitute a religion? There must be a creed, or conviction, claiming authority over the whole of human life; a belief, or set of beliefs, deliberately adopted, respecting human destiny and duty, to which the believer inwardly acknowledges that all his actions ought to be subordinate. Moreover, there must be a sentiment connected with this creed, or capable of being invoked by it, sufficiently powerful to give it, in fact, the authority over human conduct to which it lays claim in theory. It is a great advantage (though not absolutely indispensable) that this sentiment should crystallize, as it were, round a concrete object; if possible a really existing one, though, in all the more important cases, only ideally present. Such an object Theism and Christianity offer to the believer; but the condition may be fulfilled, if not in a manner strictly equivalent, by another object. It has been said that whoever believes in 'the Infinite nature of Duty,' even if he believe in nothing else, is religious. M.

Comte believes in what is meant by the infinite nature of duty, but he refers the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real, — the Human Race, conceived as a continuous whole, including the past, the present, and the future. This great collective existence, this 'Grand Être,' as he terms it, though the feelings it can excite are necessarily very different from those which direct themselves toward an ideally perfect Being, has, as he forcibly urges, this advantage in respect to us, that it really needs our services, which Omnipotence cannot in any genuine sense of the term be supposed to do; and M. Comte says, that, assuming the existence of a Supreme Providence (which he is as far from denying as from affirming), the best and even the only way in which we can rightly worship or serve Him is by doing our utmost to love and serve that other Great Being, whose inferior Providence has bestowed on us all the benefits that we owe to the labors and virtues of former generations. It may not be consonant to usage to call this a religion, but the term so applied has a meaning, and one which is not adequately expressed by any other word. Candid persons of all creeds may be willing to admit, that, if a person has an ideal object, his attachment and sense of duty toward which are able to control and discipline all his other sentiments and propensities, and prescribe to him a rule of life, that person has a religion; and though every one naturally prefers his own religion to any other, all must admit that if the object of this attachment and of this feeling of duty is the aggregate of our fellow-creatures, this religion of the infidel cannot, in honesty and conscience, be called an intrinsically bad one. Many, indeed, may be unable to believe that this object is capable of gathering round it feelings sufficiently strong; but this is exactly the point on which a doubt can hardly remain in an intelligent reader of M. Comte; and we join with him in contemning, as equally irrational and mean, the conception of human nature as incapable of giving its love and devoting its existence to any object which cannot afford in exchange an eternity of personal enjoyment."

This admirable statement of Mr. Mill presents the difficulty as it at present stands in regard to the idea which should attach to the word "religion." If it be not consonant to usage to call that a religion which Mr. Mill terms "the religion of the infidel," it is because those who have hitherto mainly used the word have confined it to the acceptance of certain definite opinions, or to the performance of certain definite acts, and have not considered it in its absolute significance.

For it is not merely from *a priori* considerations, but from

the study of thought and of the facts of life as they exist around us, that we arrive at the conclusion that the nature of religion, justly conceived, consists not in the acceptance of any special opinions, such, for example, as those concerning the existence or non-existence of God, nor in the performance of any special acts, such, for instance, as prayer or worship, but in an attitude of the will. If we use familiar phraseology, we may say that in an enlightened man this attitude of the will results from his recognition of what is called the spiritual nature of the soul, and finds expression in endeavors to meet the responsibility of leading a life conformed to the highest attainable conceptions of the duty of man as a spiritual being. But in more exact terms, we may define religion as a man's devotion — that is, the complete assent and concentration of his will — to any object which he acknowledges to have a right to his entire service, and to supreme control over his life.

But it may be objected that this definition does not sufficiently divide religion from morality. The objection, however, is without force. Whatever opinion we may hold of the nature of religion and morality, and of the relation between them, it will be universally agreed that they both are realized in the practical nature of man, in what is called his character, in the moulding of his volitions and desires, in the determination of his acts. Both are concerned with duty in the broadest sense of that word, and religious and moral duties are often indistinguishable. But the duties which are properly religious, and the acts which are, or are believed to be, of a religious character, are distinguished by the predominance of two marks; — first, the absolute and unconditional nature of their obligation; and secondly, their independence of relation to secondary object or end. Religion is matter of absolute requirement; morals is a science and practice of the higher expediency. Religion and morality are thus found to be definable and distinguishable, without reference to creeds or codes.

Such a conception of religion as this is alone consistent with that spiritual liberty, that freedom of thought, which is the prerogative of every individual, and without which religion is but a form of superstition. The absolute and unconditional obligation of the duties of religion is not a limitation of human

freedom, but is, on the contrary, the authoritative warrant and sanction of that freedom. To determine what it is that has a right to hold supreme control over his life, is the exercise by man of the highest act of complete liberty; and the performance of the duties imposed upon him by religion is a constant manifestation of his freedom. The discharge of these duties is indeed not only a manifestation of freedom, but also a continual gain of freedom, in delivering man from the subjection of his baser passions and appetites, from the bondage of error, and the terrors of superstition. Religion is no less essential to liberty than liberty to religion.

Justly understood, religion exercises no restraint over the intelligence of man. The conflict which has long been supposed to exist between science and religion has in fact been simply a conflict between the principle of freedom and that of authority; in other words, between true religion and superstition. True religion has always been on the side of science, and science is always on the side of religion. Every advance in knowledge, every gain in intelligence, every step in truth, is in the interest of religion; and the freer thought becomes, the more and the better does it serve the cause of religion. It is in great measure because religion has generally hitherto been represented as hostile to free inquiry, because the authorized ministers of the doctrines set forth as exclusively religious have often been the bitterest enemies of freedom of thought, and have often leagued themselves with the opponents of political liberty, that the influence of religion in the modern world has been so irregular, imperfect, and disproportioned to its proper claims. But religion truly conceived is the highest incitement and support for the exercise of all the faculties of the understanding. It is not religion that has repressed the efforts of the reason, or refused to accept the truth discovered from age to age.

In such a view of religion as that which has now been set forth, theist and atheist, Christian and infidel, find ground for union in mutual charity, confidence, and help, — for common labor in the endless work to advance mankind in virtue and happiness. The right of man to liberty in religion, the right and the duty of free thinking, the acknowledgment of the prin-

ciple of the responsibility of every man to himself alone for the opinions which he may hold, — these are in truth the very source and foundation of religious charity. Where true liberty exists, there true charity is found. The doctrine of toleration is the substitute of the churches for the law of love. It has its origin in the notion of an external authority over opinion. It is mere presumption for a man to profess to tolerate opinions which differ from his own. In the light of such truth as he may hold, each man labors on equal terms.

No one will suppose us to assert that all religious opinions are equally wise or equally effective of good results upon the character of those who profess them. The point simply is, that no man has the right to condemn others for not holding the opinions that seem to him true. If the teaching of Christ had been better understood, if it had not been perverted by the passions and errors of his nominal followers, the most earnest and devout Christian would find nothing unfamiliar in a conception of religion wide enough to embrace the spiritual aspirations and endeavors of mankind. It is because the churches have misread the words of Christ, that this now seems hard doctrine. They have made Christianity to consist of the flesh which profiteth nothing, and have lost the spirit that quickeneth. "The hour cometh, and now is, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father." Rome, Geneva, Westminster, have taken the place of the mountain or of Jerusalem. The religion of Jesus was a religion universal, — a religion of the spirit, and not of forms, — of works, and not of doctrines. The Christianity of the churches has been a religion of exclusion, of forms, and of creeds.

But the time is at hand when this is to end. The spirit of the teaching of Jesus is gaining its true power over the world. The churches are failing, and there is a new birth of religion. Men are rejecting all ecclesiastical organizations that attempt to set bounds to religion, or to enclose the spirit in a form of words. That spirit, that religion which is the corner-stone of our modern society, the religion, the Christianity of America, rejects all bonds, claims all men as hers, receives all as equal brothers, makes no distinctions in love, feasts with publicans, sinners, and infidels, lifts the lowest and most forlorn to her

heart, binds the whole nation in indissoluble union, is popular, is democratic, is individual, is universal.

A truly spiritual and rational religion, like genuine political liberty, can exist in any large measure only in highly civilized and intelligent communities. The progress of true religion depends on the progress of men in self-respect, self-control, and right reason. And to secure this progress, after the infancy of society is passed, freedom is requisite. It is because our community is the freest that the world has known, and is gaining, we believe, in that moral order which results from the qualities generated by freedom, that we look forward with confidence to the advance of true religion among us; and united with this confidence, we have the firmest faith that Christianity, as understood and taught by Jesus, not as interpreted by mediæval churches and their modern ministers, will be the supreme law and bond of our free society, — the law at once of liberty and love, the religion of perfect freedom.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Biographical Writings of* James Parton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 9 vols. 12mo.
   1. *Life and Times of Aaron Burr.* 2 vols.
   2. *Life of Andrew Jackson.* 3 vols.
   3. *Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin.* 2 vols.
   4. *General Butler in New Orleans.* 1 vol.
   5. *Famous Americans of Recent Times.* 1 vol.

There are episodes in the history of America of which the interest is universal, but the larger part of it has been unquestionably dull. The beginnings of a state, however powerful it may be about to become, retain their insignificance to the imagination until a light is poured back upon them from a distant future, which shows them in their true importance as the sources of succeeding greatness. Our past history is every year of more and more interest, as the people become more conscious of nationality; as the principles upon which our institutions rest manifest their effects more plainly; as the coun-

try grows in material power; and as its influence on the affairs of the world — an influence both moral and material of extraordinary force — is more distinctly felt. "Next to the Christian religion," says a recent English writer, "the American government and constitution is the most precious possession which the world holds." As the originality of the American political and social system is recognized, the history of its development becomes interesting; small things ally themselves with great, and are recognized matter of concern, not only to ourselves, but to the rest of the civilized world.

But even before the importance of America was so fully established as it now is, our history need not have gained such repute for dulness if it had been well treated. Guicciardini succeeded in making the entertaining history of Florence terribly tedious, and our historians were in general little more enlivening than the wearisome Italian. Till we come to the present generation there is not one name of much literary distinction among them; and not even yet have we an historian of the first order. If we could have a Macaulay, no one would hereafter complain of the dulness of American history.

That the writers, and not the history, are now at fault, has been shown by the success of Mr. Parton's works. His Lives of Franklin, Burr, and Jackson include a great part of the history of the country. If we desired to give to any uninstructed reader a vivid picture of the historic social conditions and political movements of the period from the birth of Franklin, in 1706, to the death of Webster, in 1852, we would put into his hands these three Lives, and that remarkable series of biographical essays, with the chief of which the readers of this Review are already familiar, and which now appear collected in the volume of "Famous Americans." These books are as interesting as they are instructive, and they probably have done more to enlighten the public in regard to the history of the period included in them than any other existing works.

Mr. Parton's first aim has, indeed, not been historical; but had it been so, he could hardly have chosen a better method of attaining it than that which he has adopted in writing his biographies. The social development of America is the most important feature of its history; and biography treated as Mr. Parton treats it necessarily involves special attention to the conditions of the society in which the men whose lives he recounts fulfilled their careers, and by the influence of which their characters were moulded and their conduct in great measure determined.

Mr. Parton's success in his work has been so decided, and he has established such a position for himself in our literature, that the appear-

ance of a new and uniform edition of his books affords a welcome occasion for criticism to analyze their special merits, and to point out those defects by which their value is diminished, and the most serious of which, we are confident, it lies within the author's power to remove.

In one of his later essays Sainte-Beuve, the master of what may be called the biographical school of modern critics, in speaking of the method which he has followed, believing it to be the best in the examination of books and of the talents of their authors, says: "Literature, the literary product, is not, in my view, distinct, or at least separable, from the rest of the man and from his organization. I can relish a work, but it is difficult for me to judge it without a knowledge of the man himself. The literary study leads me naturally to the moral study." It is a difficult and a delicate task to apply this rule in the case of a living author, but we may refer, without violation of propriety, to such facts at least concerning him as are supplied us by accounts already published, and which throw light upon the character of his books.

Mr. Parton, it is stated, was born in England in 1822, and was brought when five years old to this country. His early youth was passed in the city of New York and its neighborhood, and it is not unlikely that the contrast between the first impressions of childhood and those made upon him during his boyhood in New York served to develop the liberality of sentiment and freedom of thought and of expression which are characteristic of his writings. The temper and tone of his intellect are essentially American. The spirit of inquiry, the self-confidence, the tendency to draw rapid conclusions, the humane disposition, the good-natured charity, and the practical moral sense, which are among the marked mental traits of the American people, are fully exhibited in Mr. Parton's books. His style, moreover, sometimes gives evidence of his sharing in that want of the artistic sense, or at least of artistic cultivation, and in that deficiency of severe intellectual training, which are common to the majority even of our most eminent writers. He possesses in full measure the intelligence and the good common-sense which are national excellences; and what gives to his work its most striking individuality, and secures for it not only distinguished temporary success, but permanent repute, is the fact that it is so genuine and characteristic a representation of the prevailing mental and moral conditions of the nation. Mr. Parton is the product of his age and of his country. He is strictly an American author.

The qualities of his thought and style are doubtless due in considerable measure to his having been connected for a time, at the outset of his literary career, with the newspaper press of New York.

Experience in writing for a newspaper is excellent training for one who has sufficient native intellectual force, or has already acquired sufficient culture, to protect him against the injurious effects of forced rapidity of production, such as loose thinking and loose writing, unconsidered assertion, and the attempt to secure attention by overcharged statement or smart turn of phrase. In spite of Mr. Parton's natural good sense and abilities, the style of his books is not free from faults of this sort, in part at least attributable to his early training, and in part, no doubt, to the fact that, being obliged to support himself by his pen, the necessity of rapid production has compelled him often to write with less care and finish than he himself would have desired. He shares, too, the common American disregard of formality and conventionalism, and seems sometimes to be burdened with a fear lest a too strict regard to the conventions and rules of literary art might result in depriving his style of vigor, vivacity, and individuality. Too great concern for purity of style is, no doubt, as bad as too little, and reliance upon the authority of good writers is often the resort of bad ones. Politian says well, "Ut bene currere non potest qui pedem ponere studet in alienis tantum vestigiis, ita nec bene scribere qui tanquam de præscripto non audet egredi." But Mr. Parton occasionally dares too much, and in his desire to avoid stiffness and dulness sometimes falls into colloquial inelegance, carelessness of diction, or overloading of expression.

He has himself given, in an unpublished letter, an account of his beginning as a writer of books, which we venture to print as an illustration of his literary life: — "From early in life I have wondered why such men as Dickens and Thackeray should choose to expend themselves upon fiction, when they could find true stories to tell so much more interesting; and I often used to say, Some day a man will come along who will create a new branch of the fine arts, — Biography. But it never crossed my mind that I should attempt anything of the kind, for I knew very well that to make a real and vivid biography would require an amount and minuteness of investigation which could never be repaid in money, nor done without money. One day, while I was employed in the Home Journal, I dined at a restaurant with the Mason Brothers, publishers, and the conversation fell upon books. I happened to say, 'What an interesting story could be made out of the life of Horace Greeley, if a person could only get at the facts.' One of them said, 'Why don't you do it?' I replied that it would require an expensive journey and a year of labor, and I could not afford it. A few days after, they offered to advance the money requisite; and so the book was done. In New Hampshire and Vermont, I went from house to house, making inquiries. The book sold thirty thousand cop-

ies, and yielded me $2,000 above the cost of producing. Upon that most insufficient capital I had the temerity to set up in business as a book-maker."

The same fidelity and patience of research and investigation which he displayed in collecting the materials of his Life of Greeley have been shown by Mr. Parton in his later and more important works. In preparing for his Life of Jackson, he made a tour through the Carolinas, Tennessee, Alabama, and other States, — a third of the Union in all. The list of "Publications containing information respecting Andrew Jackson, his times and contemporaries," prefixed to the work, extends over thirteen pages in double column of fine print. "For many months," he says, "I was immersed in this unique, bewildering collection." The traces of his indefatigable industry appear in every chapter.

But even industry and fidelity are of little value in a biographer or an historian, if they be not accompanied by a love of truth, and directed by an honest and impartial spirit. It is Mr. Parton's highest praise, that he has honestly endeavored to tell the truth concerning the men of whom he has written and the events in which they were engaged. It may be that, like other historians, he has sometimes fallen into errors of statement, but there has been no wilful suppression or alteration on his part, — no desire to put a false face upon facts. His judgment may be sometimes at fault, but no one who is free from prejudice will question the fairness of his intention. Many of his opinions of character and estimates of motive and influence in regard to persons that have been the subject of such heated discussion and such partisan feeling as those whose lives he has written, must give occasion to question and dissatisfaction. The truth itself is not agreeable to all, and is not always to be reached. Mr. Parton has offended many men of honest convictions differing from his own. His Life of Aaron Burr was bitterly attacked as injurious to the cause of morals, in its exhibition of the brilliant and attractive qualities of this gifted, unprincipled, and wretched man. There are certainly passages in the Life in which Mr. Parton runs counter to the generally accepted moral notions of the age. His perception of the more delicate moral relations is not always so quick as his sense in regard to the plainer distinctions of right and wrong. But the effect of the work as a whole upon any intelligent reader is, in our judgment, to bring out impressively and distinctly the true moral of such a life; — that the most brilliant and amiable qualities, if unsustained by right principle, are no foundation for happiness or for esteem; that fine talents, if ill used, lead to misery and dishonor; and that the one thing needful for the attainment of permanent welfare is a controlling sense of duty and of right. If any man is led astray by the Life of Aaron Burr, it will be one who is incapable of reading the plainest and most solemn lesson.

As a writer of biography, Mr. Parton belongs to the school of Plutarch, and not to that of the heroic biographers. His own good sense has led him to follow the method of his great master, as set forth by him in the Introduction to the Life of Alexander. "The most glorious exploits," says Plutarch, "do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men. Sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever. Therefore, as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men, and endeavor by these to portray their lives." Mr. Parton sets a full value on the anecdotes, expressions, and jests that reveal and illustrate character. He avoids disquisition, though perhaps he indulges himself too frequently in brief reflections on matters only incidentally connected with his main subject, and is a little too ready to pronounce an off-hand judgment on topics that require more deliberate treatment. But one of the chief merits of his books, and the one which secures to them their popularity, is the great proportion of narrative which they contain. They are stories, and stories of real men. His power of narration is excellent; he is clear, concise, and animated; he understands the points of his story, and he presents them sharply to the intelligence of his reader. He is never drowsy; his powers are always at his command. Not often epigrammatic, his style is frequently distinguished by condensed vigor of statement or description.

A clear eye, a knowledge of men, and shrewd sense, take the place in him of the higher qualities of imagination and of penetrative insight. He is seldom picturesque, seldom lifted by enthusiasm, and never lifts his reader above the regions of the earth. It is curious to observe how rarely any reference to the aspects of nature, or to the subtle spiritual influences of life, are found in his books. There is very little of the poet in him.

But whatever allowance we may have to make for deficiency of imagination, for faults of taste, or for imperfect culture, his books remain excellent in their kind, and have a merit beyond that of literary art due to the freshness of their author's sympathy with what is liberal and generous and good in life. His spirit is essentially humane. His religion is to serve man; it concerns itself only with man's duty to man. He desires to make man better, wiser, and thus more free, and more capable of maintaining and improving those institutions of society and politics which are distinctively American.

2. — *Elements of Art Criticism. Designed as a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges, and as a Hand-Book for Amateurs and Artists.* By G. W. Samson, D. D., President of Columbian College, Washington, D. C. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. 840.

The attitude of many educated Americans to the subject of Art is quite peculiar and anomalous. They hear about it, read about it, and talk about it, but, owing to their geographical position, see little or nothing of it. Whatever maturity of thought and correctness of taste they may have acquired in matters of science and literature, they have had no means of developing in themselves that nice appreciation of the formative arts which, in the pleasure it affords, is like the opening of a new sense. Every scholar can enjoy Dante and Shakespeare by his own fireside; but he must go to Parma and Rome if he would study Correggio and Michael Angelo. A European who has grown up in the shadows of Gothic cathedrals, and been accustomed from childhood to frequent museums filled with the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture and Italian painting, finds it difficult to understand our position in this respect, and seldom makes due allowance for this almost inevitable defect in our culture. To study a work of art in plaster, cork, engraving, or photograph, is better than not to study it at all; nevertheless, the best copy shows us merely what the work is *about*, not what it *is*. The difference between an original and an imitation is of kind as well as of degree, so that in no case can the latter be a substitute for the former. The spirit which gave life and beauty to the artist's creation is too ethereal to be conveyed by the mechanical process of transcription. Yet these meagre transcripts are really the only data which an untravelled American has on which to found an intelligent art criticism. The consequence is, that owing to this narrow field of observation of works of art, if he feels any *mental* interest in it, he is in constant danger of falling into vague and vicious theorizings on a subject which is eminently experimental; for it is only in examples of the beautiful that the laws of the derivation and development of beauty can be profitably studied. Instead of the clear conceptions and independent judgments which he forms concerning matters of exact science, where he has some fixed principles for his guidance, he finds himself, as soon as he enters the domain of imagination and artistic invention, all afloat on a sea of conjecture, and is likely to submit to the pilotage of the first man who comes to him with a show of superior knowledge.

We have been led into this train of thought by the perusal of the recent treatise of Dr. Samson on Art Criticism, — a work that proves conclusively that a man may make "a tour of observation to Egypt,

Western Asia, and Europe," visit "the galleries of ancient and modern art in the Old World," collect "ancient and modern authorities" for "twenty-five years," and deliver "several courses of lectures to both popular assemblies and college classes," and then crown his labors with an octavo volume of eight hundred and forty pages so confused in its general features, and so incorrect in its details, as to be of little practical use either "as a text-book for schools and colleges," or "as a hand-book for artists and amateurs." The work is divided into seven books. In the first, the author discusses the bodily senses and mental faculties addressed and affected by art; and in the remaining six he attempts an historical survey of the growth of art in the departments of drawing, sculpture, architecture, painting, landscape-gardening, and the decorative arts. In the opening chapter we are treated to a dissertation on the original constitution of man and the Garden of Eden, of which Dr. Samson discourses with as much assurance as a tourist might speak of the Bois de Boulogne or the Giardino di Boboli. We are told that man was placed in this garden "to *dress* and to keep it." Our author italicizes the word "dress," and thence infers that Adam was an artist "perfect in all his powers," and that consequently landscape-gardening, in which this perfect artist was engaged, must be "the highest form of art"; and thus we are brought to the conclusion, that "the whole range of man's faculties for the creation of art was at once and together called into requisition." In the same connection we are favored with Dr. Samson's theory of the fall of man. God, he says, made every tree *first* "pleasant to the eyes," *then* "good for food"; but when the woman looked at the tree she saw that it was *first* "good for food," and *then* "pleasant to the eyes." Thus "the order of man's original impulses was inverted." This is a fair specimen of what the "President of Columbian College," mingling it with liberal extracts from Alison, Burke, and Kames, offers to the public as "art criticism."

We are safe in asserting that at least one fourth of the volume is wasted in foolish and irrelevant theorizings of this kind. There is, for instance, a disquisition on "the superior race," in which the author proves — doubtless to the satisfaction of his late confederates — that "art has been marked with that progress which claimed for it a place in the analysis [annals?] of history" wherever Japhet has "dreamed and toiled" with "Ham as his servant." It is a mysterious dispensation of Providence that has always allowed Northern Barbarians to break up these so perfect systems of civilization. What a beautiful division of labor, — Japhet dreaming, Ham toiling! "This higher race," in comparison with which "Ham's family is third in rank," Dr. Samson calls "the Arian stock," by which term it might be supposed he intended to

designate the Unitarians or some other adherents of the great Alexandrian heresiarch; but which he really uses in place of the proper term Aryan.

On page 41 we have a "classification of the fine arts in accordance with their modes of appeal." Those which address human emotions through the ear are music, eloquence, and poetry. Music is defined as a succession of "pleasant sounds disconnected from sentiment"; although we are elsewhere told that it is "the vehicle of important sentiment." Eloquence "addresses the reason by sentiment alone," without respect to the agreeableness of the sounds; whilst poetry appeals to the emotional nature, and superadds to sentiment the grace of diction and the melody of rhythm, or "rythm," as Dr. Samson with praiseworthy economy of the alphabet, spells it. Hitherto we have always supposed that "grace of diction" and harmony in the structure of sentences were by no means incompatible with true eloquence; but we are open to conviction, and ready henceforth to regard it merely as "sounds that may be indifferent or agreeable addressing the reason by sentiment alone," if the author of this definition will be kind enough to tell us what it means. The histrionic art is then characterized as "eloquence combined with that charm of 'action' of which Demosthenes spoke." Every well-taught Freshman knows that the action (*ὑπόκρισις*) of which Demosthenes spoke was regarded by him as the essential element of eloquence, and the first requisite in an orator. Eloquence, too, is both logically and chronologically a later and maturer growth of the human mind than poetry, and in a philosophical arrangement should have been placed after it. "As to order of development," continues our author, "music seems to have become an art, and as such to have reached comparative perfection, much earlier than the arts which address the eye." The only proof adduced in support of this proposition is the fact that in the Jewish Scriptures Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," is mentioned before Tubal-cain, the "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." On page 294 this subject is again alluded to, and by italicizing the word "*instructor*" it is shown that Tubal-cain was "not only an artist," but also the head of "a school for sculpture." We are aware that such puerile expositions and wresting of words from their plain meaning are frequent in the pulpit, and are by some persons thought to be edifying; but we protest against their having any place in a critical work on æsthetics. We agree with Dr. Samson, that "in rank the arts addressed to the ear are superior" to those which appeal to the eye. But is not this superiority in rank incompatible with priority in time? Is the history of art a record of progress or of retrogression? Is "time's no-

blest offspring" the first or "the last"? It is evident that here, as in many other portions of the book, the author's æsthetic views are vitiated by his theological prejudices. The myth

> "Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden,"

so disturbs his vision as to hinder all clear insight into the real organic growth of man's artistic power. Everything is consciously or unconsciously referred to this preconceived notion, and fitted to it by a Procrustean process.

The truth is, the development of the various forms of art corresponds to the development of man's spiritual nature, and the clearness of his thoughts concerning himself. As the soul expands, it seeks new and more adequate media of expression for its ideas, as the tree puts forth a fresh shoot or flower for every extension and pulsation of its life. Architecture is the symbolic phase of art, — vast, vague, with the thought only dimly shining through it. Sculpture is the art of pure form, — sharp in its outlines, clear, and beautiful, — a perfect mirror of Hellenic humanity. This sculpturesque element permeates every branch of Grecian art. Homer's Epos is like bass-relief, and the characters of Euripides and Sophocles stand before us like fine marble groups, with "no speculation" in their wide, pupilless eyes. Painting is the Romantic art, — warm, emotional, and mystic, — reflecting the spirit of the Middle Age; whilst music, poetry, and prose correspond to the nobler inspirations and higher needs of the modern world. Viewed from the stand-point of some such central principle, works of art become something more than curious or pretty toys, — they are the shrines in which nations have deposited their richest and intensest ideas. The end of art is to be sought in the revelation of the inward, rather than in the realization of the outward, — in the influence of the soul, more than in any illusion of the senses. This is why the productions of the early Italian and German masters, Giotto and Wilhelm of Cologne, touch us so deeply, notwithstanding their technical imperfections. *Der Schein der Kunst*, as understood by Hegel, is not a mere trick of painting flowers to deceive humming-birds. Dr. Samson's conception of what constitute a fine art is still lower, and comprises everything that pleases the fancy or tickles the palate. Thus he refers cookery and perfumery "to the circle of the fine arts, since the aim of the professional caterer is not so much to promote utility as to minister to pleasure alone."

The chapter on music is singularly unsatisfactory, even when compared with other portions of this very defective book. It begins with

a *non sequitur*, — a kind of reasoning to which the author shows great partiality, and of which his volume might furnish future writers on logic abundant examples. From the fact that "the terms we use in musical science are borrowed from the mother tongue of the arts," i. e. the Greek language, it is argued that the principle and practice of "music, as now understood, were recognized by early Grecian philosophers and artists." From the same premise it might also be inferred that chemistry, as now understood, was well known to the ancient Athenians and Spartans, since the nomenclature of this science is likewise of Greek derivation. It is not true that "the perfection of harmony was attained by the Greeks," as Dr. Samson affirms. Rhythm and melody were characteristic of ancient music; whereas harmony is the principle of modern music, and was first introduced by the Flemish monk Hucbald, who died in A. D. 930. By ἁρμονία the Greeks meant only being in tune. The term was never applied by them to the *simultaneous* combination of agreeable sounds, and in this respect was not distinguished from what we understand by melody, or the *succession* of agreeable sounds; although their word μελῳδία had a broader signification, and was used as synonymous with musical construction in general. But although Dr. Samson devotes more than thirty pages to the discussion of Grecian, Hebrew, Assyrian, and Egyptian music, of which we have no trustworthy knowledge, he passes over in utter silence the most brilliant musical epoch in history, beginning with the Belgian contrapuntists Dufay, Ockenheim, and Josquin Desprez, and reaching its highest development in the *free style* of Haydn and Mozart. There is not a word in the book from which it could be inferred that such persons as Palestrina, Bach, Gluck, Händel, and Beethoven ever lived. The section which treats of "major and minor chords" is hardly above the average instruction given on this point in country singing-schools. We are informed of the distinction between major and minor intervals, of the difference between flats and sharps. But in "art criticism," the reader expects something more. He wishes to know what are the æsthetic effects of different keys, and how they have been employed by the great composers to express passion and delineate character. It is not on the palette, but on the canvas, that we must study the painter's coloring; and no theory of tones will contribute much to musical culture, unless we learn to appreciate them as embodied in symphonies, operas, and oratorios. Dr. Samson concludes, also, that because "in nature the ear is addressed by sounds that horrify," it is therefore legitimate to "imitate these and kindred sounds" in music. "The Dying Gladiator and the Laocoön in sculpture," he adds, "awaken the same impression of horror as that aroused

by the actual scene when witnessed by the eye." Does the author mean that he would look upon "the dying gladiator" of a Roman amphitheatre with the same feelings with which he contemplates the marble figure of the Capitoline Museum? Or would the man in the menagerie crushed by the boa-constrictor excite in the spectator no stronger emotions than the fate of the Trojan priest and his two sons in the marble coils of Minerva's avenging serpents? The absurdity of such views of art was exposed by Lessing more than a century ago. In the eyes of Dr. Samson, however, an artistic representation is only a convenient substitute for sheer reality.

The childishness which seeks to trace every form of art to some type in nature, or to some utilitarian end, often leads him to extremely ludicrous results. This is especially evident in the chapter on Architecture, concerning which we believe that more foolish things have been said and written than on any other one subject whatsoever, but none more foolish than those contained in this book. Thus, he finds the origin of the Gothic style in Swiss cottages built with "sharp peaked roofs and projecting eaves to *cut and fling aside the falling avalanche.*" It would be scarcely less absurd to maintain that spires were intended to catch the sky when it falls. Yet the author evidently prides himself on this happy solution of the problem, inasmuch as he returns to it on page 444, where, after speaking of "the gentle slope of the Grecian gable, fitted for the flow of a mild spring shower," "the straight basilica, or curved dome, necessary for winter rains at Rome," and the meteorological functions of other kinds of architecture, he adds, that "neither of these could cut and throw off the deluge of snow falling at the mountain's foot, or the avalanche slipping from its sides." To the "knife-blade roof" of the Alpine *chalet* was reserved the important office of splitting glaciers and flinging aside avalanches! We regret that no instances are given of successful performances of this kind.

The limits assigned to a critical notice do not allow us to follow the author through the books which treat of the formative arts. Enough, however, has been said to enable the reader to judge of the general character of the work,—*ex pede Herculem.* But it contains many minor errors which we must briefly indicate. Dr. Samson's orthography of proper names is peculiar, and not only offends the eye, but sometimes perplexes the understanding. L*u*dovico Car*a*cci (with one *r*), Bartol*o*meo (with one *m*), Mel*i*zzo, B*a*nbieri, Sav*a*narola, Polidor*a* Caldara, and L*a* Sueur are intelligible, but by no means elegant. Antonello da Messina, who introduced oil-painting into Italy, is so well disguised under the name of Antonelli, that "the ordinary pupil and the general reader," for whom Dr. Samson professes to write, would have great

difficulty in finding him out. Nor is it true that this painter was murdered by a rival "who vainly aspired to the credit of the invention." This is evidently a confusion of the story of Antonello with that which Vasari tells of the assassination of Domenico Veneziano by his fellow-artist Andrea del Castagno. Pietro Vanucco is not pleasant to the eye, and still less so to the ear; and the same may be said of Piero della Francesco. When names like these are spelled with uniform incorrectness, it is impossible for the most charitable critic to attribute the errors wholly to the carelessness of the proof-reader. The same confusion prevails in the orthography of Greek words, which are written in Roman letters italicized: thus ἦθη becomes *ēthe*, μνήμη is *mneme*, and πύλη is *pulā;* ἅγιον ὄρος is represented by *agion oros*,—the aspirate being utterly ignored. On page 811, *toutōn nika* (τούτων νίκα) is given as the Greek equivalent of *in hoc signo vinces;* it should be ἐν τούτῳ νίκα. We assure the author that "this method of orthography has" *not* "the sanction of the most finished ancient and modern writers." In the chapter on Landscape-Gardening we are told that the Romans "followed up the *Arno* for miles from their city in order to select such retreats as Tivoli." This is possibly a typographical error for *Anio;* but it is certainly not the fault of the types that the Sublime Porte is (or, as the author would say, "*are*") called our antipodes; that Stefani's famous crucifix at Naples is located in S. Maria del Carmine, instead of S. Domenico; that the Church of SS. Quattro Coronati becomes "St. Quatri Coronati"; that the Four Evangelists of Domenichino in S. Andrea delle Valle are reduced to "Two Evangelists"; and that the Moses of Michael Angelo is twice spoken of as in "St. Peter's" (p. 629), whereas every tourist knows that it is in S. Pietro in Vincoli. On page 352 the author even waxes eloquent as he describes the visitor entering "that immense church," and standing "spell-bound before the majestic and impassioned statue." Michael Angelo, in characterizing Gentile da Fabriano, said that his "pictures were like his name," i. e. noble, graceful, and refined; all which is expressed in the Italian word *gentile*. On page 617 Dr. Samson alludes to this saying, and adds, "thus playing upon his name, Gentile, *the man of all nations*." In the sections devoted to American artists the author is equally at fault. Greenough's name was not *Horace*, nor was "Washington Allston son of Governor Allston": the former was born in 1779, and the latter (whose name should be spelled with only one *l*) in 1778. In the list of our sculptors no mention is made of Story, whilst nearly a page is given to Horatio Stone, who, although he has never been in Italy, "removed to Washington City," as we are informed, about eight or ten years ago.

The purity of taste which Dr. Samson brings to the task of art criticism is evident from a passage in which he praises the saloons of American steamboats as "rivalling far any palace apartment the world has ever seen." By this high standard of æsthetics (a word introduced not by Kant, as Dr. Samson states, but by Baumgarten) the author measures the masterpieces of art. But we have neither space nor patience to follow him further. In the chapter on the schools of Italian painters there are some just judgments compiled from Kugler and Fuseli; although we have noted several instances in which a borrowed critique is evidently applied to the wrong picture. The volume has no index, and thus the reader is left without a clew to the labyrinth. The punctuation is arbitrary and confused; but the book is neatly bound, and will prove highly ornamental to the publishers' book-shelves, which, for the sake of art culture in America, we hope it will long continue to adorn.

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3. — *Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies, read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, December* 20, 1866. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D., late President of the Academy. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. 57.

These "Remarks," the author informs us, "were intended as a more complete expression of some of the leading ideas advanced in an Address on the 'Limits of Education,' given last year before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology." Like its predecessor, the present pamphlet is principally occupied with urging the immeasurable superiority at all points of the advanced and enlightened age in which we live, with the view to show that time spent upon the study of the languages and literatures of antiquity is for any useful purpose to a great extent time wasted. What men knew in the Periclean and Augustan ages was not a tenth part of what they know now, and what they knew, "from the general and unfortunate misdirection of the public taste which prevailed in ancient times," was not put to any profitable use. "Among the ancients the labors of gifted and cultivated men, when not expended on subjects of local and temporary interest, were extensively given to fictions, words, and profitless abstractions," and consequently "have hardly entailed on us, their remote descendants, a debt of gratitude for any solid and lasting good which we do not now obtain as well or better from more accessible sources." Even in art, where it has been supposed they excelled, they were really nothing wonderful. Their poetry was involuted and parenthetic, and Greek especially indulges in a great many unnecessary parts of speech, and the matter

of it is a tissue of superstitions, of blood and all uncleanness, and full of all sorts of improprieties. In its power of delighting the ear or moving the passions, their poetry may have been equal to ours, but was in no respect superior. Their oratory was elaborate, powerful, brilliant, and effective; — so is ours. They made good statues; but as good an article of statuary has been produced in Modern Italy, Denmark, Germany, and other countries: the most skilful critic could not at first sight tell the difference. And anybody makes a great mistake who says there have not been as great orators, statesmen, and poets as Demosthenes, Pericles, and Homer in every prominent modern nation. In all useful knowledge, of course, the Greeks are nowhere. As a matter of curiosity or amusement, and so long as their prestige has not finally died out among the possessors of social influence and distinction, the doings of these lively and ingenious barbarians may occupy our spare moments, and some provision must be made for the study of them at the universities. But there is no solid basis of utility in them, people have even left off quoting them in public, and for all the real business of life which is to yield a seasonable and remunerative return they are unavailable.

This is all very comfortable and reassuring, and we have no intention of controverting any of these propositions, — indeed, they seem to us calculated to pass unchallenged in all companies. Those who agree with them already will find no fault, and those who disagree will probably find fault with the fundamental assumption on which they rest, rather than with its consequences. It materially lightens the task of comparing rival principles of action to make one of them the standard. If we begin by assuming that nothing is useful or desirable except what contributes to personal comfort or material well-being, it becomes easy to show that any pursuit that proposes other ends than these is useless and undesirable. If the most important use of language is for the drafting of letters, bills of sale, and deeds of conveyance, it is plain that, since the ancients, whatever else may be urged in their favor, are not likely to offer themselves as customers or clients, the time spent in learning their languages is time thrown away, or at least not put to the best use. All argument about their merits either way is superfluous, unless it be with people of leisure who may fancy amusing themselves with middle voices and first and second aorists, as other people of leisure amuse themselves with collecting and sorting the different kinds of postage-stamps. The only criticism that we incline to make upon this line of remark is that it seems superfluous. Devotion to what will pay, concentration of mind upon tangible advantages, are qualities that no one will deny are effective, but it may be

doubted whether their claims need urging. It seems like spurring a willing horse. At least, in our experience, people are not so madly bent on an ethereal self-culture that it should be necessary to lay hold of them and beseech them to be more careful of what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed. The danger seems rather in the other direction, that the virtue of thrift may be pushed to excess, and that the faculties which it omits may be found, after they are dead from disuse, to have been of some value. At all events, it is difficult to see the bearing upon education.

Education surely implies some change to be wrought in the man himself, and thus presumably in his views and standards of action; and if this is unnecessary, education is at best superfluous. If all that is wanted is to make him narrow his view more closely to the interests and opinions that happen to be next him, this may be a good reason why no education is needed at all; but the process can hardly be described as education. If a knowledge of business even were a thing to be put on as a man puts on his office coat, or like a tool which he takes in his hand, the more closely fitted to the particular use the better. But since, however limited our requirements may be, they can be had only through the circuitous course of a training applied to the mind itself, it is this which has to be effected first, whether we wish it or not. Useful in this connection must mean useful for mental culture, and not for something else. You cannot teach the boy in the shop the answers to the particular sums which he will be called upon to do, but you have to teach him arithmetic, and so on. And although we may choose to confine our attention to what we are pleased to call useful results, the limitation is purely arbitrary. You do not know whether you are teaching a shop-boy, or whether you are teaching Newton or Laplace, and if only tangible results are regarded, the whole operation is very much in the dark. If men were automata, to be adjusted so as to perform certain actions, the case would be different. And there may be some things — for example, arithmetic — in which a certain degree of automatism is useful and attainable, that is, it may be possible and desirable to acquire certain facilities which involve little or no conscious exercise of mind. But there are other powers, still more indispensable for the successful conduct of business than even arithmetic, which cannot be acquired or exercised in this way. Such, for example, is judgment: the reason is, that the figures with which it deals will not stay, the values are perpetually shifting and cannot be dealt with by formula, but require the mind to be brought to bear upon them in each instance afresh.

We have no wish to disparage the practical turn, the facility and the economy of thinking power gained by routine and by rules of thumb, we

only desire to call attention to the fact that it is routine, and by itself means hands without head. To be practical is excellent, but to be practical and nothing else is the definition of a machine. Useful by itself is useful for nothing. There is always to be understood some ulterior purpose, and where this is omitted, as it is when "practical, tangible, material things" are treated as if they were themselves the end, the inference is that the purpose is something which we do not like to reveal. Laudations of the practical mean generally dread of criticism, dread of having to amend our views and to confess to others or to ourselves the limitations that encompass our knowledge and our powers, — the fear that, if we look up, we shall see something hostile to our self-satisfaction, or to the accomplishment of our pet schemes. It means, therefore, something opposed to education, viz. the absence of that considerate spirit, that open and balanced judgment, which is the first aim in education. The praise of being practical in this sense will not be greatly coveted for their favorite studies by the friends of classical education, or of any education. It is not easy, indeed, to see by what title the classics can form any part of a practical course such as Dr. Bigelow understands it. Not certainly from any inherent fitness, but only from that deference to established prejudices which marks the practical spirit. Dr. Bigelow is somewhat embarrassed in what he says of the classics, between his unwillingness to ignore what has still a certain vogue in good society, and his inward belief of its real uselessness. "Classical literature," he says, "is the aid and ornament, and may well enter into the foundation of the most liberal form of education." But it is not usual to construct foundations, at least for anything considerable or enduring, out of ornaments, and the implied inference is one which classical scholars will be likely to reject. Indeed, they will hardly be more grateful to Dr. Bigelow for his advocacy than for his opposition; for the advocacy and the opposition alike rest on the same low estimate of the aims and effect of classical studies. Classical scholars will hardly admit that a laborious creation of difficulties for the sake of overcoming them, or satisfaction in the possession of something inaccessible to others, or accomplishment in classic facts and quotations, or even "ornament and euphony for the entertainment of cultivated classes," form the real attractions of these studies. We do not intend to argue their cause, nor do we mean to dogmatize about the necessarily best course of instruction. But this, at least, seems evident, that if the object be to develop the whole man, and not merely to get certain tasks accomplished, one of the first things to be done must be to show him his deficiencies, — those sides of his nature which circumstances tend to leave out of sight and incomplete. It is no advantage to him, but the

contrary, to be encouraged to narrow himself still more to the particular rut in which he was born, or to think that his work-bench is the world and the filing of pins' points the only worthy occupation of mankind. It is the reverse of all this that will help him, — to be forced to raise his eyes and look about him, and to acknowledge that, notwithstanding the indispensableness of pins in general, and the unrivalled merits of this particular firm, yet men have lived and occupied their lives to profit in those unimproved ages when pins existed only "in an incipient and abortive state." Leaving out all comparison of merits and results, and whatever be the amount of positive acquisition which his circumstances may permit, he will be the better for knowing that a high and varied culture existed in those remote and comparatively pinless times.

There is a notion among men of business, as well as among scholars, that a man is the better for seeing something of the world, and for becoming acquainted with other interests and points of view than his own. Why is this? He will not possess his multiplication-table the better for it, and so far as the mere information is concerned he may get that from the Gazetteer. Is it not that the parallax gained by merely shifting the point of view enables him to estimate his own surroundings better, so that at a distance he becomes the better aware of biases and defects which nearness conceals? Seen from San Francisco or London, things in New York and Boston look differently, and can be handled more intelligently on the return. Why may not a similar advantage be got in a less cumbrous way by shifting the ground in time instead of space, and with the additional gain that with the lapse of time what is crude and ephemeral tends to vanish or to be toned down into due relation? Nothing at last survives except what in some way interests all men. Hence the classics were called the Humanities, and hence it is that classical literature forms a common ground of sympathy and a point of departure for all cultivated men.

It is asked sometimes why all the good that is claimed for the study of Greek and Latin cannot be had as well from the study of French, with the convenience of possessing a useful language over and above. So, perhaps, it might, if French were taught with the same view, but it is not; and if the attempt were made, it would be difficult to avoid the interference of a totally distinct object. The belief that these separate objects, viz. education and the ability to speak French, can be reached, as well as not, by one and the same effort, rests on the fallacious notion that in either case it is really the language, that is, the bare vocables, that is aimed at. The human mind does not readily fasten upon such abstractions, — at the outset, at least, it looks beyond more or less con-

sciously to the intended use, and its action and the reflex effect of it are modified accordingly. It cannot act at one time in directions so different, any more than a stream can run two ways at once. In these things, as everywhere, we get only what we pay for, and the wise economy is to make a choice, and limit the demand, instead of trying to stretch the purchasing power of the price.

The average effect on character and habits of mind seems, therefore, a surer test than any tangible utility of what is acquired, for it is always a further question, which we have very little power to determine in advance, what will be the value in the particular case. The knowledge, however useful, will not use itself, but rather obstruct and embarrass, if the learner have not the power to use it. To assume the utility of a study because what it deals with is useful, is mere sophistry; there is no such necessary connection or presumption. The value in education is a perfectly distinct affair, to be proved only by experience. To ascertain from experience, however, what will be the actual effect of any particular course, is not so easy a task as it seems. It is not enough, for example, to point to the advance in material well-being that has accompanied the increased attention paid to physical science in modern times. For in the first place the gain may be counterbalanced by a loss in some other direction; and then, admitting that the world has on the whole advanced, it does not follow that the advance is owing to the study of physical science, for this is only one, and perhaps not the most striking, of the characteristics of modern times. The subject is far too delicate and complicated to be dealt with in this summary way. Nor, again, do isolated instances of successful and eminent men who have owed nothing to classical training necessarily prove anything, for nobody pretends that any education can create faculties that do not exist, or any want of it prevent those which do exist from showing themselves.

In order to come to any useful results, we ought to compare individuals as much as possible alike in all respects except training. How does it stand in our experience? How do the men of our acquaintance who have gone through the college course compare with those who have not? This is doubtless a rude test, but it seems to be the best we can get. Now there is no doubt that to many minds the college course means a period of elegant do-nothingism under the name of liberal culture, which they approve or disapprove, but in either case consider to be something altogether outside of the serious business of life. It is for social advantages, for polish, or for enjoyment, but not for work. This view is of somewhat recent growth, and applies especially to colleges frequented by the sons of rich men; but it seems likely

to exercise an important influence. The effect of it we see already, on the one hand, in the increasing proportion of well-to-do parents who do not send their sons to college, and, on the other, in the spread of what may be called an air of intellectual dissipation among our college-bred youth. Some of them accept the elegant-leisure theory, without getting much harm from it; these are the steady-going ones, with some ruling bias, — generally of a practical sort, — so that it takes no deep hold upon them. But upon others it acts as a mental ferment, or poison almost, making them restless, dissatisfied with themselves and with everything about them, yet wholly averse from any steady effort towards improvement; and thus dooms them to sad inward conflicts and to false starts before they finally settle to their work. By the side of these waverers we see other young men who, from want of opportunity or of inclination, have omitted the university curriculum, and left their Latin and Greek behind them at school, but who are plagued by none of these doubts, and accordingly appear to great advantage in the various posts of active life. It is only natural that they should believe, and should lead others to believe, that what they have omitted is a hindrance rather than a help. But in the first place the comparison is a misleading one, for we are comparing picked men with a crowd taken at random. To be the son of rich parents forms no presumption in favor of a boy's ability, but it considerably increases the chances of being sent to college. On the other hand, with the self-made men, and to a certain extent with those who voluntarily cut short their scholastic training, there is generally some special gift, or at least a decided bent, which more than anything else insures success in what is undertaken.

But even if the unsettling effect of which we have spoken could be distinctly traced to college education, it would not follow that too much classics is to blame for it, but there would still be room for the opinion that the trouble comes not so much from the matter as the manner and extent of the studies, not from anything inherent in what is taught, but from the slipshod routine, the want of thoroughness and of rational method, which generally characterize the teaching. And although smattering is dangerous anywhere, a smattering of classics does not seem to us worse, but better, than a smattering of physical science or knowledge of business, — for this generally makes a man a conceited prig, but the insufficient dose of classics often goes to take the nonsense out of him and to check self-glorification, and thus tends to make him on the whole a better, though perhaps less busy and less self-satisfied, member of society. Something of this may, we think, be traced by anybody who will take the trouble to make a fair and sufficiently extended comparison between college-bred men and those of tolerably

equal gifts who lack the college training. In these there will often be felt a want of something, easier felt than described, which we may call balance, sense of measure and proportion, — a deliberate way of approaching a subject, which comes from acquaintance with higher and more comprehensive standards. There is a provincial air about them which the busiest and most extended intercourse with the world does not always remove. It does not indeed follow that the good effect of which we speak is necessarily connected with the study of the classics. If it is true that college life is, on the whole, favorable to balance of mind, and to liberation from petty and distorted views, we should ascribe it to the seclusion for a considerable period at the most susceptive time of life from immediate contact with the "practical" spirit, and to the subjection to a mental discipline which, whatever it may directly effect, at least proposes no end but an ideal perfection. It is obvious that all value of this kind would be at once cut off by a reform in the spirit which Dr. Bigelow commends, whatever the studies pursued. It is a totally different question whether the end might not be attained otherwise, — whether it might not as well be historical or scientific truth followed in the same disinterested spirit. But it is not easy to see how either of these studies could be made so well to afford the preliminary process which we have called the negative part of education, and which consists in leading the untrained mind first of all to see that its ultimate facts, the notions and standards of daily life, are not at all ultimate, but ephemeral; one set among many, and of relative, not absolute value.

The mere exercise of translating from a foreign language is one of the best means of knowing our own language accurately, and the language cannot be separated from the ideas. In order to translate a passage from Pindar or Horace, we must not only know the equivalent words, but we have to explore the shades of feeling to which they correspond, and the primary beliefs on which they rest. Before the beginner can choose the right meaning in the dictionary, he must have brought it home to himself, and know what it stands for to him personally. In learning the elements of physical science, there is little or nothing of this; for in physical science the mental exercise is not carried so far, but stops at the facts. The adept possesses his facts far more completely, but he does not know much more of their meaning than the beginner. Thus, what happens in the learner's mind is not in the nature of a revolution in his conceptions, but only an addition to them. It is not a process of growth, of assimilation, but rather of distension; he is bigger, more knowing, but not necessarily stronger or wiser than before. It is perfectly true that the discovery of the facts implies accurate appreciation of evidence, and this is a most valuable habit of mind often

conspicuous in eminent men of science. But to learn the results after they are ascertained does not require anything of this kind; they may be parroted like any other set of words. No doubt the exercise of valuable mental power is involved in the discovery of the composition of water, but no important exercise of mind is involved in repeating the formula after it is discovered. The examples of eminent scientific men, or the opinions as to the value of their own pursuits for the purposes of education, do not prove at all what they are cited to prove. That these pursuits are specially adapted to their turn of mind may be a very good reason why they are very ill adapted to people of a different turn, and, at the same time, why they should be the last to discover the want of adaptation. The value of any particular course of discipline for general use is best tested by its effects where discipline is most needed, — on the least gifted and most sluggish minds. As to the classics, this at least may be said, that they seem to possess in considerable measure the necessary requirements, and that the objections which have been urged against them are no objections for the purposes of education.

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4. — *The Origin of the Stars, and the Causes of their Motions and their Light.* By Jacob Ennis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. 385.

This book is full of errors of fact and fallacies of reasoning, and yet will probably not be challenged by one in ten of its readers for either of these defects. The author appears sufficiently well informed and sufficiently well disciplined in the matters he discusses to avoid the criticisms of common-sense and ordinary information on scientific subjects. But this is all. The questions he discusses require for a competent handling an expert's discipline and knowledge, in both of which the author shows deficiencies which would be surprising were they not so common in writers and lecturers on such subjects.

The implicit confidence with which statements of scientific facts and arguments are received by the readers of popular scientific books and by popular audiences now-a-days, is like that which was once accorded to the assumptions and argumentations of theological writers and speakers. Such trust was then, as it is now, creditable to those who entertained it, inasmuch as the statements and arguments were opposed by nothing in the listener's own experience, and no motive was apparent which could induce his instructor to mislead him, or to state with confidence facts which are not really known, or to offer arguments which are not really valid. On the contrary, the seeming motive both in theology and sci-

ence is a genuine love of truth, uncorrupted by selfish ends. But how often is the real motive an egotistical love of opinion instead of truth, and a narrow advocacy of prejudices!

With a pleasing *naïveté* our author confesses himself a believer in the "nebular hypothesis." He entertains no doubts on the subject, and is confident that no doubt will remain in the minds of his readers, especially on those features of the theory which are original with himself. But a clear, open, enthusiastic advocacy of a scientific position, especially of one which is generally discredited, affords to the more cautious students of science a *prima facie* presumption against an inquirer's competency. Advocacy is a method adapted peculiarly to practical questions, in the discussion of which truth is not the only, or even the main object; since some decision, *authoritative* at least, if not true, is often demanded for the occasions of future conduct in practical matters. Not so in science. Its questions can afford to wait and forego the dubious advantage of one-sided discussions, since no practical issues follow from the facts of science until they are ascertained beyond dispute. An enthusiastic defence of a belief, though often admirable in practical matters, since it is often a defence of truth against authority in practice, has no place in positive science, and dwindles to the proportions of a narrow, often obstinate, advocacy of mere opinion.

Accordingly, the better sort of writers on the "nebular hypothesis" love rather to discuss it for what it is really worth as a means of concatenating and co-ordinating certain facts of science, which otherwise in the present state of our knowledge would remain outstanding problems. So unsatisfactorily, however, has this function been fulfilled by the nebular hypothesis, that the best later writers regard it as an hypothesis of which the best that can be said is, that it is not likely soon to be supplanted by any other. Our author quotes a long list of writers who have acknowledged one of the most serious defects of this hypothesis, namely, that the mutual gravitation of the parts of the supposed original nebulæ could not have caused the motions of rotation and revolution which exist in our solar system and in some of the compound stars, and that these motions or their equivalents in rotation must have existed in the supposed original nebulous masses. It is upon the characters and relations of these motions in the solar system, and among the members of sidereal systems, that the main argument for the nebular hypothesis is based; namely, that the characters and relations of these motions imply a common origin. To get beyond this first step, the hypothesis has been obliged to assume, not only that all the matter of the solar system, but also the resultant of its motions of revolution about its common centre of gravity, existed in the supposed diffused mass of the nebula;

since it is one of the fundamental principles of mathematical mechanics, — the principle of the "conservation of areas," — that no "rotation area" can be added to or subtracted from the amount existing in any independent body or system of bodies through the mutual actions of its parts, whether these actions arise from gravitation, collision, or friction. This principle is an immediate deduction from the primary laws of motion, and especially from the third, the law of the equality of action and reaction in all mechanical phenomena.

It would, therefore, naturally be supposed that our author quotes this list of authorities in proof of the position that the total "rotation area" of the solar system existed entire in the supposed original nebula. But this is not at all his object, which appears rather to be self-glorification, — to show what an array of scientific genius he has triumphed over, by solving the problem which has baffled them all! He has proved to his entire satisfaction that the mutual gravitation of the parts of an irregularly shaped but originally quiescent nebula will result in its rotation, and his argument deserves a place among the curious paradoxes with which inventors of perpetual motion, anti-Newtonian heretics, and squarers of the circle have enriched the literature of science. Though not so palpably absurd, it is still of the same character as the efforts of the man who should essay to lift himself by the straps of his boots.

That the weight of a gravitating body can be converted into a motion around the centre of gravity of the system to which it belongs, is clear to the author from certain familiar examples on the earth. Sliding down an inclined plane, the motion forward and around the earth's centre which a train of cars, for example, acquires by its own weight on a downward grade of a railway, or the forward motion of a bird descending on the air, — are not these cases of the conversion of falling forces into motion around the centre of gravity? Such is the author's argument. That he should have overlooked the fact, patent in the most elementary analysis of so simple a problem as the inclined plane, that one component of gravity in the sliding body urges the inclined plane, or the masses on which it rests, by the same amount backward, as the other component urges the body forward, is truly surprising in a teacher of the natural sciences.

By no such movement can a surplus of motion be produced in any direction about the centre of gravity of a system, or indeed about any other fixed point in space. This follows almost immediately from the law that action and reaction are equal in all kinds of mechanical phenomena, — in attractions, repulsions, collisions, and frictions. The "conservation of areas" and the "conservation of the centre of gravity" are twin doctrines of mechanical philosophy, equally fundamental,

precise, and extensive in their applications, and are among the most certain of the laws of nature. Equally proper would it have been for the author to argue that an irregular shape in the original nebula could have transferred it *en masse* to a new position, or caused a motion in its centre of gravity, as to argue that such a shape could have set it spinning on its axis.

We are aware that a majority of readers are as much "in the fog" as he on the subjects of our author's speculation, and this is our apology for taking so much space in noticing a book which otherwise would scarcely deserve a notice. We desire to warn the reader against fallacies which would greatly intensify the fog. Let us suppose, then, since mechanical principles experienced in the actions of our own muscles are best brought home to our common sense, — let us suppose that a living human body could be placed at rest in the midst of the stars, removed from any sensible influence from other bodies. Let the muscles play as they may, let the man writhe and plunge, contract and expand his limbs as much as he can, he will find, on assuming any fixed posture, that he has not changed his position one iota, nor acquired any continuous motion; and on relaxing his muscles, he will find that he still faces in the same direction, and that his head and feet still point to the same invariable poles. Action and reaction have always and everywhere been equal. No more can a nebulous mass acquire a motion of translation or rotation by the mutual actions of its parts. The motions produced by the falling in of its parts on the contraction of the nebula must always balance each other by current and counter-current, or be converted by friction and collision into heat, which is only another form of balanced motions, the minute molecular vibrations of bodies. But the "areas of rotation" must in the aggregate forever remain unchanged.

If we could suppose two living bodies, instead of one, placed as we have supposed, but within reach of each other, these two could turn each other round in opposite directions, and push each other apart or draw each other nearer to their common centre of gravity, but no unbalanced rotation around this centre and no motion of this centre could be produced by their mutual action. In the same way, if two nebulæ, instead of parting company, as is commonly supposed, should continue to act on each other, they might by supposable forces or supposable conditions of gravitative action set each other into opposite rotations, like opposite vortices in water; or one nebulous mass might acquire opposite and balancing vortical movements in its internal and external parts. We throw out this hint for the benefit of our author and others who may be disposed to pursue the subject further.

Having staked his reputation on the mechanical thesis which we have examined, our author omits to consider, if indeed he is aware of, the several other mechanical difficulties which recent and more careful investigations of its mechanical conditions have found to beset the nebular hypothesis; such as the facts that the nebulous rings of this hypothesis could not have equal angular velocities or rates of revolution on their external and internal parts, and that, if broken at all, they would most likely be broken into many parts; and the fact that the planets or planetoids so formed would revolve on their axes in directions opposite the actual rotations of the real planets.

The author sacrifices the only real triumph, the most satisfactory result, of the nebular hypothesis, to another of his pet theories, in which at the present day he almost stands alone, namely, the theory that the origin of the heat and light of the sun and the stars is "chemical action." The "establishment" of this theory occupies the first part of his volume. The one triumph of the nebular hypothesis is the explanation it has afforded, in the hands of modern physicists, of the constant and almost unlimited production of light and heat by the sun, which the geological periods would appear to demand. If the sun can be regarded as at present in a state analogous to its supposed parent, the nebula, and to be still contracting, the falling force thus brought into action — which cannot, as our author erroneously supposes, be converted into rotation, but which must be exhibited by counter-currents or balanced motions about the centre, and finally be converted into heat — this falling force would be sufficient to supply all the energy expended by the sun's radiations if the contraction of the sun's diameter should only amount to one part in twenty millions in a year, a rate so slow as to be insensible in its effects on the sun's apparent diameter from the earliest observations to the present day. This conclusion is not a matter of conjecture or opinion, but matter of demonstration. All that is hypothetical about it is the supposed present contraction of the sun at the given rate. The rest follows according to the best ascertained and most universal of the laws of nature. But while holding to the hypothetical nebulous part of the proposition, as matter of certainty, our author ignores or is ignorant of its unavoidable conclusion; and holds to the "chemical theory" of the origin of cosmical light and heat, as the only adequate one, the only objections to which are "unfounded assumptions." He is confident of his readers' assent to this position, when they have duly weighed his arguments. Throughout he argues as if the subject were not, as it really is, involved in the densest obscurity. All that appears to him requisite for the establishment of the "chemical theory" is the removal of the objection which he discovers

to rest on "three unfounded assumptions." This objection is, that the chemical theory is inadequate, — that there is not fuel enough in the sun to support combustion for so long a period as the sun is known to have shone. This appears, first, from the known amounts of heat given out in combustion by known chemical elements and compounds; secondly, from the known conditions which modify these amounts; and thirdly, from the known limits of the matter of the sun which can be supposed to be combustible. The author sums up his answer as follows: —

"I have shown that this objection — the want of fuel in the sun — is unfounded; for it proceeds on the three unwarrantable assumptions. In opposition to the first assumption I have shown that it is possible, and even probable, that the materials of the sun, pound for pound, give out far more heat than those of the earth. In opposition to the second assumption I have shown that it is possible, and even probable, that, in the vastly different conditions of chemical action in the great central orb of our system, more heat may be given out by the very same materials than in our small furnaces. In opposition to the third assumption I have shown that it is possible, and even probable, that by the action of the physical forces at work in the process of chemical action and condensation, new fuel may be constantly prepared to keep alive the burning of the sun." — p. 205.

In other words, to the positions which are assumed in accordance with all that is certainly known of combustion, the author replies by assuming a great deal of which we know and can know nothing with certainty; and he calls this demonstration!

If we reason at all from science about the origin of things or about phenomena beyond the reach of scientific tests, we should confine ourselves to what we know most pertinent to the matter. If we may call in *ad libitum* what is "possible," or "even probable," on vague analogies, because we have not yet arrived, or cannot arrive, at any certainty, then we may as well free ourselves altogether from the limitations of science, and build as widely and freely as fancy may choose.

The author appears throughout his argument to regard the "objection" he combats as one supposed to disprove, instead of one which merely discredits, his theory. There is no question of absolute proof or disproof involved in the matter, and the real objection to his theory is untouched by his discussion. It is this. Chemical forces as we know them are not only inadequate, but vastly more inadequate for the production of cosmical light and heat than two other known sources of heat, under the *conditions* presented by the sun and similar cosmical masses. One of these sources would exist in the contraction of the sun's mass supposed by the nebular hypothesis, through the enormous falling force which would thus be brought into action; and the other

would have effect in the supposed fall to the sun of meteoric masses. Both of these, when tested mathematically in accordance with *known* laws of nature, are found to exceed vastly the known resources of combustion, even if we modify these as much as we can, in accordance with conditions known to affect them. Indeed, there is no real alternative between the chemical and the mechanical theories of cosmical light and heat. There is only a question of priority; and this should be decided, if decided at all, by what we know, and not by what we may be ignorant of.

We have no space to illustrate adequately the author's numerous and curious misstatements and errors in science; but one instance pertinent to the case in hand may suffice. He says: —

"The idea that by chemical action a pound of matter of any kind all over the universe, and under all possible physical conditions, must give only the same amount of heat as a pound of our charcoal burned in the open air, has been a very pleasing idea; but it it is rashly theoretical," &c. — p. 180.

This idea is not only rashly theoretical, but in direct contradiction to well-known and long-known determinations in chemical physics. Certainly no chemist could be pleased with it, and all that any one would venture to maintain at all resembling it is, that given quantities of given *kinds* of matter, of given densities and forms of aggregation, will under all known variations of other conditions produce in combustion determinate quantities of heat. And these are of such an order of magnitude as to discredit our author's theory, if speculation on such subjects be limited, as it should be, to reasonings from what we know, and in analogy with what we know.

But our author's positive grounds for his "chemical theory" are in reality theological. He says: —

"If there be any truth more plain than all others, it is that God, in creating, upholding, and governing the world, works by agencies and according to law, and that his process is invariably from the simple to the complex. [!] .... The chain of dependencies from the body of a man back through plants and compound minerals to the simple elements is a large one, interlinking many agencies and laws; and it is most irrational to say that in the original creation God began somewhere in the middle of this chain, — say with compound minerals. No! He began with the beginning; this is 'the way of the Lord.' He began with the simple elements, and combined them according to his ordained and combining laws!" — p. 62.

Again: —

"The simple elements were formed separately, and afterwards combined; because God has created a special agency called 'Chemical Force,' acting according to a complicated system of laws, whose object is to unite or combine these elements." — p. 63.

A few pages further on he says : —

" The simple elements were originally created separate, and afterwards combined by laws, because their creation in a compound state would have involved an infinite number of miracles, without any object for such miracles. . . . . To form a compound mineral otherwise than by the laws above given would be a miracle without any assignable object. It would be a miracle in mere idleness, the very thought of which is an impiety." — p. 65.

To our mind there is a much greater impiety in the confident manner in which the author thus pretends to a knowledge of God's ways and designs, and imputes his theory to the Almighty. We would not accuse him of a conscious impiety. Indeed, we are convinced that he is not the less pious, because his love of his theory is so much greater than his caution or his regard for the simple truths of fact. But one would naturally infer from his statements that he regards the great " reducing " processes of nature, and the processes by which chemists have discovered the " ultimate elements," as magical and diabolical ones, and analytical chemistry as still one of the " black arts." It would seem also, that heat, which decomposes many chemical compounds, and is probably able to decompose them all, works contrary to " the way of the Lord."

But in sober truth " the way of the Lord," so far as it can be known by the laws of physical science, is always and everywhere equally by process and counter-process. No chemical compound, known to be such, can exist, which is not decomposable by processes as natural and as much the ways of the Lord as those which our author regards as peculiarly divine. Moreover, the laws of mechanical and chemical physics point to no such simple beginning, and to no such progressive development of the universe as a whole, as are assumed, without warrant from science, in the nebular hypothesis. In one respect this hypothesis is legitimate and worthy of serious attention. In so far as it attempts to account, however inadequately in our present state of knowledge, for effects which are obviously of a physical origin, its claims to respect are clear. But as ordinarily presented and discussed, this hypothesis involves a problem and an assumption which are entirely foreign to science. Physical science knows no beginning, and from its own principles it has no right to presume one ; and it is quite out of its element when employed to simplify the universe " at the beginning," — to lessen the labor of Omnipotence ! — to reduce to its lowest terms the miracle of creation ! But this use of natural laws is an unconscious testimony to the aversion to miracles which scientific conceptions have engendered. In the merely physical explanations which the nebular hypothesis suggests, cosmologists like our author and Mr. Herbert

Spencer have little or no interest. They welcome it rather on account of its fancied solutions of problems quite foreign to science.

One other remarkable feature of our author's method deserves notice, a feature not unprecedented in efforts of the same sort, namely, the putting of a scientific question to a vote of "facts," on the principle, apparently, of free and impartial suffrage and numerical majorities. The "facts" which various theories "account for" are duly marshalled, paragraphed, and numbered by the author. Forty-seven facts prove the resemblance of the earth to the planets; twenty-three, that the fixed stars are suns; twenty-eight, the author's theory that the earth was once self-luminous like the sun. "Eight facts or classes of facts" prove his theory that the chemical elements were "formed during the period of nebular condensation." The chemical theory "accounts for" seventy-one facts, and gravity "accounts for" fifty-three free and independent facts in the solar system.

It must be confessed that the magnitude of these numbers is in many cases due to a want of entire independence among the "facts," and oftener to the circumstance that many of them are only interpretations of fact in accordance with theory. Some of the facts, moreover, need qualification, others confirmation, and nearly all lack that power of demonstration which the author attributes to them. Their strength lies in their numbers, but the genuine truths of science do not depend on such crude numerical inductions. One fact as well ascertained as the law of gravity might be sufficient to rout the whole seventy which the author's chemical theory "accounts for," without injury to the substantial merits of a single one; though it would hardly be able to do so if it depended on evidence no more cogent than the fifty-three which gravity accounts for, according to the author. In reality, gravity accounts with mathematical precision for as many thousands of facts, — facts of particular and direct observation. And this is the only kind of evidence which ought to be considered as a basis of physical demonstration.

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5. — *The Book of the Sonnet.* Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. 2 vols. pp. xiv., 340; vi., 343.

The Essay by Leigh Hunt, which fills the first ninety pages of this book, "On the Cultivation, History, and Varieties of the Species of Poem called the Sonnet," is a very charming little piece of literary work. It has the grace and refinement, the delicate literary tact, and the pleasant culture, which are characteristic of his best writing. The

subject was suited to his special genius, and lay within the range of his special information. "Fed of the dainties that are bred in a book," his finely cultivated taste fitted him to discourse appreciatingly of the daintiest of literary compositions; and the very artificiality which distinguishes the sonnet as compared with other and freer forms of poetry gave it a peculiar attraction to a poet the natural tendency of whose genius was rather to prettiness than to force. He was a genuine connoisseur of minor poetry, and he had a sympathetic enjoyment of it, half spiritual and half sensuous, which often gives a rare felicity to his critical judgments. He was a poetic *gourmet*, and relished keenly the old Madeira flavor in a sonnet, or the bouquet of the Green Seal Johannisberg in a song.

The Essay contains all that the general reader need know about the sonnet in Italian and English, but it gives us no account of the sonnet in France or Spain or Germany. Italy is, indeed, the native land of the sonnet, and outside of Italy it has flourished most and best in England. But it would have been worth while to tell something of the fate of the sonnet in other lands. In France at one time it was greatly cultivated, and occupied a large space in the field of literature. D'Olivet, in his entertaining History of the French Academy, tells us of the dispute which divided the court in regard to the comparative merits of a sonnet by Benserade on Job, and that to Urania by Voiture. "Two parties were formed which disputed greatly and decided nothing. One, under the name of the *Jobelins*, followed the standard of the Prince de Conti; and the other, under the name of the *Uranins*, had Madame de Longueville at its head." And M. Cousin, in his book on the "Youth of Madame de Longueville," enters into a full account of this great quarrel. Who can forget the charming scene in *Les Femmes Savantes*, in which Trissotin reads one of the absurd sonnets then in vogue to the ecstatic admiration of his bourgeois audience?

> "Et je pense qu'ici je ne ferai pas mal
> De joindre à l'epigramme, ou bien au madrigal,
> La ragout d'un sonnet qui, chez une princesse,
> A passé pour avoir quelque delicatesse."

Colletet, one of the original Academicians, a very poor poet, but a very fluent sonneteer, published in 1658 a treatise on the Sonnet, which is still the best existing book in French upon the subject, and is full of matter which would have pleasantly enriched Leigh Hunt's Essay. And surely the Essay ought to have contained the clever verses in which Boileau describes the nature and form of the sonnet: —

> "On dit, à ce propos, qu'un jour ce dieu bizarre, [Apollon]
> Voulant pousser à bout tous les rimeurs françois,

Inventa du sonnet les rigoureuses lois;
Voulut qu'en deux quatrains de mesure pareille
La rime avec deux sons frappât huit fois l'oreille;
Et qu'ensuite six vers artistement rangés
Fussent en deux tercets par le sens partagés.
Surtout de ce poëme il bannit la licence:
Lui-même en mesura le nombre et la cadence;
Défendit qu'un vers foible y pût jamais entrer,
Ni qu'un mot déja mis osât s'y remontrer.
Du reste il l'enrichit d'une beauté suprême:
Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme.
Mais en vain mille auteurs y pense arriver;
Et cet heureux phénix est encore à trouver."

But we have not space to go on with further illustrations of this sort to supply the omissions of the Essay. We must come back to the main topic.

The sonnet is a comparatively recent invention. It belongs to modern literature alone,* and it is one of the very few forms of poetic composition invented in modern times which possesses the elements of permanence. Its extreme artificiality is at once a test and a temptation, — a test, since it is only a true poet who can make artificiality serve the purposes of art; and a temptation, since the artificial construction — the mere form — can be easily built up and filled out with words by the simplest handicraftsman in verse. This distinction, which involves all the difference between poetic creation and mechanic production, is not marked with precision in Leigh Hunt's Essay. He was too fond of prettinesses and artifices and pleasant triflings to estimate them at their absolute value; and he was too much under the influence of the old traditional superstition which gives to mere cleverly compacted verse the title of poetry, as well as too broad and genial a liker, to refuse credit and authority to what professed to be poetry, though in reality but a base imitation of divine art. But he would hardly have retained the leniency of his temper had he been forced to read through the sonnets by American authors which his American coadjutor has brought together in the second volume. With the exception of a very few, — not a score, — it would be hard to find a series of more faded, lifeless, and imitative verses than these specimen American sonnets. The unreal character of these works of hard labor for writer and reader alike reminds us of the unreality of the sonneteering in Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The sonnet becomes a mere *jeu d'es-*

* In the Essay (page 8) it is said that the sonnet "made its first known appearance at the beginning of the twelfth century, and in Italy." Twelfth stands here for thirteenth. The earliest known sonnet is supposed to be one by Pietro della Vigna, whom all readers of the *Inferno* remember, who died in 1249.

prit, and the artificiality of its form is equalled, if not outdone, by the artificiality of the thoughts and feelings expressed in it. There is, indeed, a great lack of that facility of expression among our later sonneteers, which gives to the Italians, even of the lowest decline, a certain appearance of naturalness, if not of nature. The Italian sonnet flows. From beginning to end of *Le Tre Giuli*, Casti seems to write with entire fluency and ease. But such a *tour de force* as his two hundred sonnets is quite beyond the strength of our rhymesters.

Leigh Hunt expresses the hope that his work "may help to excite a disposition to the cultivation of the sonnet." The very phrase implies the artificiality which is at once the weakness and the strength of the sonnet. The frame of sonnets may be made and polished and filed out, but a sonnet that is to be really a poem is not to be "cultivated," as if it were a tulip or a carnation. It was when the sonnet was "cultivated" in Italy that it ran into the fantastic exuberance and puerile extravagances which were the delight of the rhymers of the fourteenth century, and of their successors, the Corydons and Phyllises of the Tuscan Arcadia. Leigh Hunt gives some account of the various triflings of the poetasters with iterating, retrograde, linked, tailed, and other sonnets; but Muratori, in his *Perfetta Poesia*, gives a fuller list of the varieties of the sonnet, taken from a Latin treatise on Italian Poetry by a Paduan judge, Antonio da Tempo, who wrote in the fourteenth century.* The old writer says: "Sonetorum 16 sunt species; scilicet: simplex, duplex, dimidiatus, caudatus, continuus, incatenatus, duodenarius, repetitus, retrogradus, semiliteratus, metricus, bilinguis, mutus, septenarius, communis, retornellatus," — and of each of these various forms he gives a specimen.

It is a pity that the fourth book of Dante's treatise *De Vulgari Eloquio*, in which he promised to give an account of the sonnet, has not come down to us, or was never written; for the rules of the first great master of the sonnet might have saved his degenerate successors from some of the errors into which they fell, and might at least have preserved some of them from the enervating influence of Petrarch's delightful but dangerous example. Dante's own sonnets have never been surpassed in truth of imagination, in grace, in harmony of thought with form; and Leigh Hunt remarks justly, that his superiority over Pe-

* Leigh Hunt in his Essay refers to this book of Muratori, and speaks of the author as "worth hearing on most points relating to poetry." But Muratori's critical judgment was by no means profound or refined. His taste, corrupted by that of his age, is often at fault; and his book is an immense mass of good and bad disquisition and comment, which few people — unless they be as idle lovers of poetry as Leigh Hunt himself — will ever read through. We have Hunt's own copy of the book before us, full of his manuscript notes.

trarch in the sonnet appears not only in respect to imagination, but in respect "of grace over elegance, that is to say, of the inner spirit of the beautiful over the outer; of unstudied as opposed to studied effect; of sentiment expressing itself wholly for its own sake, contrasted with sentiment selecting its words for the sake of the words also."

It is curious, as Leigh Hunt observes, that Chaucer, versed as he was in Italian literature, wrote no sonnets; but his three greatest successors among the English poets are happily our three chief sonneteers, and to each of them, but with especial fitness to Shakespeare, may be applied the words just used in regard to Dante. The apparently unstudied effects of Shakespeare's sonnets, the singularly simple and forcible expression of sentiment which they exhibit, as well as the abundance and truth of their imaginative spirit, give to them, notwithstanding their failure to comply with the strictest rules of form of the sonnet, a place as exceptional among sonnets as that which is held in the drama by his plays. Studied effects of diction are more obvious in Milton's sonnets, but they are natural to the quality of his thought and feeling, and rather enhance than diminish the power and truth of these little poems. Wordsworth's sonnets are far more unequal. The best of them are among his best poems, fine alike in conception and in expression, so that the very limits and artifice of form seem to be the choice of highest art, and means for the purest effect. But there are some among his sonnets in which the mechanical apparatus becomes visible, and mere rhetoric is substituted for poetry.

"Non hæc Calliope, non hæc tibi cantat Apollo."

The most unequal of great poets, Wordsworth lacked the sense of inspiration. He did not distinguish between the presence and the absence of the Muse, or between inspiration and the excitement of work. Let his example be a warning to those who set themselves to work to be poetical and to write sonnets. A man who has to work to be a poet will never be one, for poetry is the play and pleasure of all the faculties of the soul.

Our American writers of verse have worked hard at the sonnet, and their productions show the result. Let the would-be sonneteer lay to heart the fact, that, though there are rules for writing the sonnet, no *poem* was ever written by rule.

The volumes of this Book of the Sonnet are very prettily printed, and deserve a place in the choicest collection.

6. — *Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language.* By M. Schele de Vere, LL. D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. New York: Charles Scribner and Company. 1867. 12mo. pp. vi., 365.

The author of this work is best known to our literary community by a little volume entitled "Outlines of Comparative Philology," which he published in 1853, with the intent to bring before a wider circle of American students the general facts and principles, then not easily accessible, of the new science of language. The publication was a timely one, and, we doubt not, serviceable to the progress of philological study. He has now, as it may be conjectured, made use, in part, of the enforced leisure procured him by a state of affairs unfavorable to the active work of a University teacher, to continue his special studies in language, giving them a more determinate direction toward our own tongue; and he hastens, the moment that the embargo of war is taken off, to send abroad his new literary venture. The book deserves to be gratefully received and kindly judged; it will furnish its readers not a little entertainment and edification, and help to promote an interest in the general subject of which it treats.

But, saying this, we should be doing injustice to our readers if we failed to point out, at the same time, that these Studies in English are not in all points to be implicitly trusted as sound, thorough, and authoritative. To strictness of plan and scientific method, indeed, the work makes no pretence; it is a collection of somewhat desultory remarks, etymologies, and expositions, grouped together under certain leading ideas, rather than classified. We are, therefore, entitled to demand from it only the minor virtue of accuracy. Even here, however, it is not seldom found wanting. While the bulk of its word-genealogies are unexceptionable, it presents many which are of a very different character. We cite, as conspicuous examples, its derivation of the numeral *ten* from the Anglo-Saxon verb *tynan*, 'to close' (pp. 105, 261); of *brother* from *brood* (p. 148); of *sister* from *swain-ster* (p. 152); of *I* and *thou* from *one* and *two* (p. 241); of *he, her, hit* (Anglo-Saxon for 'he, she, it') from the verb *hætan*, 'to call' (p. 245); of *more* and *most* from the verb *to mow*, because "what was mown made a little heap" (p. 231); and of *to* as sign of the infinitive from the verb *do* (p. 282). This last, especially, is an error which it passes our comprehension how any modern philologist should be able to commit. In nearly all his etymologies of affixes, our author is eminently unsuccessful. Thus, he gets the *er* of such words as *lov-er* from the Anglo-Saxon noun *wer*, 'man' (p. 146); the *some* of *handsome*, etc. from *sum*, 'quantity,' which is of Latin deri-

vation (p. 226); the *y* of *leaf-y* (German *ig*, Latin *icus*, Greek *ikos*) from the (Greek and Latin) verb *ago* (p. 223); the endings of comparison, *er* and *est*, from *ere*, 'earlier,' and *erst*, 'earliest' (p. 230); *an* of the Anglo-Saxon infinitive (German *en*), from *agan*, 'to own' (p. 280).

Among errors of a more general theoretical character may be instanced the following. The distinction of grammatical gender, we are told (p. 186), belongs either to childish nations, like the Algonquins, or to such as are troubled with a redundant fancy, like the Germans; while the English, who, "as a people, are no longer children, nor endowed with unnatural liveliness of imagination, ... have abandoned gender as they approached maturity." Something of the native German fantasy, not yet fully worked out, is to to be seen, we think, in this explanation. It is rather hard upon the Germans to make them personally responsible for that artificial distinction of masculines, feminines, and neuters, which was part of the original sin of the Indo-European family, and which they have simply inherited and perpetuated, in company with most of the other peoples who speak Indo-European tongues. Nor is our abandonment of this department of grammar to be credited to any peculiarly philosophic spirit in us, the English-speaking people, but rather to that sweeping obliteration of formal distinctions which attended the growth of our language out of its Saxon and Norman elements. Again, *its* is said (p. 251) to have been wanting in Old English, "because, as soon as a thing was regarded as the possessor of another thing, it became to that extent personified, and the personal pronouns *his* and *her* were employed." It seems as if our author must have taken this explanation from Dean Alford, among whose many blunders it is one of the more striking.* An Anglo-Saxon scholar and teacher like Professor Schele de Vere certainly ought to know that the reason for the use of *his* instead of *its* in early English is purely an historical one, *his* having been in Anglo-Saxon the regular genitive case of both *he* and *hit* (our *it*). Once more, our author appears (p. 319) to assent to a charge brought against us by Max Müller, (certainly without any sufficient reason,) to the effect that the use of *very* in place of *much* before a participle — as in "he is *very* pleased," "they are *very* mistaken" — is an Americanism; and he ascribes the inaccuracy to a highly recondite and metaphysical cause; — the Englishman's tendency, namely, is to worship wealth, abundance, as indicated by *much;* while the American rather admires power, vigor, signified by *very!*

Another inaccuracy which, from being a mere Hibernicism or Southernism (pardon the word), is threatening to become an Americanism,

* See North American Review, Vol. CIII. p. 566, for October, 1866.

so fast is it spreading through all classes of all sections of our country, — we mean the use of *will* and *would* in the first person, instead of *shall* or *should*, — is well remarked upon by our author (p. 307); but his practice is not quite level with his theory. We note a number of instances in the volume where the true idiom is violated. Thus (p. 17), we read, "we *would* err grievously, however, if we were to conclude"; again (p. 140), "if we go back .... we *will* there find"; — and so on. Perhaps Professor Schele de Vere's proof-reader is to blame here more than he himself. We refer to the case because it ought to be a warning to us, and an incitement to new and more vigorous fight against this insidious corruption, to find its effects even showing themselves in a treatise on the English language by an eminent philological scholar.

Much of what M. Schele de Vere says respecting the question of phonetic spelling is well judged and good; but it is difficult to understand how he should have allowed himself to make such assertions as (pp. 65, 66) that, if the form of our words "were to follow the sound, there would soon not a single trace be left of the language used by our forefathers"; and that, if people had begun a thousand years ago to spell as they pronounced, "nobody would have had either the courage or the time to attempt mastering the history of our language." We have seen such statements put forth by English reviewers, bent on ridiculing and frowning down the phonetic movement, and have thought them not out of place; but we did not expect to find the echo of them in this book, and we feel sure that its author will retract them with somewhat of regret, if not of shame, on sober second-thought. They are too absolutely groundless to deserve a serious refutation. The integrity of English speech and the possibility of English etymologizing are no more dependent on our so-called (and miscalled) "historic spelling," than the integrity of the British Constitution on the exclusion of Jews from Parliament, or the possibility of American culture on the slavery of the negro.

Our author allows his somewhat exaggerated reverence for Max Müller's authority to lead him into error, when he tells us (p. 8) that, outside of China, Africa, and America, "there are in the whole kingdom of speech but three grammatical families, to which every known dialect can be referred with unerring certainty," — the three being the Semitic, Indo-European ("Aryan"), and "Turanian." There has hardly been a greater disservice rendered to the science of linguistic ethnology in a long time past, than the introduction into it by Bunsen and Müller of the term "Turanian," and the classification which it represents, — a true classification of ignorance, the "Turanian" family

being the *barathrum* into which are tumbled all languages of which the classifier does not know enough to distinguish them from one another by characteristic qualities.

It would puzzle a student of final causes, we imagine, to point out the possible "good purpose" for which a wise Providence has concealed from our eye the first origin of language (p. 8). The concealment is of that same mysterious kind which hides from the grown-up man all memory and consciousness of the processes by which, when an infant, he first gained command of his hands and feet. Some may claim, indeed, that it consists merely in the oblivion of what happened so long ago, and that no more real mystery envelops the beginnings of human speech than those of the other departments of human culture; and in this prosaic, not to say materialistic, school we must confess that we are inclined to rank ourselves.

The very first sentence of the book strikes a tone which rings on more or less distinctly to its close, and always, or almost always, jars upon our ear: "The youngest of all European idioms, our great and noble language has yet spread farthest over the globe, and now rules the world without a rival." The disposition to exalt without stint, in loose and swelling phrase, our native language, as the most wonderful and truly perfect of all human tongues, is what we cannot help taking objection to. Both the assertions of this sentence, its claim of unexcelled youth, and of unrivalled sovereignty, need a great deal of limitation and explanation before they can be accepted as true. Predilection for one's mother-tongue is one of the most ancient, universal, and obstinate of human prejudices, national or individual; and a philologist, who has had occasion to learn that different tongues have different advantages, no one idiom combining them all, ought to err, if anywhere, on the side of a cautious abstinence from pandering to this popular prejudice by wholesale praise. We will not yield to Professor De Vere in a heartfelt appreciation and admiration of the English language; but, at the same time, we feel that in his extolment of it there is rank adulation, and marked injustice to other tongues. Our faith in the solid excellence, the beautiful culture, and the indefinite adaptability of the English is so strong, that we are not in the least anxious to claim every one of its peculiar features as an inimitable perfection, or afraid to allow the superiority of many a foreign tongue in this or that respect. There is not a cultivated language on the earth which might not be praised as unqualifiedly by one of its writers as is our own by Professor De Vere, amid the general and lively applause of those to whom it is native; and the philologist should beware how he seem to place himself in the position of those British table-orators who, it is said, when

not sure of the interest and sympathy of their hearers, manage to bring in allusions to the Queen and the royal family, in order that the glow of feeling and the applause which such allusions always draw forth from the ready loyalty of the Briton may tend to put speaker and audience on good terms with one another.

We will direct attention to only a single other point in regard to which our author shows a less degree of caution than would have been desirable. He enters not infrequently into detailed exposition of the process by which the Saxon and Norman idioms were fused together, and the new English speech elaborated; and he does this with a degree of ready confidence which could hardly be greater if he had lived through the whole period of transition, and been present in the thousands of homes, neighborhoods, and communities in which the work was accomplished. Now the problem is one of the most difficult and obscure of those which lie before the linguistic student for solution. Even the ordinary and normal processes of linguistic life are so hidden from sight, are dependent upon the joint and mutual workings of such an infinity of individual forces, that we have to be in the main content with recording their effects, and setting forth the general laws which they illustrate. And when the linguist has to deal with a case so exceptional as that presented by the English in the period of its rapid grammatical disintegration, and its infusion with new and foreign material, when he has a true revolution in language to account for, he is urged also to exceptional modesty and self-distrust. We are sure that those who have studied the subject most earnestly and deeply will be the most backward in claiming that its intricacies lie open to their comprehension. Our author takes the matter quite too easily; nothing daunts or puzzles him; he has a facile answer ready for every question that arises. But he not only fails to win us to confidence in the views he presents; we cannot even feel that he contributes anything appreciable to the general understanding of the subject; we distrust his method, and fail to see a necessary connection between the conditions he describes and the results claimed to follow from them.

We fear, however, that the length, unexpected to ourselves, to which our remarks and criticism have been extended, may give the impression of a more unfavorable judgment than we have any intention of passing upon the book as a whole. We highly respect and value Professor Schele de Vere's exertions in the cause of philology, and hope that, both in the seat of learning which is the scene of his personal labors, and before the general public whom he addresses through his books, he will long continue to stand forth as an inciter and guide to wider and profounder studies in English.

7.— *The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula.* By CARL RITTER. Translated and adapted to the Use of Biblical Students by WILLIAM L. GAGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. xiv., 451, 418, 396, 410.

IT is not pleasant to see on the title-page of any professedly scientific work that it has been "adapted to the use of Biblical students." This statement hints that something has been suppressed that might contradict received dogmas, or shake the faith of the believer; that there have been prudent omissions of things which orthodox Biblical students ought not to see or hear. In the instance of the substantial book before us, we are assured by the translator that Ritter was a sincere "Christian," unlike, in this respect, so many of the German "men of science." The inference is, that, as a Christian geographer, he would not allow the results of scientific investigation to disturb the current ideas of inspiration and the traditions of the Church. The translator, however, confesses that Ritter did not intend to make his account of Palestine "a commentary on the Bible"; that, in spite of "his paramount interest in all that illustrates the Bible, this work is a part of his colossal Geography of Asia, and that it did not enter into his plan to make the volumes on Syria Biblical, any more than it did those on Arabia or Asia Minor." The translator, an American clergyman of varied experience in the wants of his class, has, nevertheless, undertaken to do what the author did not intend; and the result is that we have a work in which we are uncertain how much is Gage and how much is Ritter. The plan of "condensation" which the translator has adopted might have gone a great deal further. A good deal of matter is still retained that is of no special interest to Biblical students, and has nothing to do with the Bible. The four octavos might have been compressed into two, and called "an abridgment." The scientific reader will wish of this translated work that there were more of it, while the merely Biblical student will wish that there were less of it, and will be annoyed that he has to skip so much in his reading. He will look in vain, moreover, for the discussion of some important Scriptural geographical questions which have recently engaged the attention of scholars.

The work before us is, however, not destitute of striking merits. It is interesting. The English idiom is good, and there is but small trace of the German style. We are not vexed by a multitude of Hebrew and Arabic names in the Semitic type. The "Discursions" give picturesqueness and variety. The most important questions are those which are most thoroughly discussed. The arrangement is methodical; and the indexes, both of subjects and texts, are very full. The volumes con-

tain a great deal of matter, — almost the substance of a library. On the other hand, the American Ritter has some striking defects. There are no maps to illustrate any part of the text, — no map of Sinai, no map of Palestine, no map of the Jordan Valley, or of the region around Jerusalem. The translator's reason for not reproducing the maps of Ritter's original work is, that they are "utterly unworthy of being associated with his great name." But even poor maps are better than none; and readers will not agree with the translator, that the book will not "suffer by their omission." This is precisely the kind of work in which a map is constantly needful; and it is small comfort to the reader who has paid his fourteen dollars to be told that excellent maps accompany other works which "are within the reach of most students." Those who have Robinson, Tristram, and Stanley already will not need to buy Ritter. It would have been wiser to delay the publication of the work until Kiepert's excellent "Wall Map" could have been "adapted" to the size of the book, and to have copied some of the smaller maps of Stanley. As it is, the reader must read with Ritter's volume in one hand and Stanley's in the other, — a fatiguing and vexatious mode of study.

Then, again, Ritter's Geography is a *mosaic*, and has not the unity, the order, or the consistency of an original work. It patches together the accounts and opinions of other writers, geographers, naturalists, travellers, and pilgrims in such a way as to confuse the reader, and make it impossible for him to come to a sure conclusion. It is a gathering and selection from many narratives, but in no sense a *fusion* of these narratives into a connected and homogeneous story. Ritter has some favorite authorities, — Niebuhr, Burckhardt, Seetzen, Russegger, and, above all, the American Robinson; he means to use these authorities wisely and impartially, but they speak for themselves in his narratives as much as in their own books. The work is a Thesaurus, rather than a digested treatise, and for that reason we ought to have the whole of it, rather than an abridgment. More than this, the work is "behind the time." It was finished fifteen years ago, and in these fifteen years many new works of value have appeared, and many important discoveries have been made. Barclay has written his monograph on the City of the Great King, opening caverns under the hill of Besetha. Thomson has given the results of twenty years of travel and residence in Syria. Tobler and Strauss and Frankl and De Saulcy have published minute investigations concerning places and races. And the indefatigable Sepp has put forth his strong defence of the traditions, — fortifying his positions by his amazing learning. The list of works which the translator appends to the author's bibliography of Palestine, bringing it

down to the last year, only makes the deficiency more evident, and seems to carry Ritter back almost to Maundrell and Maundeville. It is provoking to know how much we might gain from these numerous authorities, some of whom, at least, throw light upon questions that the earlier writers leave unsettled. The translator's notes by no means remedy the defect. He refers us to the later writers, taking it for granted that we have them at hand; but with the best of the writers he shows no acquaintance. It is evident that he has made no special or thorough study of the subject on which, following his author and teacher, he discourses. Neither Ritter nor Gage shows any sign of having visited the lands which they describe. All their acquaintance with Sinai and Palestine is at second-hand; and no apologetic reasoning can make this a recommendation of their work.

Another annoying peculiarity of the work is its frequent contradictory statements, not merely in matters where different observers may reasonably differ, but in simple matters of fact. For instance, on page 210 of the second volume we are told that De Berton gives the depression of the surface of Lake Huleh as *eighteen and a half feet below* the level of the Mediterranean." On page 225, in the next chapter, we read that, according to the "barometrical measurements (of Von Wildenbruch), at Jacob's Bridge, the water level of Lake Huleh does not vary much from a *hundred feet above* the sea (according to De Berton, *three hundred and twenty-two* Paris feet)." How shall these statements be reconciled? On page 355, Vol. II., Von Schubert is made to say that the Dead Sea is only five hundred and ninety-eight feet below the Mediterranean! On page 14 of Vol. IV. we have an extraordinary notice of "the very accurate map of Jerusalem published by the English government and prepared by the engineers Aldrich and Symonds," on "a scale of *four hundred feet to the mile*"! To exhibit such a map would require a wall five hundred feet in length and three hundred feet in height. Where is that curious exhibition to be found, and how many copies of that monster map were "published"? On page 26, Vol. IV., there is a large error in computing the relative heights of Bethel and Nebi Samuel. On page 354 we are told that the promontory of Carmel "runs *eastward* into the Mediterranean, close by the mouth of Kishon." Other mistakes of this kind might be specified. Some of these, doubtless, are due to the carelessness of the translator or the proof-reader. There are mistakes of orthography in the Arabic article, and in the names of towns and places. But it is remarkable that there are so few, when we consider that the author was not and the translator is not acquainted with the Arabic language.

The volumes are of unequal value. In our judgment, the first is

much the best. This treats of the Sinaitic Peninsula. The chapter on Ophir is a very full discussion and examination of the various theories and arguments of the writers on that vexed question. The decision of Ritter is that India is Ophir, though it is not a very positive decision. On the question of Sinai he is less thorough, and the argument in favor of Serbal is imperfectly presented. The theory of Lepsius is alluded to, but not fairly weighed. In the second volume we have an excellent sketch of Palestinian literature, with a still finer critical summary in the Appendix, translated from the list of Titus Tobler. The sketch of the primitive tribes of Canaan is too slight to be of much value; and the more minute description of the Jordan Valley is too diffuse and has too many digressions. The third volume is given to the Dead Sea, Southern Judæa, and the land of the Philistines. The fourth volume to Jerusalem, Sharon, Samaria, and Galilee. The text of these volumes adds nothing of importance to the knowledge of the land which the travellers of the last twenty years have given. And we may say as much of the notes of the translator. Nearly all of these might be omitted with no loss to the reader. It is of no importance to know how many "friends" the translator has among the eminent scholars of Germany; he has made in the Preface due acknowledgments, and his tributes at the foot of the pages are superfluous. The discussion of the "manna" in the long note on page 287 of Vol. I. is an instance of the pietistic style of note-making. The manna was a natural production, the miracle being only in the enlargement of the supply, — a small quantity feeding a great multitude. The view that manna was a vegetable product does not, the translator thinks, "detract one whit from the greatness of God's power and mercy; it even exalts it, by allowing us who live in these latter days not only to look upon the kind of food which actually fed the people of God in their wanderings, but also to notice how bare and scanty was the supply out of which God created such a rich and lasting abundance."

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8. — *A Historical Inquiry concerning Henry Hudson, his Friends, Relatives, and Early Life, his Connection with the Muscovy Company, and Discovery of Delaware Bay.* By John Meredith Read, Jr. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1866.

General Read has attempted in this Inquiry to penetrate the darkness which shrouds the early life of Henry Hudson, the great English navigator. Hudson is the author, as it is now proved, of the theory of the great open Polar Sea. He did as much for Arctic dis-

covery as any seaman of them all has done. He discovered the vast inland sea which bears his name, and the great river of New York. Yet all that we really know of his life, until the publication of this curious monograph of General Read, was comprised between the 19th of April, 1607, when he and his crew partook of the Lord's Supper before sailing for the Northern seas in that voyage in which he discovered Spitzbergen, and the 21st of June, 1611, when a mutinous crew left him with eight companions in an open boat in Hudson's Bay. Such reticence of history has always seemed surprising; for, as Dr. Sparks has said, when Hudson first appears to us he is already a "scientific and professed navigator, and ranks with the most distinguished seamen of his age."

General Read has now thrown a good deal of light on the probable training of Henry Hudson, and of the families to one of which he must have belonged. He shows concluslvely that Henry Herdson, so called, spoken of by Hakluyt as early as 1555, is properly to be called Henry Hudson. This Henry Hudson is actually the person named in Queen Mary's charter as one of the founders and first assistants of the Muscovy or Russia Company. He was an Alderman of London, a leading man in mercantile affairs, and died in the year the Muscovy Company was founded. General Read gives a very curious account of the ceremonies at his funeral. Attacking then, with great gallantry, the names of eight sons and three daughters of Henry Hudson, he tries to get a clew to the ancestry of Henry Hudson the discoverer. He follows through all the mazes of Herdson, Herdsun, Herdsone, Herdsoun, Heardson, Hardson, Hudson, Hodson, Hoddeson, Hodshon, Hodgson, Hodgeson, Hudgeson, Hogsdon, Hogeson, Hodison, Hodesdon, Hoddesdon, Hoddesdonn, Hoddesden, Huddesdon. He is not even dismayed when an Edward turns into an Edmund, or a Henry does not appear on a genealogical tree, but patiently gives us the history of the great Muscovy Company, — then of Christopher Hudson, who was many years in its employ, and for many more was its Governor, — finds Captain Thomas Hudson of Mortlake, and Captain Thomas Hudson of Limehouse, — catches John Hudson in the disguise of John Hodgdon among the Virginia adventurers, and satisfies himself thus that his hero was trained in that admirable school of adventure which the Muscovy Company furnished for young men.

The fatal link, much to be desired by a student so enthusiastic, which connects our Henry Hudson, one of the greatest of Vikings, with these old sea-dogs of English mercantile adventure, is yet to be found; unless, indeed, it has been already found by General Read's unflinching assiduity before these words meet the reader's eye. His admirable study of the

commercial history of England for the last half of the sixteenth century furnishes a very satisfactory picture of the circumstances of society and adventure in which Henry Hudson of Hudson's Bay grew up to his great career. In the midst of the Shakespeares and Jonsons and Sidneys, scarcely separated from them by the Raleighs and Walsinghams and Southamptons, here were the Hudsons, Chancellors, Gilberts, and Frobishers, worthy companions indeed of the courtier, the philosopher, or the poet. From the midst of such a cluster, the very year that Newport and Smith sailed for James River, Henry Hudson sailed for Spitzbergen. In four years more he had again and again traversed the most northern seas. He had looked in at Newport News, had discovered Delaware Bay and Hudson's River, and that great inland sea which bears his name and is his monument.

It is to be hoped that, with the new authorities which General Read hopes to find in England, he may work up the whole subject into a complete biography of the great navigator. In this discourse he passes over only too briefly those passages of his life which have been fully treated before. But Hudson's journal and the other records of his adventure, though brief, furnish a great deal that has curious interest to Americans, and, when treated by the critical care everywhere apparent in this discourse, will make a narrative of great interest. Since the publication of Mr. Cleveland's Life of Hudson in Sparks's Library of American Biography, which was at best but an abridgment of quite full material, the Dutch archives have yielded a good deal to the details of his career; Dr. Asher, in his valuable monograph in the Hakluyt publications, has cleared up some points of curious interest; and in General Read's own researches in English local history we have much additional matter which should be wrought in, with the rest, into one full and connected narrative.

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9. — *A Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament. With an Introduction giving a short History of Hebrew Lexicography.* By Dr. Julius Fuerst. Third Edition, improved and enlarged, containing a Grammatical and Analytical Appendix. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, D. D. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1867. 8vo. pp. xxxv., 1511.

To give a critical estimate of a new Lexicon, in comparison with previous ones, is an unwelcome task; since, in order to be satisfactory to the writer, it requires an amount of labor and time which few have to spare. It may be as well to state in the outset, that our estimate of this work of Fuerst rests on an occasional use of it since the time of

its publication, nine years ago, and on a comparison of some of its articles, in the new translation, with those of Gesenius. We state this, that the reader who can afford to buy only one Lexicon may not attach too much value to our judgment.

Dr. Fuerst was favorably known as a Hebrew scholar by the publication, in 1840, of his valuable Hebrew Concordance, which contained also a brief lexicon, and showed considerable acquaintance with Rabbinical lore. In preparing his Lexicon he has had the advantage, not only of the labors of his illustrious predecessor Gesenius, whose work has been so generally used as a standard for the last half-century, but also of the light which has been shed upon Hebrew philology and interpretation by the searching inquiries of such Hebrew scholars as Ewald, Hupfeld, Bertheau, Hitzig, and others, with which he is evidently well acquainted. It cannot be doubted that the author's qualifications as to learning are ample, and it is our opinion that he has produced a valuable Lexicon, one which in some respects and in regard to some words will give more satisfaction than that of Gesenius. We are very glad that it has been translated by so competent a scholar as Dr. Davidson. So far as we have examined, his renderings of the German have been found correct. The work will undoubtedly be very acceptable to American scholars.

Having said thus much in favor of the work, we must in justice add that we have strong doubts whether, on the whole, this Lexicon is preferable to that of Gesenius, which has so long enjoyed the confidence of scholars in this country and in Europe. To make a good Lexicon as a guide to students of the Old Testament, one in which so many phrases and sentences are explained as in those of Gesenius and Fuerst, a good deal more depends on philological tact and exegetical judgment than on mere learning or peculiar views of etymology, to which, in his Introduction, the author seems to us to attach undue importance. In the Lexicon, also, some of the meanings assigned to what he calls organic roots seem to us quite forced. In general ability and in judgment as an interpreter, Gesenius is, in our opinion, far superior to Fuerst. We have not time and space for extended illustration of this remark, but will refer only to a few words.

Fuerst is the first Hebrew lexicographer with whom we are acquainted who has assigned the meaning *intelligence*, or *reason*, to עֶלֶם, in Eccl. iii. 11. This rendering appears to us unnecessary, unwarranted, and purely conjectural. The author refers to Exod. xxxvi. 2. But how putting *wisdom*, חָכְמָה, into the heart, proves עֶלֶם to mean *wisdom*, or *intelligence*, it passes our comprehension to perceive. Dr. Fuerst himself says, "It is unnecessary to read עֵלֶם = Arabic *'ilm*."

Certainly it is not only unnecessary, but unallowable. For why should a Hebrew writer use an Arabic word when there were two or three Hebrew ones, such as בִּינָה, חָכְמָה, &c., by which he might express his meaning? Besides, if we may trust Freytag's Arabic Lexicon, علم, *'ilm*, does not mean the faculty of *intelligence*, or *reason*, but *learning*, *science*, in the objective sense, such as the science of physics, mathematics, &c. The rendering of our common version, which is that of Gesenius, is far more probable. It is also much better suited to the connection. For it is not the doctrine of the Preacher, nor of the Scriptures generally, that *with* intelligence, or reason, a man can find out *all* which God doeth, from beginning to end.

Under the term אָב, Dr. Fuerst says: "In the honorary Messianic title אֲבִי עַד, Is. ix. 5, it should be translated, *Father*, i. e. *God of eternity, the Eternal*, as χρόνου πατήρ in the *Orphics* means Saturn-Hercules." If Dr. Fuerst had attended more to the Hebrew idiom, and to the connection, than to the *Orphics*, he would have been satisfied with the rendering found in our common version, which is that of Gesenius, *everlasting father*, in the sense of perpetual father of his people. So in Hab. iii. 6, הַרְרֵי עַד, *everlasting mountains*.

Under the word אֱלוֹהַּ, Dr. Fuerst says that כִּסְאֲךָ אֱלֹהִים (Ps. xlv. 6, Heb. 7), may denote *thy elevated throne*, and אֱלֹהִים אֱלֹהֶיךָ (ibid. verse 8), *thine exalted God*. To be sure, he introduces this meaning with a "perhaps," but he gives no other interpretation of the words. This seems to us the most indefensible meaning which has been assigned to that disputed passage. The rendering of Gesenius is preferable.

Under the same word, the rendering, *To whom God brings it with his own hand*, seems to us not nearly so well suited to the connection as that of Gesenius, *Who carry their God in their hand* (Job xii. 6).

Under חָזָה, by a purely conjectural root-meaning, having not the least support from *usus loquendi*, he gives a sense to the word חָזוּת in Is. lvii. 8, which we have not seen, and hope we shall not see, in any other writer. To the same root, חָזָה, he assigns still another meaning, and equally unsupported by Hebrew usage, in Job. viii. 17. We hope we attach a just value to etymology in helping to assign a probable meaning to an ἅπαξ λεγόμενον, or a word of very rare occurrence. But we protest against its usurping the place of the *usus loquendi* in assigning a meaning to very common words, though it may sometimes throw light upon it.

It will thus be seen that, while we have a very valuable work in the Lexicon of Fuerst, it does not follow that the excellent one of Gesenius should give place to it. Let public libraries and individuals who can

afford it have both; but if we could possess only one of them, we should hesitate much before giving up the work of Gesenius for that of Fuerst.

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10. — 1. *Later Lyrics.* By JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 326.
2. *Poems.* By ELIZABETH AKERS (Florence Percy). Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 16mo. pp. 251.
3. *Poems.* By AMANDA T. JONES. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 12mo. pp. 203.
4. *The Women of the Gospels: The Three Wakings, and other Poems.* By the Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1867. 12mo. pp. 275.

OF the volumes whose titles are here set forth, the first two in order are also the first two in character. Mrs. Howe's verses, however, are very unequal. Those of Mrs. Akers, on the other hand, maintain throughout the same level of unassuming good taste. If Mrs. Howe is occasionally unsuccessful, it is because she is urged by a generous ambition and a more imperious fancy. The titles of some of her pieces will give a notion of the heights to which she sometimes aspires. Here are several in succession: "Philosophy," "Kosmos," "First Causes," "The Church," "The Christ." It is true that, on examination, we find these great topics to be dealt with in a more cursory fashion than might have been apprehended. The first-named piece, for instance, is a declaration of the author's willingness to share, for the sake of its glorious compensation, the discredit and discomfort attached to the pursuit of philosophy. The poet forgets that this is no longer the age in which Galileo was imprisoned, or Bruno was burned, and that indeed as a generation we are nothing if not philosophical. Of the second of the pieces just cited our most lively impression is that the sun is there assumed to be of the feminine gender. But besides these, Mrs. Howe handles an immense variety of profane subjects, and with very various felicity. She is most successful, to our mind, when her theme is simple and objective, as in the case of the War Poems which open the volume; although even the effect of the very best of these is marred by the introduction of some recondite fancy or some transcendental allusion. The fifth stanza of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is an instance in point. The first four stanzas are rapid and passionate; the last is cold-blooded and literary, and utterly at odds with the dignity of the Republic in whose name the whole is spoken. So in the lyric entitled "Our Orders," we regret that the author should not have suppressed

the obscurely worded invocation to the "Sibyl Arts." The absence of any such impertinent matter in the "Harvard Students' Song," together with the animated measure of the poem, give it, in our opinion, the first place among the author's patriotic verses. Very forcible, too, are several of the series entitled "Lyrics of the Street," especially the little poem called "The Fine Lady." Under the head of "Poems of Study and Experience," Mrs. Howe has included three morsels of blank verse, — "studies," we ought perhaps to call them, in the fashion of the day, — which we fancy to have been inspired by certain of the pregnant monologues of Robert Browning. One of these compositions is a soliloquy by the Emperor Caligula,

> "the monster Caius, loathed of men,
> Him whose foul record women may not read."

It was a bold undertaking on the part of Mrs. Howe, in view of the fact here asserted, to unveil the heart of the profligate Roman; and it is perhaps, after all, to the credit of her fancy that her effort has fallen short of the mark. The same may be said of her attempt to reconstruct the character of the Emperor Claudius, whose

> "Tastes in blood were moderate, but nice."

Mrs. Howe's prevailing fault is that she is too vague, too general, too lax; and it requires a more constant patience of facts, of linear divisions, and of shades of meaning, than properly belongs to her genius, to call back into being phases of life and of character so alien to our actual circumstances as the humors of Claudius and Caligula.

Mrs. Akers, as we have said, sails much nearer to the shore. She is fluent, pensive, and tender, and exhibits a very genuine love for physical nature, and a sympathy with its slighter phenomena, which in Mrs. Howe's volume is almost conspicuous by its absence. "Violet Planting," "Spring at the Capitol," and "Among the Laurels," are all good examples of graceful versification. They are nowhere disfigured by that painful straining for effect, that ludicrous dislocation of the members of the phrase, which we are apt to encounter in the compositions of writers in whom the poetic heat is not intense. Mrs. Akers is content to gather the thoughts and images that are within easy reach, and such as will subsist on good terms with her vocabulary. Occasionally her fancy and her language are charmingly mated. Speaking, for instance, of the indifference of Nature to the civil strife of men, she writes: —

> "When blood her grassy altar wets,
> She sends the pitying violets
> To heal the outrage with their bloom,
> And cover it with soft regrets."

Of the two remaining volumes on our list it is hard to write many words. Miss Jones is patriotic, bellicose, and slightly erudite; but both in her patriotic and her domestic pieces she is verbose and rhetorical, rather than earnest and truly lyrical. We confess to a lively mistrust of collections of verse presenting a frequent recurrence of those metres which require twice the breadth of the page. The chief merit of a great deal of the versification of the day lies in the brevity of its lines, as compared to the line of prose; but this merit is absent from Miss Jones's pages. They present a most formidable and impartial diffusion of matter. We conjecture that the praise most after this lady's heart would be the bestowal upon her performance of the epithet "spirited." This epithet we cordially concede. It is decidedly spirited, for example, on the part of a soldier's mother, to speak of being "impaled" by terror as to her son's fate. Miss Jones's analogies and metaphors are throughout of a terrible description. "Ghouls," "fiends," "tigers," and "scorpions" all play a prominent part. Occasionally, however, Miss Jones imparts a singular subtlety to her portrayal of terrible sensations; as when she represents the cry of the whippoorwill as "taxing the sense with a dulcitude fearfully keen."

The poetic style of the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," on the other hand, is colorless to a fault. Her work is essentially common, destitute alike of the fervor of piety and the graces of poetry. We should be sorry to impugn the sincerity of the author's devotional feelings; but if devotional poetry owes something to religion, it also owes something to art, or at least to taste; and when it is indifferent to art and taste, it suffers the penalty of being unreadable.

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11. — *The Constitutional Convention, its History, Powers, and Modes of Proceeding.* By John Alexander Jameson, Judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, and Professor of Constitutional Law, etc. in the Law Department of Chicago University. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. xix., 561.

Many books have been written to expound the Constitution of the United States and those of the several States, but Mr. Jameson is the only person who has attempted to set forth the rules which govern and limit the conventions which have formed these constitutions; and what Mr. Jameson has attempted to do he has done well. We put down his book convinced that he has collected all that is valuable from the records of the various conventions, that he has used his material aptly, and that to the authority of precedents he has often added the weight of a sound

opinion and judgment of his own. This book would be a very valuable one at any time; but now, when the people of ten States are to make new or remodel their old constitutions, it contains matter of especial interest and importance, not only for those who are to make new constitutions, but for those who have declared that those constitutions shall be of a certain character. Though there have been already more than one hundred and fifty constitutional conventions held in the United States, yet so different have been the circumstances under which they have been called, and so powerful the influences of the political parties which, for the time, have controlled them, that even now many of the rules which should govern them are undetermined.

It is important to understand the author's distinction between a Revolutionary and a Constitutional Convention. The former he defines as a part of the apparatus of revolution. It consists of men who, in times of political crisis, assume or have cast upon them provisionally *the functions of government.* They either supplant or supplement the existing governmental organization. In short, a revolutionary convention is simply a provisional government. Most of the conventions of this sort which have been held in this country assembled in the course of our two civil revolutions, — those of 1776 and 1861. The other class of conventions are constitutional, not simply as having for their object the framing or amending of constitutions, but as being within rather than without the pale of fundamental law; as ancillary and subservient, and not hostile and paramount to it. They are worked by the side and at the call of a government pre-existing and intended to survive them, for the purpose of administering to its special needs. A revolutionary convention may digest and enact amendments to a constitution, and yet not become constitutional. But if a constitutional convention presumes to overpass the limits imposed by its commission, by custom, or by the maxims of political prudence, and to do acts requiring the exercise of a revolutionary discretion, it ceases to be constitutional, and becomes in the eye of the law, *ab initio*, a revolutionary convention. The confounding the distinction between these two conventions has been the origin of dangerous misconception.

To show where the power to make and amend constitutions resides, Judge Jameson defines sovereignty. It is indefeasible and indivisible; but the sovereign body is not so. Sovereignty itself is inalienable; but the *exercise* of sovereignty may be delegated. Sovereignty manifests itself indirectly through individuals, and directly by organic movements. In the United States the body of the people, to whom there is politically no superior, are sovereign. This sovereign has delegated power to the Electors, the Legislature, the Convention, the Executive, and

the Judiciary. That the sovereignty resides not in the several States, nor in the people of the several States, but in the people of the United States, is shown by the modes of ratification of the Federal Constitution, by the expressed opinions of contemporary statesmen, and of subsequent statesmen, judges, and publicists. In the framing of their own constitutions, the people of the several States act as if they were sovereign, but they are in subordination to the real sovereign, the American nation, and their local constitutions, which they frame, are all subject to the guaranty of the national government.

In the chapter on Constitutions, the author defines two kinds of constitution, — one "considered as an objective fact," and the other "as an instrument of evidence." The former is "that special adjustment of instrumentalities, powers, and functions by which the form and operation of a commonwealth are determined." The latter is "the result of an attempt to represent, in technical language, some particular constitution existing as an objective fact." Constitutions of the first kind are not the results of compact, but are part of the system of human society devised by the Creator "in the beginning." But constitutions, as instruments of evidence, are in part bare transcriptions, and in part the result of compact, but must be the sole guide as to all matters and persons within their jurisdiction. As the constitution as an objective fact develops with the growth of the nation or state, the constitution as an evidence of that fact must develop correspondingly. Constitutions in their evidentiary character are, in origin, either cumulative or enacted; in character, unwritten or written. For a community who possess an accurate understanding of their political rights and duties, and sleepless vigilance to detect violations of the constitution, together with the utmost promptness and energy to resist and punish them, an unwritten constitution would on the whole, in the author's opinion, be preferable. But for any other community a written constitution is better, as immobility, with its train of possible evils, is less dangerous than movement that is ill judged or unconstitutional. All written constitutions should, however, embrace efficient machinery for their amendment; and to be efficient it must not move so easily as to amend itself, nor with so much difficulty that an amendment would break the machine. The citizens, too, need a political conscience impelling them to make amendments to the written constitution when such as are really important have evolved themselves in the constitution as a fact.

With some discussion as to the character, jurisdiction, and supremacy of the Constitution of the United States, and those of the several States, Judge Jameson next comes to the inquiry, first, what is the proper mode of initiating and calling a convention. Certainly it should not be

done through the intervention of unofficial persons, for their acts would lack authority and would be illegitimate. The legislature, under such restrictions as the sovereign body shall prescribe, or as shall accord with the maxims of political precedence, is the proper body to originate a convention. The legislature may call a convention without the intervention of the electoral body, or may recommend a call, and then refer the question to a vote of the electors, and finally on an affirmative vote of the latter issue the call.

The various conventions which have been held in the United States are next examined, in order to determine if the rules given as authoritative are also established by precedent; and that nothing may be considered as a precedent except what is legal, it becomes important to define *legitimate* and *revolutionary* as applied to conventions. To be legitimate, an institution or public body must have in its inception the stamp of legality, of conformity to the law of the land, which law and the proceedings in which the institution originated must conform to the fundamental principles of the Constitution, and to those prudential maxims which define the limits and conditions of a safe constitutional rule, from the point of view of the existing government. Conventions are revolutionary when they do things for which there is no law, or which are in violation of law. There can then be no degrees to a revolution except in its effects; nor need bloodshed and violence be necessarily imputed to revolution, for a revolution may be only an angry collision of parties, or it may be consummated quietly, without a breach of the peace, or even excitement.

Of all the conventions of the States and United States which were held during the Revolutionary period, extending from 1776 down to the establishment of the Federal Constitution in 1789, our author says that most of them were revolutionary, either in their origin or in their methods of procedure, or in both. This imputation against the character of these bodies, however, is not intended as an impeachment of them as having no basis in political necessity, but only as a denial to them of regularity and legality as constitutional conventions. Of the conventions that have been convened in Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maine, and West Virginia, for framing constitutions for new States to be formed within the territorial jurisdiction of States already members of the Union, he says that not a single instance of the dismemberment of a State has ever occurred without proceedings more or less irregular or revolutionary; for though the consent of Congress has been always obtained, yet either the consent of the parent States has been wrung from them by the pressure of events, or the conventions have been illegally called.

To be legitimate, a convention called to erect a State out of Federal territory, or to frame for it a constitution, must have been assembled with the knowledge and consent of Congress; it must have been called by a formal act of that body, and must submit the fruit of its labor to the same assembly for ratification or rejection. There have been twenty-five such conventions, twelve of which have been regular. The others were irregular, because they were assembled without the formal assent of Congress, though they claimed to have had such assent in a provision of the Ordinance of 1787, or in treaty stipulations, giving to special Territories the right to be admitted as States into the Union on a contingency specified. The convention of Oregon alone "was not only irregular and illegal, but inexcusable."

The third variety of conventions, called since March 4, 1789, consists of such as have been assembled for the revision of existing constitutions of States, members of the Union.

These may be subdivided into several classes, as follows: —

(a.) Such as have been convened for legitimate constitutional purposes, regularly; that is, —

I. By the legislatures of the respective States, acting either, —

1. In pursuance of special provisions of such existing constitutions, or

2. If no such provision exist, under their general legislative authority.

II. By special bodies created by the Constitution, called Councils of Censors.

(b.) Such as have been called for legitimate constitutional purposes, irregularly; that is, either, —

1. In disregard of constitutional provisions prescribing particular modes in which amendments to the constitution should be effected; or

2. In defiance of the existing governments of the States concerned, though in pretended conformity to constitutional principles.

(c.) The so-called Secession and Reconstruction Conventions held before and since the late civil war.

Of Class (a), Division I., Subdivision 1, there have been seventeen. Of Subdivision 2, there have been twenty-five. These last the author considers as legitimate, as being directly within the scope of the ordinary legislative power. Vermont is the only State whose Constitution provides for conventions to be called by Councils of Censors.

Of Class (b), Division 1, there have been but three instances, — that of Pennsylvania of 1789, that of Delaware of 1793, and that of Maryland of 1850. In their origin, Mr. Jameson declares that these three conventions were wholly illegitimate, but he does not deny that the revolution consummated may have been morally defensible because

unavoidable. The so-called "People's Convention" of Rhode Island, held in 1841, is the only instance of Class (b), Division 2.

The so-called Secession Conventions were called avowedly to effect by revolutionary means the disruption of the American Union; and though in some of the States they were regularly called, yet they are to be considered as revolutionary, because the legislatures calling them transcended their constitutional authority in so doing. And every man who participated in the call was violating his oath to support the Constitution of the United States, which was a part of the Constitution of his own State. These conventions were also irregular and revolutionary, because they assumed the general powers of administration and government.

Applying his test of revolutionary and illegitimate, he finds that all the conventions that have been held for what is called the reconstruction of the South are revolutionary.

In regard to the powers of a convention, Judge Jameson holds that it is not sovereign, though it may be considered as invested by the sovereign society with the exercise of an important sovereign power. Together with the legislature, the judiciary, and the executive, it constitutes the apparatus with which a sovereign society does its work as a political organism. Its peculiar office is to renew or repair the governmental machinery. And a convention cannot fill vacancies in the various departments of the government, nor can it remove those holding office under the State, nor instruct them by any direct proceeding. As the author does not regard the right of suffrage as a natural right, he arrives at the conclusion that a convention may, by constitutional provision, effect the disfranchisement of existing electors.

The advisory power of a convention is so great, that it can advise, and so indirectly limit or restrict, the sovereign in the choice of its servants; but as its powers are only advisory, its members can hardly be expected to receive advice or instructions from the electors as to the measures it shall advise them to adopt.

With the judiciary and executive of the State, a convention has ordinarily no relations, but its connection with the legislature is important. The members of the legislature are representatives, the members of the convention are delegates. The former body enacts statute laws, and is to a certain extent independent of the sovereign; the latter recommends the fundamental law to the sovereign, and only acts as its committee. As to the powers of a legislature over a convention, the author holds that it should prescribe whatever a prudent foresight may indicate as proper and expedient. It should see to it that there are proper regulations for securing a fair representation of intelligent citi-

zens, and that its numbers are limited. It should fix the time and place of its meeting, should appropriate money for its necessary expenses, should determine the form of its organization, and should provide for the proper submission of the fruits of its labor to the people. That the work should be properly submitted is exceedingly important, and the method of this submission is the work of the legislature rather than of the convention. As a legislature cannot frame, amend, or suspend the operation of the fundamental law, so a convention cannot exercise legislative powers. The safety of the people demands that each body shall attend to its own appropriate work, and nothing but party zeal could have led the Illinois Convention of 1862 to prescribe the "times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives" in Congress, and to assume the power to ratify amendments to the Federal Constitution. Conventions have sometimes appropriated money to pay for their expenses, and for other purposes; but they cannot ordinarily have such power, and a State treasurer might well hesitate to pay money on their order.

In regard to their own meetings, conventions are possessed of such powers as are requisite to secure their comfort, to protect and preserve their dignity and efficiency, and to insure orderly procedure in their business; and whenever the powers inherent in all public assemblies are found insufficient to protect the convention from insult, or to expedite its business, it may call upon the public authorities for aid. The members of conventions should enjoy the privilege of protection in debate, and of freedom from arrest; and in their right to such privileges they should stand on the same footing as jurors and witnesses.

When the work of a convention is ended, the convention dies, and cannot provide for its reassembling. It cannot, then, be maintained that the body which met at New Orleans on the 30th of July, 1866, can be considered as a legal continuation of the Convention of 1864. For the original Convention had no power to order its President to reconvoke its members. And even if the President had been legally vested with such a power, he did not use it; but the body met at the call of a man whom they themselves had chosen for the very purpose of issuing the call. Certainly no such assembly could have been legitimate. Regarding the first Convention as revolutionary, Mr. Jameson claims that the President of the United States would have had the undoubted right to disperse the second; and, on the other hand, if Louisiana was in July, 1866, restored to her constitutional relations with the Union, the President had no more right to interfere with the meeting of July 30th than with any constitutional convention, whether real or pretended, in any of the States, and could only suppress the same on

application of the legislature of such State, or of the executive, if the legislature could not be convened.

The Constitutional Convention is, of all our institutions, the one through which sedition and revolution would most naturally seek to make their approaches, the only check upon it being the power of rejection which the people should have over all its recommendations. It is, then, the duty of the convention in all cases to submit its work to the people, unless submission be expressly dispensed with by the preceding constitution, or by the convention act. That most of the constitutions framed by the first conventions in the original thirteen States, and by the Secession conventions in the Rebel States, were never submitted to the people, for fear that they might not be adopted by them, is evidence that a minority can bring about what the majority oppose, by perverting the objects of a convention, and refusing to submit their work to the electors.

The legislature is the proper body for prescribing the regulations for submitting the constitution to the people. But sixty-three of the seventy-eight conventions that have submitted their constitutions have made their own rules and regulations for the submission. When the constitution is submitted to the electors, we find that they appear in a new character, — they are then really legislators, and they are enacting laws, fundamental laws; and whether they shall enact the constitution as a whole or in parts should depend on the peculiar character of the constitutions recommended to them.

We have not room to consider with Judge Jameson the comparative merits of the various methods proposed in various constitutions for effecting their own amendment. To judge from the constitutions that have been adopted, the advantages of each method are about equal; for twenty-four have contained provisions authorizing the call of conventions for this purpose, twenty-three authorize the proposing of amendments by the legislature, and twenty authorize both modes.

That Mr. Jameson has treated fairly the political questions involved in his topic, we think that any reader will admit. Of the Rebel States after the surrender of General Lee, he says: "Here, then, were brought again into relations of practical subjection to the Union certain integral populations which had been constitutional States, but which, having, by truancy from constitutional courses, lost something necessary to that character, were such no longer, were, indeed, little more than 'geographical denominations.'" They therefore needed constitutions, and so conventions. In his judgment there were four possible modes of calling such conventions: —

First. The inhabitants of the Rebel States might by a spontaneous movement have called them.

Second. The so-called legislatures of the several Rebel States might have originated them.

Third. The Congress of the United States might have inaugurated the movement.

Fourth. The requisite nucleus of reconstruction might have been provided by the President of the United States.

The first course would have been irregular, not to say revolutionary; the second was politically impossible; the third would have been very irregular; and the fourth would have been legitimate only as a war measure.

All these methods being liable to objection, he concludes that the third was preferable; although this action of Congress would have been treating the Rebel communities as if they were Territories. The author says: "They were not constitutional States. But neither were they constitutional Territories. They were States whose practical relations to the federal whole were in a state of disruption. In other words, they were *quasi* States so far as their historical relations to the Union were concerned, but *quasi* Territories in relation to the exercise of federal rights." He further defends the third method as quite constitutional, rightful, and regular, because the question of reconstruction is practically a federal one, and ought to be settled by federal authority.

After two years of trial of the fourth method of reconstruction, the people of the North, learning from sad experience, have come to adopt Judge Jameson's opinion, and Congress has just enacted a law to provide for the more efficient government of the Rebel States. Admitting, then, that Congress (whether rightfully or wrongfully we do not further consider) has assumed its jurisdiction over the Rebel States, has it the right to require that their constitutions shall be of a certain form before they are again entitled to representation? Most certainly it has. Congress has the right to admit Territories as States; and the right to admit involves the right to refuse to admit, until prescribed conditions are not only in fact fulfilled, but can be ascertained to have been fulfilled.

We heartily commend Judge Jameson's book to the study of all those engaged or interested in the great work of the reconstruction of the Union.

12. — *First Lessons in Reading: a New Method of teaching the Reading of English, by which the Ear is trained to discriminate the Elementary Sounds of Words, and the Eye to recognize the Signs used for these Sounds in the established Orthography.* By RICHARD SOULE and WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1866. 12mo. pp. x., 98.

THERE is doubtless no other part of the world (unless it be China) where the art of spelling occupies so high a place in the scheme of accomplishments, or where so much time and labor must be devoted to mastering it, as is the case in the countries where English is spoken. Our written language is so far independent of our spoken, that it is no simple and easy process to convert the one into the other, after one has acquired a limited series of alphabetic signs, having a given force and value. How each spoken word is to be written, how each written word shall be pronounced, is a problem into which so many variable elements enter, that it must be separately solved for each individual case. The association which unites each complex of letters, in the capacity of a visible symbol, with each complex of audible sounds, is to no small extent an arbitrary one; its grounds are only in part phonetic; they are in part historical, in part accidental and unexplainable. Hence arise two grand difficulties: the difficulty on the part of the beginner of getting cleverly into the intricacies of so artificial a system; and the difficulty, on the part of the advanced pupil, of fully mastering all its details. The latter of these is irremediable, it would seem, by any simple means which lie within man's power to devise. It can only be got rid of by that sweeping phonetic revolution which the conservative spellers of the present day teach themselves and their children to fear, abhor, and deprecate, even as the classes in power everywhere deprecate a revolution in favor of democracy. Meantime, only long and severe drilling, the devoted labor of years, aided by the stimuli of prizes, spelling-matches, and their like, can bring the scholar to the summit of his ambition. It may, too, fairly be claimed that a degree of special native talent is needed; the great English speller, like the great poet, *nascitur, non fit;* a bit of genius for plastic art, for the apprehension of external forms, a sense of the symbolic, an eye for details, are necessary ingredients in his composition. To many a man of great learning and great mental power Nature has denied these gifts, and he is guilty, to the end of his career, of slips in orthography. We ought to feel that it is his misfortune rather than his fault; or that at least the blame of it is to be shared by him with the community, the series of generations past and present, who have established and who

uphold and praise the system, — a system which is only defensible on the ground that it exists, and cannot be got rid of without infinite trouble, which is false to the true ideal of a mode of writing, and which throws away the advantages once seemingly secured to us by the labors of many races, gradually elaborating out of hieroglyphs and ideographs a phonetic alphabet. It has been by more than one acute observer conjectured, or confidently asserted, that the comparative stagnation of the Chinese mind is due in no small part to the perversity of the Chinese mode of writing, the acquisition of which absorbs so many of the best years, and so much of the intellectual capacity, of the rising generations of Chinamen; we heartily wish that some great social philosopher would investigate the question, how much more rapid progress upward the Anglo-Saxon race would make, if the burden of learning an "historic orthography" were taken off the backs of its boys and girls.

But we did not mean to enter here into any consideration of the woes of the advanced scholar. The other difficulty, that of getting the learner well introduced to his life-work, is what we wished to speak of. It is tractable by less revolutionary means than the other, and much ingenuity has been shown in the devising of methods whereby it shall be smoothed over, and made more easily surmountable; and the most successful of these methods we have met with is presented in the book whose title is given above. To the mind of a young child, as every one knows who has had any experience in teaching how to spell, it is already no light matter to conceive the idea of spelling, to see that the words he utters are capable of being analyzed into certain simple elements, represented by certain signs, and that, having expressed a given sound by a given sign in one word, he is to recognize the same sign and render it by the same sound in another. He must be taught to make the logical inference that, *because* the letters *b* and *e* spell *be*, and *m* and *y* spell *my*, *therefore* the letters *b* and *y* will spell *by*, and *m* and *e* will spell *me*. To reason thus appears to us the simplest thing in the world; but it is far from being so to the child, however bright and quick-witted he may be, at the age when children ordinarily learn to read. You may set the premises before his mind as nakedly and clearly as you please, but he fails to see the conclusion; only time and patience, indefinite repetition of the process, finally open his perception. For a time, he learns each combination of letters and its uttered value quite empirically, and as a whole; it rests for him solely upon the authority of his teacher. After learning that *c*, *a*, and *t* spell *cat*, he would be ready next to learn that *c*, *a*, and *n* spelt *dog*, not *can;* but, of course, he has not even begun to acquire the art of spelling, until, more or less

consciously, he apprehends the logical necessity which compels the pronunciation *can*. When this difficulty, inseparable even from phonetic spelling, is further complicated by those which are peculiar to English spelling, when the pronunciation of *ba* is expected to lead the way to that of *bat* and *bar* and *ball*, it is no wonder that the child is bewildered, that his apprehension of the logical necessity is indefinitely postponed, and that he abides almost helplessly and hopelessly in the stage of spelling by rote. After a sufficiently prolonged training, indeed, he does come forth from darkness to light; he finds out how far letters give him fixed values, and how far only hints; the limits of variation of each become familiar to him; he learns the meaning of collocations, or groups of letters; he acquires the art of balancing the probabilities which inhere in each sign, and of combining them into an admissible whole. Were the anomalies of English orthography many times greater than they are, they could be mastered at last. But the desire of the teacher must be, while having in view always the end to be arrived at, so to arrange the order of instruction that the difficulties shall be brought in by degrees, not faster than the pupil is prepared to grapple with them, and that no avoidable complications shall be introduced.

This is what the little primer before us attempts, and, in our opinion, attempts so successfully that its method deserves to be described and recommended here. In the first place, it removes one great obstacle to the framing of that logical deduction on which, as we have seen, the universal art of spelling depends, by casting aside the "names" of the letters, and making the pupil learn to call them by their sounds alone. Any one can readily understand how much harder it must be for the child to see that *m* and *y* spell *my*, if we call the former *em* and the latter *wi*, than if we give to each in its separate utterance the same value which it has in combination with the other. This is so obvious a facilitation of any method of learning to spell, that we can only wonder at its not having been long since universally adopted. Then, to bring the pupil on by due degrees, he is first made to acquire, along with the consonants, the long sounds of the vowels, — those which they have in open syllables; next follow the ordinary short sounds of the same vowels, as usual in closed syllables, or before a consonant; and then is explained the effect of an added silent *e* to restore the long sound, so that *nŏ*, for example, having become *nŏt*, is changed again to *nōte*. With this a very large part of English syllables is already disposed of. Then the most frequent digraphs are introduced, — both vowel digraphs, as *au*, *aw*, *ou*, *oi*, *oo*, *ee*, *ai*; and consonantal digraphs, as *th*, *ch*, *sh*, *ph*, *ng*. Yet later, the more exceptional cases are brought in,

one after another, evidently upon a thoroughly digested plan, and with much art. Classification is made to go as far as it possibly can, and the unclassifiable residue is given last, to be learned outright. The minimum of diacritical signs is introduced; except for a few specially common cases, like the *z*-sound of *s*, the surd *th* (of *thin*), the short *oo* (of *book*), they are employed only here and there; the learner does not come to rely upon them in any such way as makes the common English orthography seem strange to him when he has to quit his primer. Throughout the work the consonants are grouped according to their natural physical classification, not according to the accidental order in which they stand in the alphabet; that order, and the common names of the letters, are taught by special lesson at an advanced point in the book, when the learner is far enough along not to be troubled by them. It might not, perhaps, be fairly claimed that an appreciable practical advantage is derived by the young scholar from this more scientific method; yet it is well even for him to be accustomed from the start to looking at the alphabet of spoken sounds from the right point of view, and to the teacher it is even more profitable. Any one who makes use of the book must feel that it is founded upon a kind and degree of scholarship much above that which usually belongs to primer-makers. Its authors, Messrs. Soule and Wheeler, are too well known in our community to need introduction or commendation here: their contributions to the two great rival dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, their excellent little Manual of English Pronunciation and Spelling, Mr. Wheeler's Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction, etc., have won for them an enviable reputation among students of the English language. Their last production, in a sphere generally reputed less dignified, but certainly not less important, is well worthy of them, and is to be unreservedly recommended to all who have children or pupils to instruct in the art of spelling and reading.

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13. — *Greece, Ancient and Modern. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute.* By C. C. Felton, LL. D., late President of Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. vi., 511; iv., 549.

The Lectures printed in these volumes were delivered in 1852, 1853, 1854, and 1859, and were intended to give to a popular audience a general account of Greece. Thoroughly acquainted as Mr. Felton was with Greek literature, and with whatever had been written concerning Greece, inspired with enthusiasm for his subject, he was admirably

fitted to perform the task which he undertook. He imparted to his hearers the strong feeling with which he was possessed of interest in the history of Greece, of admiration for Greek letters and art, his reverence for her past, his hope for her future. He made them share his own ardent sympathies. His object was not one of critical investigation or discussion, or of a purely scholarly character; and the merit of the book made up out of the Lectures springs mainly from the appreciative, genial spirit of its author, and the vividness of his conception of his topic. The scholar may regret at times a certain apparent superficiality in Mr. Felton's method of dealing with some of the questions which he treats; but the severest critic will be ready to excuse this appearance, in consideration of the character of the audience to which the Lectures were addressed, and of the fact that they have not received before publication the revision of their lamented author.

It is, indeed, striking to mark the progress which has been made in the study of some of the topics of Mr. Felton's first Lectures since the time of their delivery. The discussion of the origin of language is now out of date, and it is to be regretted that this and one or two other passages of a similar sort were not omitted by the editor. Mr. Felton stoutly maintains the old doctrine of the unity of Homer. Since 1852 the question has received much elucidation. At present few competent scholars would adopt Mr. Felton's positive conclusions. The thorough study of the Oriental and mediæval epics has placed this matter in a new light, — the light of a general poetical law. And even if we disregard the argument from analogy, which Burnouf has ably set forth in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 1, 1866, the other objections to the popular creed are so striking, that we cannot believe that Mr. Felton, were he writing now, would treat the "separatists" with the same *nonchalance* he formerly used when he said, "No person in the exercise of common sense would ever suspect while reading the Iliad or Odyssey a want of unity, completeness, or coherence." But Mr. Felton's literary judgments are generally not only sympathetic, but sound; and his Lectures on the Greek Language and Poetry afford a most agreeable and appreciative introduction to the knowledge of the masterpieces of the poetic literature of Greece. His long and intimate familiarity with the works of which he treated, his great love for them, and his knowledge of the circumstances in which they were composed, and of the characters of their authors, enabled him to enter fully into their spirit, and to display it with truth and animation to his hearers. No one can have listened to these Lectures without being impressed more strongly than before with the splendid power and variety of the Greek genius.

The Lectures on the Life of Greece are perhaps the most interesting portion of these volumes, introducing us as they do into the heart of ancient Greek civilization and society, presenting us with a vivid picture of manners and habits, and setting forth in detail the public and private life of a Greek citizen. The skill with which Mr. Felton combines the materials for his descriptions is not less marked than the wide learning from which he draws them. The characters of Greek history are invested with a fresh reality in the light of a knowledge of the conditions under which they lived.

The third and fourth Courses, entitled respectively "The Constitutions and Orators of Greece" and "Modern Greece," are in considerable part historical, and their value consists, not merely in the general views which they present, but also in their special narratives, and the accounts which they contain of the position, character, and services of individuals. The Lectures on Modern Greece comprise a brief but interesting sketch of the mediæval history of Greece, of the Turkish dominion, of the Greek Revolution, and of the state of the country and of the people under King Otho, at the period of the author's first visit to Greece. The general reader will find here such information on these topics as may suffice to furnish him with intelligent notions concerning them, and he can hardly fail to be warmed by the author's enthusiasm into sympathetic interest in the fortunes and fate of the land which he loved so well.

The work altogether forms a singularly worthy and characteristic memorial of the life and labors of its author. No one can read it without receiving a strong impression of some of the qualities of mind and heart which endeared Mr. Felton to a large circle of friends, and which will long preserve his memory fresh in their affection. The editor of the volumes has performed his charge with the highest fidelity and diligence.

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14. — *The Life and Times of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket.* By the late William L. Stone. With a Memoir of the Author, by his Son. Albany, N. Y.: Munsell. 1866. 8vo. pp. 510.

A work of filial piety has been honorably discharged in the preparation and publication of this volume. The Memoir of the late Mr. Stone is a biography of a man whose memory may well be dear to those who were bound to him by ties of kindred, and whose name deserves a place in the literary annals of the country, not only as editor for many years of one of the leading daily papers in New York, but also as the author of numerous creditable historical works.

Colonel Stone (as he was called) was a man of energy, industry, and activity of mind. He never played a conspicuous part in public affairs, but he was the friend and correspondent of eminent men, and his talents and character gained for him very general respect. He will be best known hereafter for his zeal in the gathering up and preserving the records of the later history of the Indians, especially of the Iroquois. He formed early in life the design of writing a complete history of the great Iroquois confederacy; and he succeeded, although always engaged in laborious avocations which left him little leisure for his favorite pursuits, in writing out such parts of his main subject as are embraced in the Life of Brant and the Life of Red Jacket. He was at work at the time of his death on a more important book than either of these, — the Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, which would have embraced a great portion of the history of the Six Nations. This work has since been completed by his son.

The worth of Colonel Stone's books consists, not so much in any special literary excellence or historic criticism, as in their containing a great amount of a sort of information concerning the Indians which is not to be found brought together elsewhere, and which was fast perishing from the memories of men. Thus, in the Life of Red Jacket, the author has collected all the reports he could gather of the speeches of this noted savage orator; reports which we may be sure seldom represent with much accuracy the real contents of the Indian's speech. Still, they give us all we can ever get of it, and it is not impossible to reconstruct from this unsatisfactory material something of the character and spirit of Red Jacket's rude eloquence. The Life shows us a barbarian, — a coward, a liar, a drunkard, a boaster, a savage of nimble tongue. He was sincere, at least, in his opposition to the encroachments of the white settlers and to the teachings of the white missionaries. He was an Indian in every fibre of his being; and to those students of our history who can read with the imagination as well as with the eyes, this book will always be of value, as exhibiting in the character of Red Jacket the grounds of the inveterate hostility between the white man and the red, of the cruel treatment which the Indians have received, and of the impossibility of averting their pitiable fate.

LETTER OF THE HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

[The following letter from Mr. Bancroft is a reply to a recent pamphlet by Mr. G. W. Greene, rather than to the notice of the ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's History in the January number of this Review.

One of the two points in the notice on which the letter touches is whether General Greene was solely responsible for the loss of Fort Washington. The Review asserted that he was not, and as Mr. Bancroft admits the discretionary character of the orders under which the General acted, he appears to agree with the Review. On the question of Greene's good or bad judgment in the case, the Review expressed no opinion. The passage from Mr. Sparks, of which Mr. Bancroft, in the following letter (p. 664), cites only the first part, may be given in full, as summing up the whole matter: "From these facts it seems plain that the loss of the garrison, in the manner it occurred, was in consequence of an erroneous judgment on the part of General Greene. How far the Commander-in-Chief should have overruled his opinion, or whether, under the circumstances of the case, he ought to have given a peremptory order, it may perhaps be less easy to decide." (Life of Washington, p. 216.)

The only other point referred to in the notice upon which the letter remarks is the responsibility of Greene for the disaster at Germantown. To prove this responsibility, Mr. Bancroft relies principally upon Greene's late arrival on the field, — a fact which no one, not Greene himself, ever denied, but which has never been regarded as the cause of the defeat. — Editors.]

New York, March 6, 1867.

To the Editors of the North American Review: —

The notice in the North American Review for January last of the volume I recently published does great injustice to me, and through me to the character of Washington and to historic truth. Its strictures are accompanied by a reference to a pamphlet by a grandson of General Greene. The grandson's paper, in itself, does not merit my notice. It assumes the appearance of fairness by a parade of documents and authorities; but many of the documents are irrelevant, decisive ones are left out, and some of those which are confidently cited are unhistoric. Moreover, I had used in one sentence, fairly and without confusion, a letter of October 27, and another of October 29, 1776. The grandson does not affirm that what is said in the one is dishonestly imputed to the other; but he insinuates enough to mislead the unwary.

A special biography may include details and laudations that have no place in history. It would be wiser to print the writings of Greene, or the elaborate biography which has been talked about for nearly half a lifetime, rather than to tarnish his name by mixing it up with uncandid accusations and insidious cavils. My volumes prove how highly I rate his abilities and patriotism. I have named him as superior to any officer between himself and Washington, except Montgomery; and my

account of the war in the South, where he exercised a separate command, and had the best opportunity to display his powers, has not yet been printed. My opinions throughout his career do not differ from those which Washington has expressed.

Many of the charges controverting my statements are trivial, and refute themselves, making a muddle only by their number. The first, which fills nearly a quarter of the whole pamphlet, is in part an argument to prove that *desperation*, and not hopelessness, is the noun corresponding to the adjective *desperate*,—in part to make known that Greene was of a sanguine and hopeful temperament, which has been, and is my own opinion. The second is a gross and plain perversion of my words and meaning. The third is a silly charge of omission, which could be scarcely urged against a biographer. The fourth explains itself. The sixth is a mere criticism on language. The seventh complains that Greene is described as sanguine, which he certainly was. The eighth gains what plausibility it has by a confusion of orders, places, and dates. The ninth, which relates to Greene's want of vigilance, is refuted by the grandson's pamphlet itself, which shows that Greene was blind to the approach of danger by way of Closter Landing; for when Washington warned him by letter, "The enemy must design a penetration into Jersey, and to fall down upon your post," he answered, on the 10th of November: "If the enemy attempt to effect a landing at all, they 'll attempt it at Naiack's or Haverstraw Bay"; and the manner of his surprise proves that he remained of that opinion. The tenth is disposed of by the citation of my own language. At the same time it must be borne in mind, that Hamilton's eulogium on Greene is, like most other productions of that class, very far from being a safe historical authority; that no letter of Washington, or any officer then present in the camp, has come to light, in which any one measure or merit or act in relation to Trenton is specially ascribed to Greene; and that he himself, in an enumeration of his claims to praise, pretends to no more than that he was in the battle. The eleventh belongs at best to biography, and, in my opinion, not even there. The fourteenth complains of my narrative where it is but the reproduction of the statement, and almost the words, of eyewitnesses who were the most competent to give evidence.

From these multitudinous accusations I have reserved for fuller discussion the fifth and the thirteenth, as relating to topics noticed in the Review, and the twelfth and the fifteenth, which are likewise of importance; for to a public whose good opinion I value, and whose judgment I respect, I will cheerfully explain the authorities on which I relied, and, after re-examination, still rely.

The fifth topic is THE LOSS OF FORT WASHINGTON; and it has the intensest interest, because it opens to our view the inmost soul of Washington, like that cleft in the Jura which Agassiz speaks of as revealing at one glance all the great processes of nature. No incident in the war more clearly illustrates the soundness of Washington's judgment, his modesty, his respect for Congress, his deference to his instructions, his magnanimity towards an erring subordinate, and the exquisite pain which he silently suffered from the disasters that befell his army. I have studied the subject most carefully, having been upon Fort Washington and the adjacent ground on foot and on horseback, alone and in company with the well-informed, times without number.

And here I will premise, that if SPARKS were still living, and still editor of the Review, I should not now be put upon the defence; for he too, drawing water from the well-head, has written: "It seems plain that the loss of the garrison, in the manner it occurred, was the consequence of an erroneous judgment on the part of General Greene." (Sparks's Washington, I. 216.)

Congress, from the first, was jealous of the military power. The instructions which accompanied the commission of the Commander-in-Chief directed him, upon any occasions that might happen, to advise with his council of war, and left it unsettled whether he was to be controlled by its decision. Congress had also, on the 11th of October, 1776, directly interposed with a resolution, which will be given below, and which induced the council of war and Washington to give an order to defend Fort Washington to the last. Early in November, experience proved clearly to the mind of Washington that Fort Washington ought to be evacuated; and knowing from the reports of Greene the different opinion of that officer, he embodied in his order for preparing for the evacuation the reasoning on which the order was founded, as follows: "The late passage of three vessels up the North River, of which we have just received advice, is so plain a proof of the inefficacy of all the obstructions we have thrown into it, that I cannot but think it will fully justify a change in the disposition which has been made. If we cannot prevent vessels from passing up, and the enemy are possessed of the surrounding country, what valuable purpose can it answer to attempt to hold a post from which the expected benefit cannot be had? I am therefore inclined to think that it will not be prudent to hazard the men and stores at Mount Washington; but as you are on the spot, I leave it to you to give such orders as to evacuating Mount Washington as you may judge best, and so far revoking the order given to Colonel Magaw to defend it to the last." (Sparks's Washington, IV. 164, 165.) This order is given in full in Bancroft, IX.

185, 186; and when it is compared with Greene's conduct on receiving it, no room is left for doubt how that conduct is to be judged.

First, it was not modest for the inferior officer, who had already had occasion to explain his opinion, to thwart the system of his superior. Secondly, the Commander-in-Chief had not only to take care of that part of his lines under the command of Greene, but to look after a distance of many miles on each side of the Hudson, and to gain one purpose by combining many movements. If every general had, like Greene, substituted a plan of his own, instead of unity and order, there would have been a chaos. Thirdly, the order to defend Fort Washington to the last was explicitly and unequivocally revoked, yet Greene thought proper to re-enforce it with some of the best troops and arms. Washington would not risk twelve hundred men, and Greene chose to risk two thousand, which, according to the opinions of military men whom I have consulted, was not justifiable, and was rightly censured by Washington as "a non-compliance with an order." Lastly, a considerable discretion was left to Greene, and he used that discretion in the most injudicious manner.

As to what happened after Washington had completed his tour and reached Hackensack, I followed in my narrative his own accounts, addressed to Reed, a most intimate friend of Greene, and to Gordon the historian. They are as follows: —

WASHINGTON TO J. REED, 22 August, 1779.

"The loss of Fort Washington, simply abstracted from the circumstances which attended it, was an event that gave me much pain, because it deprived the army of the services of many valuable men at a critical period, and the public of many valuable lives, by the cruelties which were inflicted upon them in their captive state. But this concern received additional poignancy from two considerations, which did not appear; one of which will never be known to the world, because I shall never palliate my own faults by exposing those of another; nor indeed could either of them come before the public, unless there had been such a charge as must have rendered an inquiry into the causes of this miscarriage necessary. The one was a non-compliance in General Greene with an order sent to him from White Plains, before I marched for the western side of Hudson's River, to withdraw the artillery and stores from the fort; allowing him, however, some latitude for the exercise of his own judgment, as he was upon the spot, and could decide better from appearances and circumstances than I, on the propriety of a total evacuation. The other was a resolve of Congress, in the strong and emphatic words following: —

"'*October* 11, 1776. — Resolved, That General Washington be desired, if it be practicable, by every art and at whatever expense, to obstruct effectually the navigation of the North River, between Fort Washington and Mount

Constitution, as well to prevent the regress of the enemy's frigates lately gone up, as to hinder them from receiving succor.'

"When I came to Fort Lee, and found no measures taken towards an evacuation, in consequence of the order before mentioned; when I found General Greene, of whose judgment and candor I entertained a good opinion, decidedly opposed to it; when I found other opinions so coincident with his; when the wishes of the Congress to obstruct the navigation of the North River, which were delivered in such forcible terms, recurred; when I knew that the easy communication between the different parts of the army, then separated by the river, depended upon it; and lastly, when I considered that our policy led us to waste the campaign without coming to a general action on the one hand, or suffering the enemy to overrun the country on the other, I conceived that every impediment that stood in their way was a means to answer these purposes; — these, when thrown into the scale with those opinions which were opposed to an evacuation, caused that warfare in my mind, and hesitation, which ended in the loss of the garrison; and, being repugnant to my own judgment of the advisableness of attempting to hold the post, filled me with the greater regret. The two great causes which led to this misfortune, and which I have before recited, as well perhaps as my reasoning upon it, which occasioned the delay, were concealed from public view, and of course left the field of censure quite open for any and every laborer who inclined to work in it; and afforded a fine theme for the pen of a malignant writer, who is less regardful of facts than of the point he wants to establish, where he has the field wholly to himself, where concealment of a few circumstances answers his purposes, or where a small transposition of them will give a very different complexion to the same thing." — *Writings of Washington*, VI. 328 – 330.

WASHINGTON TO GORDON, 8 March, 1785.

"But when, maugre of all the obstructions which had been thrown into the channel, all the labor and expense which had been bestowed on the works, and the risks we had before run as to the garrison, the British ships-of-war had passed and could pass those posts, it was clear to me from that moment that they were no longer eligible, and that the one on the east side of the river ought to be withdrawn whilst it was in our power. In consequence thereof, the letter of the 8th of November, 1776, was written to General Greene from White Plains; that post and all the troops in the vicinity of it being under his orders. I give this information, and I furnish you with a copy of the order for the evacuation of Fort Washington, because you desire it, not that I want to exculpate myself from any censure which may have fallen upon me, by charging another." — *Writings of Washington*, IX. 101.

From these letters it appears that Greene, whose command included Fort Washington, persisted in the desire to defend it; and by giving that advice relating to measures which he planned and was to execute, he made himself responsible for the result.

The "warfare in the mind" of Washington, however it may be judged, was due to two causes, — his desire to conform to the order of Congress until the condition on which discretion was allowed him by Congress should arise, and the persistently expressed opinion of Greene that the condition had not yet arisen. If Washington had not cherished a tender regard for the orders of Congress, he would not have been the man to carry us through the Revolution; but whatever may have been his merit or error on the occasion, it is undeniable that Greene as a counsellor gave the worst possible advice.

Such, as far as I know, was the unanimous contemporary opinion. Reed has written that the men and arms would have been saved; "but, unluckily, General Greene's judgment was contrary." (J. Reed to C. Lee, November 21, 1776.) Graydon, not a mean authority, threw the severest blame on General Greene, and said: "Nor upon a cool consideration of all the circumstances, after a lapse of four-and-thirty years, can I see full cause to renounce that opinion." (Graydon's Memoirs, Littell's edition, 179 and 211.) And, speaking of the opinion of the army, Wilkinson reports: "General Greene was chiefly blamed for attempting to hold the place." (Wilkinson's Memoirs, I. 103.) The opinion of Jared Sparks in our day, I have already quoted.

I turn next to the charge numbered "XII. GREENE AT THE BRANDYWINE."

In the confusion of statements about battles, two trustworthy and independent eyewitnesses are to the historic inquirer as two separate blazed trees that mark the path through a forest. Knox, who was near Chad's Ford, is a good authority, that, on the news that Howe had turned the American right wing under Sullivan, Washington set off in a gallop toward the right. The question that is raised by General Greene's grandson is, whether Washington joined the right alone, or with troops. The grandson insists that Washington arrived in a gallop and alone, and quotes as his authority a letter written in 1845 by one Darlington, who says that he had heard his father say that he had heard one Joseph Brown say that he, Joseph Brown, though an elderly man at the time, and mounted on a strange horse, rode at full speed through woods and over fences before Washington as his guide, and that Washington was continually calling out to him, "Push along, old man! Push along, old man!" On the other hand, I follow the independent but coincident testimony of two men, Lafayette and Marshall, who on that day were both present serving on the right where Washington arrived. Lafayette says, in his autograph memoirs: "Le Général Washington arrivait de loin avec des troupes fraîches," — "Washington came up with fresh troops." The testimony of Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice, is to

the same effect: "On the commencement of the action on the right, General Washington pressed forward with Greene to the support of that wing; but before his arrival its rout was complete, and he could only check the pursuit." (Marshall's Washington, I. 157.)

I was surprised that the Review should condemn me on what appears in the pamphlet as charge "XIII. GERMANTOWN." The materials which set the attack on the British camp in that town in a clear light, are not readily found, and it is not strange that the critic had not seen them; but why, then, is he ready with an adverse opinion? After unwearied pains, continued through a succession of years, I succeeded in getting together trustworthy accounts of that battle, including three or four German accounts, and three English ones; of American papers I have Washington's "Order of Battle"; and of letters, one from Macdougal, two or three from Armstrong, one from Sullivan, one or two from Stephen, two from Wayne, one from Lacy, one from Heth, one from Walter Stuart, officers engaged in the fight, and writing their accounts of it immediately after the retreat.

That the right of the British position at Germantown was "accessible with ease," is the statement of Henry Lee, then present as an officer in the army, and greatly esteemed. That two thirds of the efficient force was assigned to Greene is established by the separate and concurrent testimony of Sullivan and Wayne. That the column under Greene was to endeavor to get within two miles of the enemy's pickets on their route by two o'clock in the morning, and that they were to begin the attack precisely at five o'clock, is proved by "the order of battle." The wing with Washington did arrive at two o'clock, took food and rest, and advanced to the attack at the hour appointed by "the order of battle," while the left column under Greene was not heard of till about three quarters of an hour after the attack from the right.* That the "windmill attack" upon Chew's house, which Washington had masked by a single regiment, was made by a part of the column under Greene, appears most distinctly and unequivocally from the testimony of Marshall, who, as he makes the assertion, takes care to add that he was an eyewitness; and of General Wayne, who, in a letter to General Gates of November 21, 1777, and to his wife of October 6, 1777, writes thus of the attack on Chew's house, and the loss of the battle. To Gates: "'At Germantown fortune smiled on our arms for full three hours; the enemy were broke, dispersed, and flying on all quarters;

* The correct reading of a sentence in the letter from General Stephen published in Washington's Writings, V. 467, is as follows: "The two divisions formed the line of battle at a great distance from the enemy, and marching far through marshes, woods, and strong fences, mixt before we came up with the enemy."

we were in possession of their whole encampment, together with their artillery, park, &c., &c. A windmill attack was made on a house into which six light companies had thrown themselves to avoid our bayonets; this gave time to the enemy to rally; our troops were deceived by this attack, taking it for something formidable; they fell back to assist in what they deemed a serious matter; the enemy, finding themselves no further pursued, and believing it to be a retreat, followed; confusion ensued, and we ran away from the arms of victory ready open to receive us." To his wife: "After retreating for about two miles, we found it was our own people who were originally designed to attack the right wing of the enemy's army"; that is, a part of Greene's command. That Washington was dissatisfied and frowned was long remembered by Greene, who, years afterwards, while he claimed merit for his exertions on that day, wrote, "At Germantown I was evidently disgraced."

The strangest accusation of all is "XV. WHY GREENE WAS MADE QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL." My simple account is as follows: — "Driven by necessity, Congress won slowly a partial victory over their pride and their fears, and on the second of March they elected Greene quartermaster-general, giving him two assistants that were acceptable to him, and the power of appointing all other officers in his department." The correctness of this statement is undeniable and undenied; but it is insisted that his acceptance should have been described as "yielded only from a sense of duty to his country and personal devotion to the Commander-in-Chief." I pray you keep in mind that I am blamed for nothing but silence about his motives.

When a man acts from a compound motive, it may be hard to analyze its elements; and we cannot know them, unless the actor himself gives us glimpses into the inner workings of his mind. In the present case these are not wholly wanting. Before Greene entered the army, he had been interested in profitable trade. Six weeks before the fall of Fort Washington, in 1776, he indulged in the dream of reaping "a golden harvest" on the sea, as the captain of a privateer, and devised a scheme for outwitting the enemy by "sufficient effrontery." In February, 1778, he wrote, not altogether in jest, "Money becomes more and more the American's object. You must get rich, or you will be of no consequence." In one of his letters "he freely confessed that the emoluments expected from the quartermaster's department were flattering to his fortune." From one of his own letters we also learn that "the committee of Congress promised him a fortune at the time he accepted the office." And in self-defence he called to mind the rule, "that the quartermaster-general in all armies is always liberally rewarded."

The system under which Greene retained his rank and pay as major-general in the line, and received other emoluments as quartermaster-general, was not at all the device of Washington, but of Reed of Philadelphia, who was on the committee from Congress to the camp. Among those connected with Reed by marriage were John Cox and Charles Pettit. These two men he was able to persuade Congress to accept as assistants to the quartermaster-general, with Greene as the head of the department. It was a cardinal principle with Congress to remunerate its quartermaster-general by a fixed salary, which had been established at the pay of a major-general, and an extra allowance of one hundred and sixty-six dollars a month. To a continuance of that arrangement Greene would not listen; but, retaining his place and pay in the line, he insisted on an extra compensation by commission. Congress yielded. The commissions were to be shared equally between Greene and Cox and Pettit; that is, one third went to Greene, and two thirds to Cox and Pettit, and the three thus constituted a partnership. The rate of the commission Greene left to be named by his partners, and it was fixed at "five per cent on all disbursements by the quartermaster-general and his agents." Such a system, though it might give the promise of efficiency, left little hope of economy. We know from the French Minister, whose business it was to be well informed, that the expenses were exorbitant, "that the service of the army of Washington for June, July, and August, 1778, cost seven millions of dollars, and that a European army of sixty thousand men would be well supported at the cost of fifteen thousand men of the United States."

Where so large a latitude was given to the disbursing officer, the public disliked to see him advance his relatives to lucrative agencies under him; but Greene did so, and his enthusiastic biographer "acknowledged that he was guilty of nepotism," setting an example followed by "dangerous consequences."

It is not conducive to administrative purity to regulate appointments to office by conditions of political partisanship; yet after Reed became President of Pennsylvania, Greene issued a circular, which, if I understand it, was intended, under a cloud of circumlocution, to confine the patronage of his office to the party which supported Reed.

As early as April, 1779, "growing clamors" were heard in Congress. Thereupon, to cite Greene's own account of his representations: "I told the Congress, if they think my reward greater than my merit, I wish to quit the business." By midsummer of the same year, apprehensions of danger from popular resentment beset Cox and Pettit. Greene tried to cheer up his partners to the tone of defiance, and as to Congress, he wrote: "Governor Reed is much mistaken if he thinks

that the voice of a member of that body is, as it once was, like the trumpet of an archangel sounding the alarm." (Greene to Pettit, July 24, 1779, in Sargent's Loyal Poetry, 187, note.)

Things went wrong, and complaints of a want of order and economy continued to increase. New rich men, who had gained wealth as officers of Greene's appointment, lived extravagantly, and the country resounded with murmurs. A Virginia poet wrote: —

> "Virtue and Washington in vain
> To glory call the prostrate train. . . . .
> Ruin with giant strides approaches,
> And quartermasters loll in coaches."

Of some of Greene's appointments in Pennsylvania, Joseph Reed, in April, 1780, wrote: "When such men make such a display of fortune, it is impossible to help looking back, and equally impossible for a people, soured by taxes and the continuance of the war, to help fretting." Nor were instances of dishonesty wanting. Greene having made it a condition of his accepting the department, that he should name all his own agents, Congress would have held him responsible for them. He resisted, and Congress replied mildly and firmly by a resolve, "That Major-General Greene, quartermaster-general, be informed, in answer to his letter of the nineteenth of June last, that Congress, conceiving it to be essential to the public interest, as well as incident to the nature of all offices intrusted with the disbursements of public moneys, that those who exercise them should be responsible for such disbursements, whether it be made immediately by themselves or by agents appointed by and responsible to them, cannot consistently with their duty to their constituents, by any general resolution, hold up a contrary maxim; but as they wish not to expose the faithful servants of the public to any unreasonable risks or losses, and are sensible that on the various branches of the quartermaster's department abuses and frauds may possibly happen, notwithstanding all the customary precautions, that in all such cases they will determine on the circumstances as they arise, and make such favorable allowances as justice may require." (Journals of Congress, III. 499.)

Dissatisfaction increased to such an extent, that Greene thus describes his condition to General Schuyler: "Public distrust and popular abuse when joined together are intolerable." Greene was willing that the whole matter should be regarded as "a revival of the old scheme" of superseding Washington, as "a plan of Mifflin's to injure Washington's operations." He was mistaken; even Pettit, one of his partners, doubted his opinions, and did not fully approve his measures. Congress was in earnest, and wisely, as I think, determined at all events to break

up the system of partnership and compensation by commission, upon which Greene peremptorily resigned. The dilemma to which Congress was reduced, General Armstrong of Pennsylvania describes in a letter to General Irvine of August 8, 1780: "General Greene's peremptory resignation in the business of quartermaster-general, or refusal to act under the new regulation for that department, at this very critical moment, has at once disappointed and thrown Congress into a degree of vexatious distress greater than can be well expressed, or has yet happened in regard of any individual. Nine tenths of the difficulty arises from the importance of the present moment. The committee of Congress at camp appears to make General Greene's continuance of absolute necessity; so that if he is retained, the measures of Congress for reforming that department must be rescinded, and the censures of the public must remain against Congress, as deaf to their remonstrances for the reformation of abuses. . . . . Congress are as well disposed to do anything in their power that is in itself right, as men can be."

Nor was this all. Greene's letter of resignation was marked by what he called tartness, but what Congress looked upon as insolence. Of these expressions, Washington, who had read them, wrote to a member of Congress: "I do not mean to justify, to countenance, or excuse, in the most distant degree, any expressions of disrespect which the gentleman in question, if he has used any, may have offered to Congress, no more than I do any unreasonable matters he may have required respecting the quartermaster-general's department." (Washington's Writings, VII. 152.)

The words in Greene's letter of resignation which gave offence to Congress were: "Administration seem to think it far less important to the public interest to have this department well filled and promptly arranged than it really is, as they will find it by future experience." (Washington's Writings, VII. 514, App.) Experience must prove that evil consequences followed the change, or this language was justly censurable. Timothy Pickering accepted the post of Quartermaster-General on a moderate fixed salary, and he willingly undertook "to prevent the evils apprehended from a change, and to reform some of the abuses which had crept into the department."

The displeasure of Congress with Greene was very great. An upright patriot and warm friend of Washington wrote to him: "The manner of these demands, made in such peremptory terms at the moment of action, when the campaign was opened, the enemy in the field, and our ally waiting for co-operation, has lessened General Greene, not only in the opinion of Congress, but, I think, of the public; and I question whether it will terminate with the acceptance of

his refusal only." (Washington's Writings, VII. 150, note.) On this Washington interposed to retain him, not as quartermaster-general, but in the line, saying of him: "As a military officer he stands very fair, and very deservedly so, in the opinion of all his acquaintance." (Washington's Writings, VII. 152.)

I readily adopt the words of Washington. I doubt not that, with the fall of Continental money, the vision of wealth was not realized; and I pray you not to interpret too unfavorably to Greene the notices which injustice has extorted. A strong sentiment of self is not absolutely inconsistent with great efficiency in war. I leave you to judge whether Greene's accession to the post of Quartermaster-General should have been heralded with a clatter about disinterested patriotism and self-denying devotedness to the Commander-in-Chief.

I remember very well the remark of Lord Bacon, that "it is doubtless unpleasing to take out of men's minds vain opinions"; and Sir Walter Raleigh warns of the danger to any one "who, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near." Yet I thought that in so honorable a purpose I might rely on the editors of the Review as a wall on the right hand and on the left. If you fail me, I must console myself with the teachings of the greatest of poets, where he says: —

"'Di lume in lume
Ho io appreso quel che, s' io ridico,
A molti fia savor di forte agrume;

"'E s' io al vero son timido amico,
Temo di perder vita tra coloro
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico.'

"La luce rispose: 'Coscienza fusca
O della propria o dell' altrui vergogna,
Pur sentirà la tua parola brusca.

"'Ma nondimen, rimossa ogni menzogna,
Tutta tua vision fa manifesta,
E lascia pur grattar dov' è la rogna;

"'Chè, se la voce tua sarà molesta
Nel primo gusto, vital nutrimento
Lascerà poi quando sarà digesta.'"

Or, as it may be read in English: —

"'From light to light
Have I learnt that, which, if I tell again,
It may with many wofully disrelish;
And, if I am a timid friend to truth,
I fear my life may perish among those
To whom these days shall be of ancient date.'
'T was answered: 'Conscience, dimmed or by its own
Or other's shame, will feel thy saying sharp.

Thou, notwithstanding, all deceit removed,
See the whole vision be made manifest;
And let them wince who have their withers wrung.
What though, when tasted first, thy voice shall prove
Unwelcome: on digestion, it will turn
To vital nourishment.'"

I remain very truly yours,

GEO. BANCROFT.

LETTER OF THE HON. HORACE GREELEY.

[The following letter is printed at the special request of Mr. Greeley. Its tone and style are such as to render comment upon it needless.

We regret that, in the notice of Mr. Greeley's "American Conflict," the epithet "criminal" was applied even hypothetically to his vagaries. — Editors.]

To the Editors of the North American Review: —

Fully conceding that an author should receive in silence the criticisms which he virtually invites, I ask space in your pages only to correct a few mistakes of fact embodied in your notice of my "American Conflict," which I might otherwise be supposed to acquiesce in.

Whether my original apprehension, that the persistent and guilty complicity of the North in the crimes and outrages upon liberty and right, impelled by the spirit of slavery, deserved and invoked that Divine chastisement which a temporary triumph of the Secession conspiracy would have involved, really indicates a deficiency of that "large hope that is the soul of courage," let others decide. I trust your readers will see — though *you* seem not to have done so — that I apprehended no complete and final victory of the Rebel slave power, but only such a transient and delusive success as would have rendered more signal and impressive its ultimate downfall.

As you assert that, throughout my work, President Lincoln and "his incalculable services to the nation" "are studiously kept in the background," I desire to say simply in response, that his two Inaugural Addresses are given in full, as are his two Proclamations of Freedom, with extracts from his speeches in his canvass against Douglas for the United States Senate, on his way to Washington to assume the Presidency, several of his Messages, many letters, reports of interviews, &c., &c. Of his replies to the arraignment of the Democrats of Albany and of Ohio, touching the banishment of Mr. Vallandigham, I have

given a very large proportion; and I think these will be accounted among his very ablest and most cogent essays. I have certainly *tried* to exhibit his public life and services as fully and clearly as the foreordained limits of my work would permit; and I venture the assertion, that in no *two* other histories of the war yet published is there so much quoted from and related of Abraham Lincoln as in mine.

You instance as one of my "vagaries,"

"....his visit to the French Minister at Washington, *with a view to the acceptance of Napoleon's proffer of mediation.*"

I cannot guess on what data you make this amazing imputation of motive to me; but I am sure it is on no respectable or credible authority. Some one has led you into a very grave mistake.

You proceed to speak of my

"....interview with the Rebel emissaries in Canada, — which might have been criminal *had he occupied an official position.*"

Your reading of the laws of our country governing such matters is very different from mine; but I confine myself to facts. And the only interview I ever had with Rebel emissaries at Niagara or elsewhere was had in the company of Major Hay, acting secretary to the President, at the Major's urgent, tenacious solicitation, in utter repugnance to my own wishes. *He* "occupied an official position"; but as he made the visit by express order of the President, I trust his act was not "criminal."

My visit to Niagara was, as you must know, directed by the President, and most reluctantly undertaken by me. The overture made to him through letters to me contemplated negotiation, not with nor through me, but with himself at Washington. I forwarded the proposition as requested, and urged him to accept it; *not* to employ me in the premises. Indeed, I cannot yet see what there was for me to do. Would the President, or would he not, respond to the proffer? If yea, I would have notified the Rebel emissaries; and there my agency in the matter was at an end. If nay, then I could simply tell them that their proposition was declined. But the President's direction to me was a virtual command; and I, after remonstrating, obeyed. I trust there was nothing "criminal" in Mr. Lincoln's action in the case, though he *did* hold "an official position"; but I then wished, as I still heartily do, that he could have raked his chestnuts out of the fire with some other fingers than mine. As you say that his conduct of the matter was approved, while mine was not, I am quite sure you will excuse me from ever running on *your* errands at my own cost. I have abandoned that line of business.

A word of explanation, and I close. I spoke of "Gov. Seward," "Gen. Cameron," &c., in my work, because I was compelled to study brevity; and these happen to be the fewest letters wherewith I can distinctly indicate the statesmen referred to. Of *Mr.* Sewards, *Mr.* Camerons, &c., there are quite a number; but the words "Gov. Seward," "Gen. Cameron," "Gov. Chase," point unerringly and tersely to three of our eminent contemporaries.

The history of our diplomacy, and that of our finances during the war, ought, doubtless, to be written; I might possibly be induced to undertake them myself, but I did not see how to compress them, with all else that I would gladly have presented, within the two octavo volumes wherein I had engaged to write the story of our American Conflict. I believe none of my competitors has attempted to do so. There are tributes to personal service to the nation during our great struggle which you could heartily render while I could not, deeming them undeserved. Whether you in your laudation, or I in my silence, would the more strikingly illustrate the "unfortunate habit" of mistaking our own views respectively for those of the nation, is a matter not of fact, but of opinion; so I close by subscribing myself.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

New York, February 16, 1867.

ERRATA.

Page 381, line 4, *for* "Lord de Grey and Ripon," *read* "Earl of Ripon."

" 491, line 20, *for* 29,000,000, *read* 67,000,000.

" 498, line 37, *for* "ninety-four," *read* "ninety."

" 499, line 16, *for* "twenty-eight," *read* "thirty-two."

" 500, the third sentence of the second paragraph should read as follows:— "In Belgium, the roads were built and are managed by the government, and over them private corporations have no control; in England, the government imposes certain specific conditions of travel," etc.

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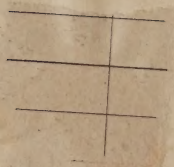

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